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THE CELTIC REVIEW

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THE CELTIC REVIEW

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY

CONSULTING EDITOR: PROFESSOR MACKINNON

ACTING EDITOR: MISS E. C. CARMICHAEL

VOLUME IV

JULY 1907 TO APRIL 1908

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO

EDINBURGH: NORMAN MACLEOD, 25 GEORGE IV. BRIDGE

LONDON: DAVID NUTT, 57-59 LONG ACRE, W.C.

DUBLIN: HODGES, FIGGIS & CO., LTD., 104 GRAFTON ST.

582307
26.4.54

Edinburgh : T. and A. Constable, Printers to His Majesty

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THE CELTIC REVIEW

JULY 15, 1907

GAELIC AS AN INSTRUMENT OF CULTURE[1]

Rev. M. N. Munro

To a conference of Highland educationists it is hardly necessary to say that by the word 'Culture' we do not wish to suggest that deteriorated meaning which popularly implies affectation, or pose, or pedantry, conjoined with a contempt or neglect of the practical affairs of life. True culture is practically synonymous with that higher education which implies the steady cultivation of every faculty of the mind, with the result of a full development of the whole nature. Special emphasis is laid on the value of noble literature, in prose and poetry, for this purpose, and, generally, culture implies refinement and elevation of taste, and ripening of those capacities which enable us to appreciate all the best and most precious things in nature and human life.

Many studies co-operate to this desired end. The foundation of all culture is a good sound ordinary education. Not only is this necessary as an equipment for the battle of life, and an essential for success, but also it is true that without a good elementary education there will be no ripening in later years and mental culture will as a rule be meagre and barren. Many have asserted that the Gaelic language is a hindrance rather than a help to success in life, and have scorned the idea that Gaelic can possibly be an instrument of culture. It appears to such that a knowledge of Gaelic has no value,

[1] A paper read before the Education Conference of An Comunn Gaidhealach in Inverness, May 18, 1907.

and therefore, in a severely practical spirit, they object to the fostering of a study which yields no apparent return. We venture to say, though to some the assertion may seem heroic, that the study of Gaelic if wisely conducted, may help, both directly and indirectly, the material advancement of young Highlanders, and, besides, that Gaelic is an effective instrument of a rich and many-sided literary culture, apart altogether from any question of pounds, shillings, and pence.

To begin on the lowest grounds, it may be admitted that English, through the energy and business enterprise of the British people, has become the leading commercial language of the world. Therefore it is most necessary to teach it, but to teach it effectively to Gaelic-speaking children it must be through the medium of their own tongue. This is the veriest truism, and it is strange that it is being recognised as such so slowly and grudgingly. It is a cruelty and injustice to Highland children to teach them English in parrot fashion without the use of Gaelic to make clear to their intelligence the meaning of the words they read. Three or four years after they leave school, if English is not spoken at home, all they learn is forgotten, and they are left to face the world with the merest smattering of education. The policy of ignoring Gaelic in schools long prevailed in Wales and also in the Highlands, but fortunately a better day is dawning in both countries. English prejudices have too long ruled in Scottish educational policy. It was stated by Macaulay that not so very long ago 'the Highlander was to many a barbarian in whom no interest was felt, indeed he was the only barbarian as to whose history and literature the Sassenach was absolutely ignorant.' This ignorance works deplorable results when children were practically taught, by the ignoring of Gaelic, that the tongue that enshrined their religion, their traditions, and their racial history was so utterly barbarous as to be unworthy even of the trouble of learning to read it.

But it is a degradation of a noble and venerable language like Gaelic to make the claim for its existence depend on its value as a handmaid of English. We must never treat our language as if it were a mere crutch for the lame, to be

thrown away when it has served a purpose. It is well worth knowing for its own sake. It is only in the later years of High School and student life that its true worth for the higher culture begins to appear. When a Highland lad begins to study Gaelic systematically as a literary language it has a remarkably stimulating effect on his mental faculties; the valuable habit of intelligent observation and keen perception develops, and his interest in linguistic studies increases. An introduction to the riches of Gaelic literature quickens the innate literary sense and the feeling for style. Instead of causing provincialism or narrowness of outlook, this new interest widens his ideas. Linguistic study becomes fascinating, and the knowledge of other European tongues grows into an ambition. The double standard of judgment he possesses through a good knowledge of English and Gaelic proves a valuable possession in the critical study of other literatures. The man who has a competent knowledge of two languages seems to me to have the advantage that the man with two eyes has over the unfortunate with only one. He has an infinitely better sense of proportion and perspective.

At Raining's School, under the teaching of the late Dr. MacBain, whose death is such a heavy loss to our cause, this quickening intellectual influence of Gaelic on pupils in the hands of a skilful teacher was seen at its best. He was fond of using Gaelic as a stimulus in the study of philology, leading us from the known to the unknown. To many, philological science with its fascinating problems became a lifelong pursuit, because of those afternoons when the Rector would talk of Dumnorix and other Celtic names embedded like fossils of the past in such an unlooked-for place as the dry Commentaries of *Julius Caesar*. It was a time of intellectual awakening, of wonder and surprise. 'After all, the Gaels had a history,' we said to ourselves.

Many other instances occur to one, in the reminiscences of school life, of occasions when a Gaelic dictation exercise, from some masterpiece of the poets, could light up the whole day and leave a deep impression for years, when loads of other learning was forgotten. By using the native tongue, in the

impressionable days of youth, the wise teacher finds the surest way to the minds and hearts of his pupils. He opens up to them kingdoms of delight, for which they will be grateful in after days. It may be that some croaking critic will say—'Of what practical use is all this?' Is there no practical use in literary culture? The Gaels have always been fond of literature, from St. Columba downwards. The Gaelic-speaking missionaries of Iona had two enthusiasms, a love of literature and an intense religious zeal, and the one enthusiasm did not injure the other. Was it not St. Columba's love of books, in the famous case of the 'Cathrach' Psalter, that was partly the cause of his giving to Scotland the benefit of his devoted missionary labours. In the early Celtic Church, literary culture and practical religious earnestness were mutually helpful, and not antagonistic. But there are some Gaels to-day who have no literary culture themselves, and see no value in it for others. They would say, if they dared, that the study of Shakespeare was a waste of time! With such it is useless to argue. Let us cherish our native literature as an instrument of culture of no mean value. To deprive a Highland lad of the privilege of acquaintance at first hand with the traditions, tales, and religious and secular poetry of his fathers is to do him a serious injury. It is nothing less than a mutilation of his mental life.

To know the native literature will help rather than hinder the study of the literature and history of other races. George Buchanan was the greatest scholar that Scotland ever produced, and no one has ever said that his knowledge of Gaelic, his mother tongue, hampered his scholarship, or hindered his advancement as a man of affairs. The study of Gaelic constantly enlarges the mind and opens up new vistas of thought and research. It supplies subjects of conversation better than the threadbare topics of ordinary life in town and country. The nature poetry of Gaelic, a poetry that existed centuries before Wordsworth both in Wales and in Scotland, helps us to cherish the love of the beautiful, and Victor Hugo has said that 'the Beautiful is as useful as the Useful.'

The fascinating folklore and tales of the Highlands, if

intelligently studied, will lead to a larger interest in the folklore of other countries—a rich field for mental culture. 'Folklore,' says one authority, 'has an inherent though long unsuspected faculty of throwing light backwards on the history of human civilisation.' It is said that in Brittany is to be found the 'richest and most developed folklore in the world, the best stories and songs.' Now, had the Bretons lost their old language these treasures would also have been lost. It is only in recent years that learned men have come to realise that there exists in Brittany a popular literature of extraordinary wealth. Every effort is being made to preserve these treasures. We, too, have our treasures: let us prize and cherish them. Our best literature loses its aroma when translated, and only yields the secret of its charm to the Gaelic reader. There is much material both in old and modern Gaelic for the cultivation of the imagination, and the education of the mind and heart. To mention but one writer, what a fine humanising kindly spirit breathes through the works of Dr. Norman M'Leod. He is as good in his own way as any of the modern English writers of the school of Barrie and Ian M'Laren. His splendid command of idiom, his dignified and nervous Gaelic, his human tenderness and humour are a liberal education.

There is again the important subject of *musical culture* in the Highlands. A love of good music may most easily and pleasantly be fostered by the teaching of folk-songs in the schools. This is being increasingly recognised and even insisted on by H.M. Inspectors. Some may affect to despise the simple songs of the people, and profess enthusiasm for the great composers of classical music. But if any musician thinks folk-song beneath his notice he simply displays his own ignorance. The most highly cultivated musicians of England and Scotland were never more deeply interested in folk-music and song than they are to-day. To point out an historical parallel, —for long the old Scottish ballads were treated as the worthless productions of uneducated, wandering minstrels. But what a change came over the opinions of men of culture when Percy's *Reliques* were published, followed later as a direct result

by Sir Walter Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Borders.* The magnificent literary qualities of the best of these ballads, their strength, fire, and power, were soon recognised, and exercised an immense influence on modern poetry by calling men from artificiality back to the simplicity and directness of nature. Gaelic songs have to some extent a similar function to perform. Like the ballads of Yarrow, they have a strange, weird power to move intimate depths of feeling that are untouched by artistic modern music. They appeal to something in the blood, and bear the charm of the far-away past. A deep interest in folk-songs not only develops the musical talent, but also kindles a new love and respect for the people that produced them. Some may be led on to extend their interest to the songs of other nations, especially Ireland and Wales and Lowland Scotland. Thus the intellectual horizon ever widens and capacities ripen, and life is enriched.

But I fear the actual is still far from the ideal. A low standard of musical taste obtains in many districts of the country. The programmes of village concerts often contain the vulgar, and worse than vulgar, drivel of the music halls. The lack of culture that can find enjoyment in these productions is deplorable. There is great need to raise the standard of taste by substituting something better, by teaching the youth to value their own beautiful folk-songs, pure as the crystal streams of the mountain, composed by their own gifted ancestors, and to despise and abhor the ribald stuff produced by the hacks of Grub Street, and consecrated to the Goddess of Lubricity. An influential society has recently been formed in Glasgow and Edinburgh to combat this evil by the cultivation of Scottish song pretty much on the lines of our own Mòd.

Another point I wish to mention is that a knowledge of Gaelic helps in the study of *history*, particularly the history of the Highlands. No man can claim to be well educated if ignorant of the history of his own land or his own shire. Much of the history of the past is hidden away in obscure references in old MSS. or other literature. Particularly for those who undertake research work a knowledge of Gaelic is

indispensable. Place-names have a large importance as the data of early history. To know the meaning of place-names gives a new interest in every parish, even to those who are not experts in philology. To know the history of a parish is interesting to every inhabitant of the parish and not only to the skilled historian. That model parish history, Mr. William MacKay's book on Glen Urquhart and Glenmoriston, just shows what a harvest the open eye and the cultivated mind can reap almost anywhere in the Highlands. But would the book ever have been written if the scholarly author had not a knowledge of the Gaelic tongue?

Again, what a mine of educative wealth, too little utilised, is to be found in our homely but beautiful Gaelic proverbs, the crystallised wisdom of the past!

Apart from the purposes of scholarly research, the knowledge of the language and culture of an ancient people is profitable. It broadens and humanises the mind, and is very stimulating to thought. To know a language like Gaelic, along with English, is valuable in the acquisition of other European tongues. As a vocal gymnastic merely, it is a fine equipment for attaining correct pronunciation of new languages. In English, according to Pitman's shorthand system, there are 42 varieties of vowel and consonant sounds; but in Gaelic, according to Stewart, we have 40 shades of consonantal sound alone, and 63 varieties of vowel sounds, including diphthongs and triphthongs. So that to speak Gaelic our vocal organs must be trained to 103 distinctly different positions! And yet there are people who think the Gaelic is a barbarous tongue! No, it is a venerable language, full of musical and vocalic variety. Gaelic poetry is superior to English in at least one respect, its wonderful richness in assonance. This musical and effective device suits well languages like Spanish and Gaelic that abound in full-toned vowels, but is ineffective in English, which is more hard and consonantal. If it is worth while to learn Italian to read Dante, it is also worth while to know Gaelic simply for the richness of its poetry.

The question has often been asked, and it goes to the root of the matter, *Whether Bilingualism is really possible?* Mr.

Hamerton said once that no man can use two languages with perfect facility in each. He holds that one or the other is bound to suffer. Now this plausible statement is absolutely belied by the experience of Welshmen, Bretons, Irish and Scottish Gaels. With regular practice, there is no reason why a man should not retain mastery of two or even three languages. Professor Anwyl said at last year's conference that 'a working knowledge of two languages is but a small demand to make of intelligent men. It is the insular-minded mono-glot Englishman, who frequently knows only a *patois* of his own noble tongue, who regards a knowledge of two languages as superhuman.'

In France and Germany the knowledge of more than one language is quite common. It is not inherently impossible to master two languages, as many can testify. The thing is quite practicable. To know Gaelic as a literary language is specially easy to young people who already know it colloquially. Instead of being a toil and burden to learn, it should be a pleasure. The modern or classical languages learned at school are in most cases forgotten in a few years. Even as regards University education, how many graduates keep up their Classics, Mathematics, or Science in after years unless they must do so from the nature of their calling? The worth of it all is in the intellectual outlook obtained, the new standards of judgment formed, and the discipline of the mental powers undergone. Now let a boy master Gaelic and he will gain not only these advantages, but besides, the language easily becomes a permanent possession. The gain is cumulative and continuous. In maturer years he will naturally retain an interest in Gaelic literature, and will return to it again and again in leisure hours with growing profit and pleasure.

I have emphasised in this paper the fact that Gaelic is an instrument of culture in the highest sense, apart from material gains, for a man's wealth does not consist in the abundance of his possessions, and 'the life is more than meat.' But it is also true that valuable practical fruits accompany this culture. The knowledge of two languages gives a quickness and flexibility of mind, a mental vigour, a bright intelli-

gence, that makes for success in the practical concerns of life. In Ireland the language movement is doing great good to young men morally as well as intellectually. It steadies them, gives them higher interests, quickens self-respect, and enkindles patriotism, that great bulwark against crass materialism. In Wales Professor Anwyl tells us that the people of the bilingual districts are more intelligent and independent in spirit, more cultivated in mind and fonder of good literature than those who reside on the border counties and nave lost their Welsh. In losing their native tongue they, as a rule, do not acquire good English, but a degraded provincial dialect.

I think it is correct to say that the bilingual population in the neighbourhood of Inverness and Dingwall speak English with a pure musical intonation far superior to the provincial dialects of Forfar, Dumfries, or the Valley of the Clyde.

In conclusion, I would mention another most important result that should naturally accompany a love for the Gaelic language and literature. No one can seriously study Gaelic without becoming interested, sooner or later, in Highland social questions. An enthusiasm for Gaelic often leads to earnest, self-denying effort for the moral and material and spiritual welfare of a lovable and noble people.

The Gaelic movement is not merely a mild æstheticism caring only for poetry and art and music. It has deeper issues within it, and a wider development awaits it. The fact of this annual conference shows that the movement is growing in comprehensiveness. The continued existence of Gaelic as a living language depends very largely on the place it is to occupy in the Highland schools of the present day. Technical education and the development of home industries are living issues of the hour.

I trust this Conference may have valuable results in stimulating discussion, and that it may materially help forward the cause of the preservation and cultivation of the Gaelic language.

We are not merely worshippers of the past, but look forward to a future for the Highlands that is full of promise.

THE GLENMASAN MANUSCRIPT

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

GAELIC TEXT

A haitle na laidi sin rugatar as[1] an adaig sin go h-aitmélach, gan ol gan aibhnes gan urgairdiugadh menman na aigeanta. Agus do ronsat aitber imaithber go h-adbal ar Oilill fa[a] Fergus do leigean a mach[b] as a láim. Tanic an maiden ar ná marach fa'n comhrad cuca. Agus do eirgeatar go h-at(h)lam urmaisnech, agus tarraid gac(h) deg fer a n-arma agus a n-ededh aca. Agus do iadatar uile fá'n aird-rig[c] fa Oilill Finn. Agus do gab[d] Oilill ag a n-agallaim, agus is ed so adubairt riú:[e] 'Do fedar-sa am,' bar eisin, 'go lingfid[f] fir Erenn an baili-si a n-iug oraib, uair[g] ni fuilmaid-ni lin a cosnuma friu,[h] o do treigset an Gamannrad sinn.' Agus tanic tar a[i] aimglicus fein agus tar[j] imdeall [2]Fergusa[k] 'n a[l] timcheall. 'Agus tuigim-si fein gurab co ruigi in lait(h)i a n-iug do rala an[m] conach i m'coimidecht.'[n] Agus do greis[o] a mic agus a moirteglach imcalma do denam. 'Agus foslaigid doirrsi na cathrach,' ar se, '[p] agus lenidh misi, agus do gén sligi do reiduigadh romhaib. Agus gach aen da soicfe tre sin cath uaib, na (t)hinntod for cul,[q] uair ni-m-túalaing-si bur n-anacal. Agus is deimin gurab oramsa biás menma b-fer n-Erenn a n-iugh. Agus mad tennta bunaid damsa, a deg muinntir, agus gan fir Fergusa na[r] comlann aein-fir do damail dam, do cuires mo techtairi ar cend Certáin Cerda, agus adubairt ris mo long do tabairt[s] i m'aircis[s] go cuán Cuili Certáin[t] o'n cathraig sairdes ann so. [u]Agus is ri sin aderar[u] Cuan Traga Cinn Certain a n-íu. [v]O tairnic do Oilill Finn an comrad do crichnugadh[v], dofuagair d'a teglach eirge at(h)lam urmaisnec(h)

[a] ba. [b] omits. [c] ard-mhilidh. [d] gabastar.
[e] omits. [f] lengfet. [g] 7 [h] adds etir. [i] ar n-a.
[j] ar. [k] Flidaisi. [l] ar. [m] tarla in. [n] adds do ghres.
[o] da guid Oillill. [p] omits. [q] na tinntoid ar cula.
[r] agus gan. [s–s] leis. [t] omits. [u–u] ris in abar.
[v–v] Agus o tairníg in imagallaim sin do denam.

(*Continued from pp.* 316-317.)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

After this lay was recited the night was passed in despondent mood, without drink or joy or elation of mind or spirit. His people reproached Oilill bitterly for allowing Fergus out of his hands. The morrow's morn found them engaged in this kind of talk. Then they arose speedily, resolutely, and every stalwart man of them donned his weapons and armour. And they all made a ring round their high king, Oilill the Fair. And Oilill addressed them, and this is what he said: 'I know for certain,' said he, 'that the men of Ireland will surmount our walls this day, for our numbers are insufficient to defend the place, seeing that the Gamhanraidh have deserted us.' He then recalled his own shortsightedness and Flidais's treachery, and added: 'I myself perceive that it is up to this day, and no longer, that good luck has attended me.' He then urged his sons and numerous household to quit themselves valiantly. 'Open the gates of the castle,' said he, 'and follow me, and I shall clear a path in front of you. And let no one among you who can win through this fight turn back, for I shall be unable to protect you. I shall assuredly be the prime object of the men of Ireland's attentions this day. But, my trusted people, if I am stoutly supported, and able to avoid the men of Fergus or a duel, I have sent a messenger to Certan the steward, instructing him to bring my ship, to meet me in my extremity, to the harbour of Certan Nook, south-east from this fortress. This is (the place) now called 'Strand-bay of Certan Head.' When Oilill the Fair had finished this address, he ordered his household to rise speedily, resolutely, recklessly, and make a well-devised

[1] as: Omitted in text and written over the line in the MS.
[2] Fergusa: so MS. But Flidaisi, as in Y.B.L., is the correct reading.

Column 82. eigiallidhi do denam[a] agus ruathar[b] cetfadhach croidemail, agus brosgur[c] bunn-luat(h) barrann braithremail[1] do tabairt[c] gus na doirrsib, agus na comlada do leagadh[d] fó cosaib, agus na cinn do crómad gus na[2] cuigiachaib,[e] agus na h-aigenta d'airdiugadh ris in eigen, agus na cloidmi do comtoirnem ar na corpaib,[f] agus na slega do sith-brisedh[g] ris na cath-sgiathaib,[h] agus comtromad[i] saegail ris na sluag-buidnib. Cid tra acht do eirgetar an teglach go tinnesnech re greasacht-aib aidbli ainniuide[j] Ailella.[k] Agus do rinnetar leibenn lethann loirg-remar lasamna, agus mainner gaibtech gráin-email ger-armach[l] a timcell Oilella Finn[m] d'a anacal. I-nimthusa co n-uigi sin.

Imthusa[n] Meadba agus Ailella[n] do berar os aird, agus fer n-Erenn ar chena. Ar rochtain[o] d' Fergus cuca agus ar tocht sgel na Gamandraidi le[p] techtaib nach éireocadais 'n a n-agaid agus nach cuingeondais[q] le[r] h-Oilill, do cinnetar-son[s] a comarle, agus do cuatar a pupall Meadba agus Ailella. Agus ba h-iát so na [t]h-uaisle agus na h-ardmait(h)i do dechatar[t] ann .i. Fergus mac Roigh agus Cormac Conloingius agus maithi an[u] Dubloingsi ar chena; na Maine agus Mac Magach mic Cecht, agus [3] Dal-n-druit(h)ni[v] Gáileóin[w] agus Thuatha Taiten; Lugaid mac Conrái, agus Lugaid mac Nóis, agus Loth mac[x] na Feibis, agus Eogan Finn mac Fíngin mic Luchta, agus Aongus mac Misgedra, agus Mac Niad mic Finn mic Rosa, agus ard-maithi Erenn ar chena. Agus is ed adubratar an múr do milledh, agus an daingen do dían-brisedh, agus an cathair do coimleagadh, agus Ailill con a teglach do traothadh,[y] agus gan rí do'n cinel cetna do commoradh caidhche,[z] agus gan fer[aa] do'n Gamannraid do gnath-lesugadh[bb] do grés, agus[cc] Flidais con a buár[dd] [ee]do breith as,[ee] agus an Mael

[a] omits. [b] adds croda. [c–c] bondluath baranta braithremail go digair.
[d] comlegadh. [e] .v.edaib. [f] corp chnesaibh. [g] sin-brisseadh.
[h] seathnaibh. [i] contrumugud. [j] adds aniarmartacha.
[k] adds re briathraibh follusacha fich-buana foistineac ha na flatha.
[l] geranach. [m] omits. [n–n] Oillella agus Meadba.
[o] tarrachtain. [p] re. [q] adds edir. [r] re.
[s] Agus da cindthigeadar-sun. [t–t] maithi tanic. [u] na.
[v] Dalruitne. [w] in Gailiun. [x] mor. [y] tromlaide.

courageous onrush, and a quick-stepping confident unanimous dash to the gates, and throw down the door-valves under their feet, and bend their heads to the . . . . . ., and rouse their spirits to the emergency, and bring down their swords heavily upon the bodies (of their foes), and splinter the spears against their battle-shields, and give short shrift to the numerous troops. And so it was: Oilill's household rose quickly in obedience to the urgent pressing commands of their lord. And they made a broad, flaming palisade of thick staves, and a terrible, hideous, sharp-weaponed phalanx around Oilill the Fair to guard him. Their proceedings thus far.

The doings of Meave and Ailill and the men of Ireland generally are related now. When Fergus joined them and when they had learned from the messengers that the Gamhanraidh would not oppose them or support Oilill, they went to Ailill and Meave's tent to hold counsel. These were the nobles and high chiefs who went there,—Fergus son of Roigh and Cormac Conloinges and all the chiefs of the Dubloinges; the Maines and the son of Magach son of Cecht, and the Dal Druithne of the Galians and of the Tribes of Taidiu; Lugaid son of Curoi, and Lugaid son of Nos, and Loth son of the Feibis, and Eogan the Fair son of Fingin son of Luchta, and Angus son of Mesgedra, and MacNia son of Finn son of Ross and all the high chiefs of Ireland. And they concluded (lit. 'said') to destroy the walls, and to break down the strong keep, and to level the fortress to the ground, and to slay Ailill with his household; and not to permit a king of the same race ever to occupy it, or a man of the Gamhanraidh ever to rebuild it; and to carry away Flidais and her cows,

[z] adds ar in cuiged sin.
[aa] adds sotlachta asron*n*laighthe.
[bb] leis accu.
[cc] adds Oillill con a teglach da thraethad agus.
[dd] bandrocht, *with* no con a buar *written over the line.*
[ee–ee] omits.

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[1] MS. bratam̄, but Y.B.L. reads braithremail.

[2] Here a word is rubbed out and *gus na* written over the line.

[3] Dal: used here and elsewhere in the old Literature, like Corcu and the suffixes -raige and -acht, etc., in the sense of 'race,' 'tribe,' 'descendants.' Cf. Eriu III. (1) p. 43 *et seq.*

Fhlidais con a h-almaib. Batar[a] sochaide do Connachtaib leis[b] ar bidgadh na briathra sin gen gur fedatar mór-gotha Meadba do traothadh.[c]

Is[d] ann sin do éirigh Fergus mac Roigh con a buidnibh[e] agus do fuagair do na cuigedaib comméirge. Agus do greis co digáir Connachta sech cach.[f] Agus do [g]tuing fa na[g] breithir nach fuicfed an baile[h] nó go tuitdis[i] a raibi ann úile,
Column 83. no co tuiti-sium[j] con a curadaib ag á cosnom. Agus do fuagair do na cuigedaib coiméirge athlam egiallaidhi ainntréannda do denam[k] cum na cathrach d'a coimmbrisedh.

O d'connaire Aillill Finn na fednacha fir-mora[l] fíamhacha, agus na doireda dluit(h)mera dímora doinn-merged, agus na coírighthi crann-ruada ceinn-gera[m] caismertacha, [n]agus na séisi sesmacha sonn-cruaide serb-raitecha,[n] do ceangail a comarle dí comriachtain. Agus do eirigh a aignedh ris in anforlonn; agus do ruithnigh a gruaidh mar gnath-corcuir; agus do greis a teglach agus a tusmidi. Do cuimnigh a egóir agus a anfolaid. Do cuartaigh[o] na curaidh agus na cath-milidh, agus do timcil[p] agus a dlúth-chathair.[1] Do díchair na sluaig agus na sochaide. Do [q]coimmesg[2] na h-óig agus na h-ard-ghaisgedaigh.[r] Agus do aimréidigh[s] an faichti agus an urlann impa,[t] gur fagaib in a sreathaib agus in a slaed-buidnib in a n-oirnnib[u] agus in a n-asglannaib[v], [w]gur ba coirighthi sgith-roinnti sgaintecha agus gur ba trochbuidne taeb-tolla tuath-rebta tanaigti, n-aihealta[w] eitci ainmec(h)a err-luatha do fagaib co h-ansodach da éis ar in feórainn. Do sgailed agus do sgannrad, do deglad agus do deiliged in buiden brathar[x] sin re cheile co nar [3]fhagadh[y] seiser re soigid, na coiger re comlund,[z] na cetrair re comarli, na aen trir a n-áen inad, na desi gan[aa] delugadh dib,[bb] gur

[a] Dobadar. [b] rís. [c] maeladh. [d] omits. Y.B.L. p. 338.
[e] rig-buidnib. [f] adds cuiged. [g–g] maidestair ma. [h] adds go brath.
[i] taethtais. [j] taethfad-sun. [k] omits. [l] adds *for*garbha.
[m] ceind-*derga*. [n–n] omits. [o] thuairg. [p] adds in daingen.
[q] coimtheasc. [r] adds na deig fhir agus na deg dhaeni. [s] aindisligh.
[t] omits. [u] n-airdnib. [v] adds in a comaighibh agus in a cuan-buidnib.
[w–w] gor ba scathfanta scith-roind sgaintechu sciath-ainbhecha agus gor bo coraighthe na h-ealtacha.

with the Maol Flidais and her herds. There were many Connaught men who winced at this decision although they could not gainsay the haughty language of Meave.

Then Fergus son of Roich rose up with his troops and charged the provinces to rise also. He pressed the Connaught men with special vehemence. And he vowed that he would not leave the stead until all within it fell, or until he and his champions should fall in the attack. Then he charged the provinces to make a quick, reckless, and bold onset on the fortress to destroy it.

When Oilill the Fair saw these very large and terrible companies, and the thick, very tall, brown-bannered forests, and the red-shafted, sharp-pointed (spears) of these turbulent battalions, and the stalwart, stern, rough-tongued comrades he made a firm resolve to fight them. His fury rose at the violence (threatened), his cheek became of permanent purple hue, and he urged on his household and family. He called to mind his wrongs and injuries. He surrounded the champions and warriors, and made a circuit round the stronghold and stout fortress. He scattered the hosts and multitudes. He routed the young warriors and the high champions. He threw into confusion those on the lawn and in the courtyard, and made them into layers and unwieldy groups and detached fragments and heaps, so that they became riven and split and exhausted divisions, and that those who after (that onslaught) were left in wretched plight on the green were a helpless crowd side-pierced, axe-hewed, decimated, in disarray, hideous, full of wounds, ... (On the other hand) that band of brothers were dispersed and scattered, parted and sundered, so that not so many as six of them remained together for attack, or five for a charge, or

[x] beoda brathreamail bunad-chineoil. [y] adds urdaill. [z] comlaide.
[aa] re. [bb] omits.

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[1] dluth is written above the line.
[2] Above the last *m* is written over the line *no t* ' *or t.*'
[3] fhagadh : partly rubbed out in MS.

h-iadadar buaile báis ar na buidnib, gur mugaigedar a[a] fortaillín[1] do[b] na fednachaib, agus co n-drorcradatar is[c] in anforlonn[c] sin acht Oilill con a macaib.

Agus gid eiseín ann,[d] do ba troid ré beithir a basrúaga, agus ba díach*ar*[e] ar cuanartaib a coingleca, agus ro bá tanugadh ar trédaib a trom-deabaid,[f] agus ro ba biathadh ar badbaib a[g] brosgur, agus ro ba [h]mana athuisi[h] ar uáislibh a innsaiged. Rugastar secht ruathair troma teann[i]-garba tarcusnec(h)a tairrsib co n-drorcradar secht cet curad in gach cuigid d'a coimriachtain con a cloinn. Do fegastar[j] Oilill[k] uadha ann séin ar [l]cetrai[l] h-airdib in t-sleibi[m], [n]agus
Column 84. ar na fegain do,[n] ni fhaca *cath* na cuir[o] na cath-buiden gan beth 'n a mor lenmain ag a fuagradh. Agus tugastar d'a uidh a teglach do traothad agus a maicni do merdith agus a carait[p] do comduitim. Do samail imtecht [q]uatha as a h-aitle,[q] uair do rinne oiris an oidce roime sin fa loing do tabairt in a aircis[r] co Cend Traga Cuili Túrsgair.[s] Agus adubairt re Certán beth ag a urnaidhi ann, agus da mad *car*aidh[t] dóson do innsochadh é.

Cid trá acht o d'connairc Fergus Oilill ar in udmhailli sin, an uaiti[u] tren-fer agus tuaircnedh[v] ar ná dílsiugadh d'a thuathaib agus d'a treab[w]-aicmi.[x] Ba h-í a indamail ann sin[y] leoman uasal Afraca[z] fa coiméigmid[aa] cuánarta agus cait(h)-milidh, sreata[bb] agus sluag-buidni, agus nach lamthar do lamugadh re med a allaid agus a engnuma agus i fergi agus a ainntreanndachta co n-dilsigit é as a h-aithle ar a egla agus ar a egsamlaght.[cc]

Do togaib Oilill a chenn os a cat(h)-sgiath agus tugastar tadall d'a rosg ar[dd] na righ-buidnib. Agus ni faca en duine d'a teglach gan tuitim. Agus[ee] atchuala gáir cosgair a muinnteri[ff] tareis a marbta,[ff] agus ba h-olc[gg] leisin sin gen gur

[a] omits. [b] omits. [c–c] uili re sin n-anbhorlond. [d] omits. [e] dith.
[f] Y.B.L. different but indistinct. [g] gach. [h–h] mo na aithis.
[i] taeb. [j] Ro dheachastar. [k] omits. [l–l] cheitrimidairdibh.
[m] mag-slebe. [n–n] omits. [o] cuiri. [p] cairdi.
[q–q] omits. [r] airchist. [s] Turrscair. [t] airc.
[u] innuaiti. [v] adds agus. [w] tren. [x] adds agus.

four for counsel, or as many as three in one place, or even two unseparated. A phalanx of death surrounded the troops; their strength was crushed, and (all) save Oilill and his sons fell in that carnage.

As for (Oilill) himself, his death-dealing blows were (like) a fight with a bear, his attacks the destruction of hounds, his powerful charge the thinning of flocks, his rush the feeding of vultures, and his attack the omen of victory over nobles. He made seven powerful, fierce and haughty rushes at the foe, and seven hundred champions from each province fell fighting him and his sons. Then Oilill viewed the four airts of the hill, and wherever he looked he saw not a battalion or division or fighting company but was making for him to attack him. And he took note that his household were slain, his clan destroyed, and his friends all fallen. He thereafter made up his mind to quit the scene, for the night before he made provision that his ship be brought to Kintra (Strand-end) of Tursgar Nook, to meet him in his need. And he instructed Certan to await him there, and if a friend of his he would meet (?) him.

Now when Fergus saw Oilill in this predicament, with hardly a champion or chief along with him, and deserted by his tribes and clans, he compared him to a noble lion of Africa with a pack of hounds howling around him (as he stood surrounded) by ranks of battle-warriors and numerous troops, while no one dared to attack him because of his renown and skill and fury and might, (knowing) that he would be vanquished because of the fear which his terrible mien inspired.

Oilill raised his head above his battle shield, and swept his eye over the royal troops. He saw not a man of his household but had fallen. He heard the exultant shout of his people as they were being cut down, and he felt sorely

[y] *adds* .i. [z] Aiffricda. [aa] coimeirghidh. [bb] sretha.
[cc] isgiumlacht. [dd] tar. [ee] omits. [ff] ig a marbhadh. [gg] doilig.

[1] ītaillin. fortill as adj. is not uncommon. I have not elsewhere met this form.

fed a fóirithin.[a] Agus[b] do cuir a cloidheam go tinnesnech 'n a truaill, agus do toirinn a sgíath ar leirg[c] a droma go dírech, agus tarraid a arm dibraici 'n a des laim, agus tug a agaid síar gach n-direch.

Adrachtatar in sluag[d] uile 'n a[e] lenmain. Agus do greis Fergus an Dubloingis go digáir. Agus rugatar lucht cosgair agus[f] cath-garma an t-slúaigh fair [g]ann sin[g]. Agus nir lamsat [h]tairgsin do na[h] buáin ris. [i]Agus gach ain fer do bered air, do rinn ruaga do gonad no do marbadh é. Agus do ímg*edh* roime as a h-aitle.[i] Ranic Oilill[j] roime fo'n réim sin ar toradh[k] a engnuma agus a eisimail [l]no go[l] ranic co Cenn Tragha Tursguir [m]re raiter[m] Traigh Cinn Certain [n]a n-iugh.[n] Is[o] ann sin rugastar Fergus air. Agus ruc[p] Certan an long [q]mach[q] *for* cul, o d' connairc Oilill agus fir Erenn uile d'a innsaige. [r]Atberait araile co mad[l] d'fuath Oilella do berad an long uadh, óir do líg*adh* a ben roime sin air.

Column 85. Imtusa Fergusa agus maithe b-fer n-Erenn: rancadar go Cenn Trágha Turscair.[r] Agus[s] imtusa Oilella Finn dno.[t] O'n ló rug a ócclaoch fein a long úadha tuc a aighedh ar feraibh Eirenn. Agus do aigill Fergus h-e:[u] 'Olc do coimlis[v] do briathar,[w] a Oilill,' ar Fergus; 'agus[x] as imcian an teithead tangais. Agus fuirich a nois re comrac aein fir.' Agus is cuma do bí 'g a rádh, agus adbert na briathra-sa:[y]—

An[2] an inad imresna,
A ching iarthair [z]fuinn Elga?[z]
Tabram treas ar troim cloidmed;[aa]
[bb]Sgandram sgéith dar sgáth lannaib.[bb]
Cuimnig seadh na sein breithri tugais [cc]ag Áth Fhinncarbaid.[cc]
Nír[dd] cóir duit, a deg dhuine, do briathar do báoglugadh.
Togda an teithead[ee] tanagais.

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[a] foirithin ortho. [b] omits. [c] lorg. [d] na sluaigh.
[e] urthimcheall agus na ur-lenmain. [f] adds comaidmi agus. [g–g] omits.
[h–h] omits. [i–i] rogonadh é no da marbadh, agus do bereadh roime as a aithle.
[j] omits. [k] tarad. [l–l] agus. [m–m] ris in abar.
[n–n] in tan sa. [o] omits. [p] rucastar. [q–q] omits.
[r–r] Y.B.L. illegible. Y.B.L. 339. [s] omits. [t] omits.
[u] omits. [v] da chomaillis. [w] adds do raidis. [x] omits.
[y] adds and. [z–z] fhíndhelga. [aa] chloidheam.
[bb–bb] (Scan)nrad sciath dar scoth lannaibh. [cc–cc] a cath Findcarbaid.
[dd] Ni. [ee] teichead.

that he could not aid them. He put his sword hurriedly in its sheath, and brought his shield down straight on the slope of his back, and grasped his shooting weapon in his right hand, and faced due west.

The whole host followed him. Fergus vehemently urged on the Dubloinges. The warriors and heralds of the host quickly overtook him. But no one dared to face or attack him. He made a sweep round to wound or slay each man as he won up to him. Then he proceeded on his way. Thus did Oilill march on his course in the strength of his skill (in arms) and valour until he arrived at Kintra of Tursgar, called now the Strand of Certan Head. There Fergus overtook him. When Certan saw Oilill, with all the men of Ireland following, approaching him, he backed the vessel out from the shore. Others say that it was from hatred to Oilill that (Certan) deprived him of the use of the ship, because his wife had previously been wiled from him.

As to Fergus and the chiefs of the men of Ireland, they arrived at Kintra of Tursgar. Also with respect to Oilill the Fair: when he found that his own servant deprived him of his ship, he turned to face the men of Ireland. And Fergus addressed him: 'Ill have you kept your word, Oilill,' said Fergus, 'and far have you fled. Bide now a duel with me.' And while saying so, he spoke as follows:—

'Will you bide the scene of conflict,
Prince of the western land of Elga?
Let us take a turn at the deadly sword fight;
Let us cleave shields by fierce blades.
Remember the force of your old speech at the Ford of White Chariot;
You ought not, stout man, to belie your word.
Well chosen the place to which you have fled.

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[1] MS. sam̄: cf. vol. ii. pp. 109, 116, where the same form occurs, and is there extended *sainn*. The word is *samail* (and so written in Y.B.L.) used as a verb 'compare'; hence 'give one's mind to,' 'decide,' 'resolve.'

[2] This is the first of the three *Runs*, or *Retorics*, of the Saga, the second being Ailill's response. There are no marks in either MS. to indicate the breaks in the Run.

Garbh ruathar do righdamnadh uaisle Galian ;[a]
Géoghnabair [b]an raéi[b] Muimnech mughaigte
Díth ar Meadhb[c] shluag ;
Máidsebair Clanda Róigh atruithenta
O lo[d] catha caeirtannain.[d]
Briathra borb ro báighi-se ;
Gellais doib mo di-cennadh,
Lía fíadhain na faighthi-si ;
Misi[e] laoch do locraighthe ;[f]
Eirigh is na h-an.

An an inad.

Fregrais Ailill[g] go foistin[h] féithemanta na briathra doirbhe dur-misgnecha do-resduil[i] fúachda fích-buana[j] [k]fír-aindegdha sin.[k] Agus cuma do bí 'g a rádh agus adbert[l] na briathra-sa :[m]—

Anfad[n] rit, a rígh amais ;
Damh duinn comlond cudrama ;
[o]Coisg edh cach á cungantaib.[o]
Tabraim treas ar trom-shlaidhe ;
Do choisg dam [p]an Dubloinges,[p]
Olc fírinne a fer chuinged,
Sruth robharta o Rugraide.
Tonn Tursgair mo thúarasgbail ;
Terc milidh mo midhemhnais ;
Dingbhaim cath a cath-irgail ;[q]
Tráettar[r] lim do luamhairecht ;
Tainig crich do cait(h)-reime ;
Cian o tái for tolg buáidris timcell Banba bar achairde ;
Cíamhair do clú a d' cúigedhach ;
Olc do treimsi[s] a d' trom-fhlaitheas ;
Misgnech Emhna Ardmachae ;
Taistel túath ar tirm loinges ;
Congmhail chuanart ;
Coimidecht[t] codlad fada a finn-bruignib ;
Dingbhail Meidhbe ar merdrechus ;
Fuigell faitbidh[u] fanamhaid ;
Guidhe bandal ban righan.[v]

Anfad.[w]

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[a] Galfhian. [b–b] ímda. [c] mhedbh. [d–d] chatha cairtheannan.
[e] Ag seo. [f] lochraighi. [g] adds Finn. [h] foistineach
[i] adds foille. [j] ferg-buana. [k–k] fíc-aicentacha Fergusa. [l] adubairt.
[m] adds and. [n] Anfait. [o–o] coisceadh cach a congnuma.

You have had a fierce attack on the nobles of Leinster,
You have slain many Munstermen;
Destroyed many of Meave's host;
You have vaunted over the illustrious (?) Clans of Roigh,
Ever since the day of the blazing (?) battle.
Brave words you have threatened;
You have undertaken the beheading of me;
Numerous the witnesses on this field.
I am a champion hard to vanquish.
Come and do not dally.'

Will you bide?

Ailill replied deliberately, guardedly, to this hard, violent, implacable, angry, unforgiving, and malicious language. And while doing so he said these words :—

'I will bide thee, royal hireling;
Grant us a fair fight;
Let each restrain his supporters.
Let us have a turn at hard hewing.
Impossible for me hold the Dubloinges in check.
The troth of their champions fails.
Spring-tide current of Rugraide.
The wave of Tursgair is my emblem.
My match as a warrior is rare to find.
I maintain the fight in battle strife.
I shall lay your pride in the dust.[12]
Your martial career has come to a close.
You have been for long a source of trouble
throughout Banba, ...
Poor your fame as a provincial king;
Evil your record as a mighty prince;
Drunkard of Emain of Ardmacha;
Itinerating with tribes in cosy exile;
Maintainer of hound-packs;
Nursing long sleep in fair hostels;
Stay of Meave's harlotry;
The stock of jest and jibe;
The darling of queens' ladies' maids.'

I will bide.

[p–p] a Dubhloingsi. [q] lathair. [r] traefar. [s] do thremsi.
[t] comaidheach. [u] faifad. [v] bann-righan. [w] anfait.

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[1] Lit: your fluttering will be brought to the ground by me.

Column 86. Is and sin do eirgedar[a] an dá chairthi[b] gan crithnugadh, agus an da beithir gan baeglugadh,[c] agus an da omna[d] gan fheódhugadh, agus an da língcne[e] re léirdig*ail*,[f] agus an da bile[g] buadha buan-let(h)na barr-thoirtecha, agus an dá eó tosacha dighainne adconncas[g] os fhidhbadhib Erenn[h] .i. Oilill Finn agus Fergus mac Roigh.[h] Is and sin cuimnighis Fergus a anfolta agus a egcoir agus gacha n-dernadar[i] an Gamanrad ris o thús go deredh. Ar sin do gabhadar an dá cath-milidh sin a claidhmed agus a cruadh-airlech[j] a ceile re ré cían agus re treimsi fada co n-ar bo soirbh a Tsir-dheghail no a[k] sir-fhegadh re [l]h-aidhble a neime agus a naimdenais[l] agus re borb-ledarthaighe a m-beimeann.

[m]Acht ata ni chena: do rochair Oilill Finn do luath-béimennaibh brodla báoth-lonna fuachda *for*ranacha Fergusa. Agus díchennais Fergus ar an lathair sin é. Agus adrochradar a ceithri mic fichet araon ris, agus secht cet d'á theglach fós a timcell an dunaid agus ar a traig 'g a thesargain, im Gharb[m] mac Ceit [n]mic Maghach,[n] agus im na secht n-Echadhaib[o] Irrais, agus im na secht m-Breislennaibh Brefni, agus im na[p] h-Aongusaib Badhna, agus im an caogait n-Domnannach,[q] agus im shochaide [r]eile nach airimter[r] maille friu, oir ba treisi tromlach ceithri n-oll cuiged n-Eirenn an aid sein.[s]

[a] adractadar. [b] in dana cairthe. [c] baethfhedhm. [d] in dana omna.
[e] in dana lincne. [f] adds agus in dana . . . ir gan crinb*ernadh*.
[g] in dana bile breada bund . . . buan-torrtheacha id conncas co fairesenach.
[h–h] adds gan amharus agus con a fir tren . . . gan imresain Oillill fearda folt . . . foistineach find agus Fergus fedhm-tren fortamail fuach-regarthach mac Rosa rig . . . chairthigh ruaid dingbalaich. . . . [i] dernsat. [j] comtuargain.
[k] omits. [l–l] re h-aidblige an namus.
[m–m] adds and substitutes agus re treissi ro thennsat in talam fa cossaib na caith-milead. Is and sin da thuigestar Oillill gu(r) toitsead is in chomlonn sin uair da badar ceitri h oll chuigid Erenn in a aigidh inn uair sin. Is and sin da eirigh a aignead in airdmilead go h-imarcradach ar Fergus. Agus o t' connairc in Dubloing-eas airsideacht Oillella do eirgedar *caeca* caithmilead dib is in comlonn sin ar ínchaib Fergusa, agus tugadar guin gach fir ar Oillill. Agus do regair Oillill uilí iat, agus tugastair cumain a ghona ar gach n-deigh fear. Agus da trom-gonastair Fergus go fortamail. Agus adrochadar in caeca caithmilead re(me). Agus ro laigeadar ceitri h-oll chuigid Erenn airsium. Agus dadrochair Oillill Finn is in ecomlond sin re Fergus agus re feraib Erenn ar cheana, agus a seacht m*aic* ficheat ar aen ris, im a chomaltadaib, im Garb: 'And from the force with which the earth was pressed under the feet of the battle-warriors. Then Oilill perceived that he was fated to fall in that

Then rose up the two immovable pillars and the two unconquerable bears, and the two imperishable oaks, and the two ferocious lynxes, and the two glorious, wide-spreading, full-blossomed, old trees, and the two grandest yew-trees ever seen in the woods of Ireland, Oilill the Fair and Fergus son of Roigh. Then Fergus recalled his wrongs and disgrace, and all the insults, which he endured at the hands of the Gamhanraidh from first to last. The two battle warriors thereupon took to sword play, and made fierce attacks upon each other for a long time and sustained period. It was not an easy matter to distinguish, or indeed to see, the two for any length of time, because of their extreme virulence and enmity, and the hard hammering of their blows.

But one thing: Ailill fell by the swift, strong, furious, angry, destructive blows of Fergus. Fergus beheaded him on the spot. His four and twenty sons fell along with him, and seven hundred of his household besides, as they defended him around the castle and on the beach, as also Garb (the Rough) son of Cet son of Magach, and the seven Eochaidhs of Erris, and the seven Breslenns of Breifne, and the Anguses of Baghna, and fifty Domnanns, and multitudes of others who are not enumerated along with them, for the force of the four great provinces of Ireland was mightier than theirs.

conflict, for the four great provinces of Ireland were opposed to him all at one time. Then the spirit of the noble warrior was kindled furiously against Fergus. When the Dubloinges observed the heroism of Oilill, fifty battle warriors of their number joined the fray in support of Fergus. Each of them attacked Oilill. The latter faced them all, and returned blow for blow to each stout man of them. He valorously wounded Fergus severely, and the fifty battle warriors fell by his hand. (Eventually) the four great provinces of Ireland attacked him, and Oilill the Fair fell in that unequal conflict with Fergus and the men of Ireland. His seven and twenty sons fell by his side, as also his foster brothers, Garbh (the Rough), etc.

[n–n] omits. [o] n-Eochadu. [p] tri. [q] n-Domnall. [r–r] omits.

[s] ina siat son, and adds Cid tra acht ba h-imda coland gan cheand agus medi gan muineal agus corp ar n-a cruad-*gerr*ad secahnoin in muige uile. Ba h-e umorro dlus agus imfoicsi badar na colla co tibread in brainean coisceim da, cholaind chrondherg daroili do na corpaibh urledarthacha agus do na medegaibh mael-*derg*a badar sechnoin in mor muighe: 'And so it was that many were the bodies without heads, and trunks without necks, and carcases severely hacked throughout the whole plain. Such indeed was the closeness and nearness of the corpses that the raven could hop from one blood-red carcase to another of the mangled bodies and bloody headless trunks as they lay on the wide field.'

[a]Ra gluais Fergus reimi ar sin d'indsaigidh[a] Rátha Morgain [b]agus cend Oilella Finn ar imcar aige.[b] Agus as amlaid fuair Flidais con a banntracht agus si a fochair Meadba agus Oilella ar an faighthe. Agus [c]do furail Fergus[c] cend Ailella Finn[d] do léicean a fiadnaise Fhlidaise ar lar. Agus do ghab ag suarcus uirthi[e] as a h-aithle agus adubairt ria:[f] 'Ag sin sed surgi agam[g] dhuit, a ríghan,' ar se.

[h]Agus nocha[h] dechaidh ar maith aicesi sin d'fhaghail; uair ge do gradhaig si Mac Rosa reimhe [i]do gab aithrechus h-í, agus tainicc claechladh aigenta di 'g a fhaigsin 'g á mharbadh impe fein.[i] Agus do ghabustar Flidais[j] con a
Column 87. finn-banntracht ag der-cháined Ailella ann sin, agus ag tabairt a tesmolta, agus ag innisin a air,[l] . . . agus a thidlaic*ed*[k] go coitcenn do cach. Agus do aithin Flidais[l] do'n bhanntracht an cend do lesugadh,[m] agus atbert[n] and:—

'Lesaighter lib cend and righ,
Ailill go n-imad n-gnim;
Nochar thimcilsit renna
Cenn amar cenn Ailella.

'Do ber teist ar mac n-Domhnaill,
Ge rab[o] a cenn 'g a comroinn,
Acht go faghdáis a láma,
D' Eirinn do[p] ba dhingmala.

'Do ber teist ar mac n-Domnaill,
Ge rab[o] a cenn 'g a comroinn,
Nach raibe riam d'uaite slogh
Gan fichid *cet* a comól.

'Do ber teist ar mac n-Domnaill,
Ga rab[o] a cenn 'g a comroinn,
Nach [q]geba Cruachain[q] d'á éis
[r]Rí budh tualaing a aisnés.[r]

[a–a] (This and the following paragraphs, including Flidais's Lay, are transposed in Y.B.L. They follow the Lay of Domnall Dualbuide.) Dala Fergusa: ranic roime go faigthi. [b–b] omits. [c–c] ro fhurail-sium. [d] omits. [e] urrai. [f] go d*er*laicseach. [g] omits. [h–h] Ni. [i–i] tanic claechlodh anbail in a h-aignead ar fairesin na h-oigeda sin d'agbail d'Oillill uimpe. [j] fein. [k] fhial-tidlaicead. [l] fen. [m] caem-lesugud go h-onorach as a h-aithle. [n] adubairt in laigh. [o] beith. [p] ri. [q–q] gebadh Cruacha. [r–r] Rig ba gabtha na faisneis.

Fergus moved forward thereafter to Raith Morgan, bringing the head of Oilill the Fair with him. And thus he found Flidais with her women-folk in the company of Meave and Oilill on the lawn. And Fergus ordered Oilill the Fair's head to be laid on the ground before Flidais. Thereafter he began to court her, and said to her: 'There is my love-token for you, queen,' said he.

(Flidais) was far from pleased (with the gift); for although she had previously loved the son of Ros she now repented, and her mind changed on finding that (Oilill) was slain on her account. And Flidais and her fair retinue began to lament loudly for Oilill, and to declare his good qualities, and to relate his great goodness and his liberality to all and sundry. Flidais ordered her female attendants to dress the head, and said:—

'Dress ye the head of the king,
Ailill of many exploits;
Stars have not looked down upon
A head the equal of Ailill's.

'I bear testimony to Donald's son,
Although his head has been severed;
If his hands only were left,
He was Ireland's worthiest man.

'I attest regarding Donald's son,
Although his head has been severed;
That he never had fewer people
Than two thousand carousing with him.

'I attest regarding Donald's son,
Although his head has been severed,
That Cruachan after him shall never have
A king of reputation equal to his.

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[1] A word beginning with *a* is scraped out in MS. Y.B.L. supplies *ard-maithesa*.

Referring to vol. iii. p. 213, note 2, Mr. Kenneth Macleod draws my attention to the Gaelic saying, *Bu mhaith cilear na ceille*, 'A modicum of sense would be beneficial,' illustrating the meaning of *cilar*.

'Do ber teist ar mac n-Domnaill,
Ge rab a cenn 'g a comroinn,
Nochar thogaib sgiath a troid,
Láoch budh fraechda re a namoid.

'Is si sin [a]an teist fíre,[a]
O'n lo do gab riam ríghe,
Nír ér duine im brat na im bíadh,
Ni tug do dhuine di-míadh.[b]

'Nír cóir do Bricni a nimais;
Gan ceann ard-milidh Irrais:
O a corp an trath tug*adh*,
Do niamad do lesugadh.

'Lesaigter, a banntracht binn,
An cenn-sa do bí ar Ailill;
Da fuair sib áib an churadh,
As dú daib a lesugadh.'[c]

L*esaighter.*

A h-aithle na laide sin do coirgead cend Oilella Finn[d]; agus do cuir Flidais filidh agus eicis d'á aindlucadh go h-airm a raibe [e]corp Oilella Finn. Agus do claidhedh fert forra an ein inad ann sin.[e]

[a–a] a theist fhire. [b] do míadh.

[c] The third, fifth, seventh and eighth quatrains of this lay are omitted in Y.B.L. On the other hand, Y.B.L. gives the following two, not found in Glenmasan :—

'Do ber teist ar mac n-Domnaill,
Ge beith a ceand ga comraind,
Nach roibi grad cruidh na bidh,
Ig Oillill ig on aird-rig.

'Adeirim-sea ribh-se de,
Is is e in radh fire,
Do gentar uilc, mor in modh,
Beidit cuirp gan leassugod.' Lessaightear.

'I attest regarding Donald's son,
Although his head has been severed;
That there never raised shield in fight,
A hero more valiant against his foe.

'This is the testimony of truth,
From the first day he ascended the throne,
He refused none in food or in raiment;
He never offered insult to any.

''Twas wrong what Briene did;
The noble warrior of Erris is headless,
Seeing it has been parted from his body
We shall fitly dress it.

'Dress fitly, sweet ladies,
This head that once was Ailill's;
You shared the joy of the hero;
'Tis meet that you should dress (his head).'
Dress.

After the lay (was sung) Oilill the Fair's head was suitably dressed, and Flidais sent poets and sages to bury it along with Oilill the Fair's body. And a grave was dug for them in the same place there.

'I attest regarding Donald's son,
Although his head has been severed,
That Oilill the high king
Was never greedy of food or pelf.

'I declare unto you,
It is a truthful assertion,
Evils great in magnitude will follow,
Bodies will be left undressed.
Let be dressed.

[d] adds accu. [e-e] cuirp in chaem-rig no gor claidead fert in aein inat ortho.

(*To be continued.*)

SEA-POEMS

(*Continued from Vol.* iii. *p.* 334.)

II

AN IUBHRACH UR

[This is a favourite song in Trotternish (Skye). It is used for waulking thus:—

Thug an iubhrach,
Ho ho hì ri,
Hiù bhi hò ro
Chal o ì ri,
Ur an cuan oirr',
Ho ho, etc.]

Thug an iùbhrach ùr an cuan oirr',
Mo dhùrachd slàn d'an t-saor a dh' fhuaigh i,
Dh' fhàg e aotrom laidir luath i,
Astarach gu siubhal chuantan.

Ge moch a ghoireas coileach tùchach,
Ge moch a ghlasas là 'san fhuar-bheinn,
Is muiche na sin air sàil an iùbhrach,
'S theid mo ghaol-sa reubadh chuantan
Le chuid ghillean òga fiughor,
Le chuid fheara laidir lughor.

Theid i tro Chaol Muile ruadhor,[1] [ruathar ?
As a sin d'an Eilean Uaine,
Air n-ais 'na deannaibh nunn do Mhuideart,
Seach nan eilean arda uamhach,
Seach nam beannaibh dubha gruamach,
Seach nan sgeirean iosal fuaraidh,
Air a fiaradh tro àrd-stuaidhean
Gu h-eilean riabhach nam fear buadhor,
Gu h-innis ghrianaich nam ban uallach.

O 's iomadh rudha dubh a dh' fhuar i,
Agus bàirneach ghlas a bhuain i,
Agus faochag chrom a bhruain i,
'S i 'na deannaibh tro chaoil uaignidh.
O 's e mo leannan làmh gu 'stiuradh,
Gu 'cumail teann ri taobh an fhuaraidh,
Gu 'cumail àrd air bàrr an t-sùghaidh,
Gu 'toirt gu cala tearaint' mùirneach.

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[1] See Vol. iii. of *Review*, p. 243.

III

REUBADH NA MARA

[From Miss Ann Henderson, Morvern. It is used as a waulking-song thus:—

Thug am bàta na caoil oirr',
Ho rò hì iù o,
Falbh oirre, cò dhealaich ?
Ho rò hì iù o.']

Thug am bàta na caoil oirr',
Bha mo ghaol innt' a dh' fheara,
Bha Mac-Shimidh 's Mac-Leoid innt'
'S Tighearn òg Ghlinne-Garaidh.

'S fliuch an latha fhuair m' eudail
Dhol a reubadh na mara,
Chaidh an latha gu dìle
'S gu sior-uisge gailinn;
Cha bhiodh ormsa bonn-cùraim
Ach mo rùn bhi air faire,
E 'ga h-iomairt 's 'ga stiuradh,
Lùb ùr a' chùil chlannaich.

Och, a Dhòmhnaill Ruaidh ghaolaich,
'S tu mo rùn de na feara,
'S tu mo chnomhan 's mo chaorann,
Mo shubh-craobh 's mo chroinn-mheala;
'S tu mo dhearcaga donna
Ann an tomadaibh canail,
Mo luibh 's am bidh bhrìgh thu
Nach crìon ri fuachd gailinn;
Gràinne-mullaich nam fiùran
'S ann tha 'n aoidh air mo leannan,
Fuil nan iarlachan riòghail
Air a sìoladh ad mhalaidh,
Gu bheil fuil na h- Iarl' Òige,
Fuil Mhic-Leoid 's Mhic-'ic-Ailein

Ach dé ma leigear gu tir i!
Gu 'm bi mìosdadh mu 'n chala,
Bidh mnathan gun chéil' ann
'S fir gle-gheal gun anail.

IV

IUBHRACH NAN GUALA GEALA

Moch Di-luain ghabh i 'n cuan,
Te bhoidheach nan guala geala,
Moch Di-luain ghabh i 'n cuan.

'S ann Di-luain a dh' fhalbh am bàta,
'S oil leam nach d' rainig i cala.

'S ann Di-luain a dh' fhalbh an iùbhrach
'S a thog i na siuil ùra gheala.

Còmhlan oirr' a dh' fhiùrain ùra,
Dh' eireadh sunnd leo 'san tigh-leanna.

Gillean buadhor nan cul dualach,
Mo dhùrachd Righ-nan-Dùl bhi mar ribh.

Nuair a r'adh am bàt' 'na còmhdach,[1]
Bu bhoidhch' i na baintighearn òg Mhic-'ic-Ailein.

Cha robh tonn an caol no 'n cùmhlait
Nach biodh mùirneach 's i air aigeal.

Cha robh ròn no lacha riabhach
Nach biodh 'g iarraidh bhi 'na caidreamh.

Thug an eala bhàn an cuan oirr',
Cuinneagan uaine 'ga leanachd.

Thug i 'n cuan oirr' air a fiaradh
Gu h- eilean riabhach na gainnimh

Theid i dh' Uibhist, theid i Leodhas.
Theid i Ròdal na h-Earradh.

Mhiannaich an Cuan Sgì an iùbhrach,
Cha'n fhaodadh i tir a thathaich.

Cha ruig i Uibhist, cha ruig i Leodhas.
Cha ruig i Ròdal na h-Earradh.

O mo thriuir bhràithrean tha mi 'g iargain,
'S mi 'gan iarraidh anns an fheamainn.

Moch Di-luain ghabh i 'n cuan,
Le bhoidheach nan guala geala,
Moch Di-luain ghabh i 'n cuan.

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[1] See Vol. iii. of *Review*, p. 245.

THE CLAN FINGON

Rev. A. Maclean Sinclair

I. The personal name Fingon, in Gaelic Fionn-ghin, Fionghuin or Finghin, means fair offspring or fair bairn. It appears among the Irish, Scots and Picts. In the tale known as Tain Bo Chuailgne we meet with it as the name of a wonderful physician who could cure a man after a large, rough ball had crushed through his skill and lodged firmly in his brain. Fingon was the name of the King of Munster in 896 A.D. It was also the name of the Bishop of Iona in 965. As mac is pronounced in the southern parts of the Highlands as if written machk, and as fh is silent, the surname MacFhionghinn is pronounced as if written Machkionghinn, and becomes in English Mackinnon.

According to the oldest and most valuable genealogies of the Highland clans the Mackinnons are descended from Fingon, son of Cormac, son of Airbeartach, son of Fearchar Og, son of Fearchar Fada. This pedigree may be regarded as genuine from Fingon to Airbeartach, but not any further.

II. Finlay, son of Fingon, had a son named Ewen.

Finlay, in Gaelic Fionnla, is from fionn laoch, and means fair hero—a very fine name, although not very popular among those who rejoice in pretty names, whether they mean pretty things or ugly things. Surely, the first thing to be considered in giving a name to a child is what the name really means.

III. Ewen, son of Finlay, is known in the genealogy of the Mackinnons as Seann Eoghann, or Old Ewen.

IV. Gillebride or Gilbride, son of Ewen, may have fought at the battle of Bannockburn in 1314.

V. Ewen, son of Gilbride, was known as Ewen Og, or Young Ewen.

Dugald, son of Somerled and progenitor of the Macdougalls of Lorn, succeeded his father in Lorn, Morvern,

Ardnamurchan, Lismore, Kerrera, Seil, Luing, Shuna, Scarbra, Jura, Iona, Ulva, Mull, and Tiree. Alexander, son of Ewen, son of Duncan, son of Dugald, joined the Cummings against Robert Bruce and was deprived of his estates in 1314. In 1343 David Bruce granted to John, first Lord of the Isles, a charter of Morvern, Lochaber, Duror, Glencoe, Islay, Gigha, Jura, Scarba, Colonsay, Mull, Iona, Ulva, Tiree, Coll and Lewis, together with the castles of Kernaburgh, Iselburgh, and Dunconnel. Some time afterwards he gave to John Macdougall, son of Alexander, a charter of the district of Lorn and the islands adjoining it. There was a disagreement about lands for a long time between John of Islay and John of Lorn. Although the former had a legal claim to the lands of Duror, Mull, and Jura, the latter held possession of these lands and refused to part with them. In 1354 the matters in dispute were amicably settled, and on the following terms: John of Lorn, Lord of Argyll, surrendered to John of Islay, Lord of the Isles, the lands of Duror, Mull, and Jura, and the castles of Kernaburgh, Iselburgh and Dunconnell. John of Islay gave up all claim to the island of Coll, and granted and confirmed it to John of Lorn. John of Islay also bound himself never to give the keeping of the castle of Kernaburgh to any of the race of the clan Fingon. It is evident that for some reason or other John of Lorn disliked the Mackinnons. Probably they had not been as faithful to him in his disputes with the Lord of the Isles as he thought they should have been.

VI. Gilbride, son of Eoghann Og, had two sons, Neil and Fingon. It is possible that his wife was a daughter of Neil Maclean, brother of John Dubh.

The Macleans and the Mackinnons were originally followers of the Lords of Lorn, and held lands under them. After John of Lorn had surrendered Mull to the Lord of the Isles, Lachlan Lùbanach and Hector Reaganach, sons of John Dubh Maclean, went to Ardtornish to see the Lord of the Isles in connection with their lands. They did not receive as favourable a reply to their requests as they could desire.

It is said that Mackinnon, probably Gilbride, was jealous of their rising influence, and treated them in a very insulting manner. The story of his unkind treatment of them may be dismissed as a fiction. The probability is that he treated them civilly enough, but that he was using his influence with the Lord of the Isles to prevent him from granting their requests. He may have wanted some of the lands claimed by them for himself. Lachlan Lùbanach and Hector Reagunach were both daring men and were capable of desperate deeds. They slew Mackinnon, took possession of his boat, and manned it with their own followers. They went then in pursuit of the Lord of the Isles, who had left Ardtornish for Mull. They captured him, and took him with them to Iona, where they compelled him to grant them the lands they wanted, and also to pardon them for the slaughter of Mackinnon, and for the liberties they had taken with himself. Lachlan received the lands of Duart and Hector the lands of Lochbuie. In 1366 Lachlan married Margaret, daughter of the Lord of the Isles, and had by her Hector Roy, his successor.

VII. Neil, son of Gilbride, was born probably about 1360, and was chief of the Mackinnons in 1385. He married, apparently, Maria, daughter of Lachlan Lùbanach of Duart, and had Lachlan and another son.

Fingon, Neil's brother, was Abbot of Iona, and was known as the Green Abbot. He was an able, crafty, and eloquent man. He instigated John Mor Tanaistear to quarrel with his brother Donald and rise in rebellion against him. The rebellion was crushed in the bud and without any fighting. John Mor repented of his rashness and became reconciled to his brother. According to the Sleat historian, Neil was put to death by Donald of the Isles for having joined his brother the Green Abbot in the rebellion which the latter had stirred up against Donald. There is evidently no truth in this story. Neil was probably dead before the year 1409, whilst John Mor's rebellion, if there ever was such a thing, could not have taken place

until after 1411. The Green Abbot left two sons and a daughter.

VIII. Lachlan, son of Neil, succeeded his father as chief of the Clan Fingon, and was known as Lachainn Fòdarach, or Lachlan the Exile. He witnessed a charter granted in 1409 by Donald, Lord of the Isles, to Hector Roy of Duart. His appearing as a witness to this charter favours the supposition that his mother was a sister of Hector Roy.

The two sons of the Green Abbot murdered Lachlan's brother and intended to murder himself. He left his house and lived for a short time in caves and other hiding-places. By the help of the Fergusons, who had fostered his brother, he was enabled to seize the Abbot's two sons and put them to death.

IX. Lachlan, successor of Lachlan, was known as Lachainn na h-Iomlaid, or Lachlan the Barterer.

The original possessions of the Mackinnons in the Isle of Mull consisted apparently of the district of Gribun and some lands which had belonged to the Church. Lachlan exchanged the lands of Gribun for the lands of Mishnish, of which he received a charter from the Lord of the Isles. It was in consequence of this exchange that he came to be known as Lachlan of the Barter. He witnessed a charter granted by John, fourth Lord of the Isles, in 1467, and is described as Lachlan MacFingon of Mishnish. He seems to have been the first Mackinnon chief who held a charter of the lands occupied by himself and his followers. He had three sons—Neil, John, and Ewen. John was Abbot of Iona, and in 1489 erected a handsome cross in memory of his father and himself. He died in 1500. Ewen had two sons, Neil and Donald.

X. Neil Bàn, son of Lachlan, succeeded his father in the chiefship of the Clan Fingon.

After the forfeiture of the Lordship of the Isles in 1493 it became necessary for the smaller clans, as a matter of self-protection, to join the more powerful clans. The Macneils of Barra, the Mackinnons, and the Macquarries joined the

Macleans of Duart and supported them in their wars. The Macneils of Gigha joined the Macdonalds of Islay.

In 1515 Lachlan Cattanach of Duart supported Sir Donald Macdonald of Lochalsh in his rebellion. In 1517 we find a free remission granted to Lachlan Cattanach for himself and his associates, namely, Donald Maclean his uncle, Gilleonan Macneil of Barra, Neil Mackinnon of Mishnish, Dunslaff Macquarrie of Ulva, and Lachlan Maclean of Ardgour. At the same time the king granted to Lachlan Cattanach the four marklands of Scalpa. In 1609 we find Hector Og of Duart in possession of a part of Scalpa.

The Mackinnons received the lands of Strathordill in Skye from the Lord of the Isles sometime after 1437. They received a part of the island of Scalpa from Maclean of Duart in exchange for some lands in Mull.

XI. Ewen, son of Neil, was chief of the Clan Fingon in 1531, and is described as Ewen Mac Fingon of Strathordill. He was popularly known as Eoghann Ruadh nan Cath, or Ewen Roy of the Battles. In 1539 he assisted Donald Gorm of Sleat in his attack on Ellandonan Castle. In August 1542, among those who received a remission for that attack we find Ewen of Strathordill, Neil Mac Ewen Mac Lachlan, and Donald Mac Ewen Mac Lachlan. In August 1542 Ewen received a Crown charter of the twenty marklands of Mishnish in Mull and the twenty marklands of Strathordill in Skye. He was among the supporters of Donald Dubh Macdonald in 1545. He received a remission in 1546 for all past offences. He was evidently a man of action.

XII. Lachlan, son of Ewen Mac Fingon, was served heir to his father in July 1557 in the lands of Mishnish and Strathordill. This chief was known as Lachainn Dubh, or Black Lachlan. In 1562 the Macdonalds of Islay and the Macdonalds of Sleat invaded the islands of Mull, Coll, and Tiree, carried off all the valuable things they could find, set fire to the buildings, and slew a number of persons. This was the beginning of the deplorable war between the Macleans of Duart and the Macdonalds of Islay. Among those who

assisted the Macdonalds of Sleat in plundering the Maclean lands were Donald Mackinnon, John, son of Hector Mackinnon, and John Dubh Mackinnon. These Mackinnons may or may not have lived in Strathordill, but the probability is that they did not. The Mackinnons as a clan had nothing to do with the invasion of the Maclean territories.

Lachlan Dubh had four sons — Lachlan Og, Terlach Sgitheanach, Ewen, and John. He died about 1580. Terlach Sgitheanach had one son, Lachlan Roy, who appears on record in 1634 as Lachlan M^{c}Charles V.^{c} Fingon.

XIII. Lachlan Og Mac Fingon was born about 1540, and was served heir to his father, in July 1581, in the lands of Mishnish and Strathordill.

In July 1586 Sir Lachlan Mor Maclean of Duart was seized at Mullintrea by Angus Macdonald of Islay and thrown into prison. The guardians of the young Earl of Argyll, acting under instructions from King James VI., procured the release of Sir Lachlan Mor by promising Angus of Islay a free pardon and placing the following hostages in his hands: Hector, son and heir of Sir Lachlan Mor; Alexander, brother of William Macleod of Dunvegan; Lachlan and Neil, sons of Lachlan Og of Strathordill; John and Murdoch, sons of Macneil of Barra; Allan, son of Ewen Maclean of Ardgour; and Donald, son of Hector Maclean of Treshnish. In the autumn of 1588 the warlike lord of Duart had John Macdonald of Ardnamurchan and other prominent Macdonalds in his hands as prisoners, and felt at liberty to renew the war. If the Macdonalds should murder their hostages, the Macleans could retaliate by murdering their prisoners. Lachlan Mor, accompanied by his supporters, immediately invaded the islands of Canna, Rum, Eigg, and Muck. He plundered the tenants, gave their houses to the flames, and put several persons to death. If the Macdonalds acted with ferocity in 1562, the Macleans acted with equal ferocity in 1588. The hostages were set at liberty in March 1589. At the same time Lachlan Mor of Duart, Macneil of Barra, Lachlan Og of Strathordill, Macquarrie of Ulva, and Ewen of Ardgour

received a full remission for their doings in Canna, Rum, Eigg, and Muck.

Lachlan Og had two sons, Lachlan and John Og. John Og was living in July 1618, but died shortly afterwards. Neil, son of John Og, was born about 1600, graduated at the University of Glasgow in 1626, and became minister of Strath in 1627. He was translated to Sleat in 1641, and died sometime after 1661.

XIV. Lachlan, son of Lachlan Og, succeeded his father. In January 1601 he entered into a bond of friendship with Archibald, seventh Earl of Argyll. In 1606 he obtained a bond of manrent from Finlay Macnab of Bowaine. In 1613, or shortly afterwards, he received the honour of knighthood from James VI. In 1615 he took an active part in suppressing the rebellion of Sir James Macdonald of Islay. In July 1616 Sir Lachlan and a number of other Highland chiefs appeared before the Privy Council and bound themselves to keep their followers in subjection to the laws of the land. Sir Lachlan named the following persons as rebellious men for whose actions he would not be responsible: Donald Riabhach son of Terlach, John son of Terlach son of Donald, Angus son of Donald son of Neil, Donald son of Neil Gorm, and John Roy son of Terlach. In August 1616 Sir Rory Mor Macleod of Dunvegan, Donald, captain of the Clanranald, Sir Lachlan of Strathordill, and Lachlan Maclean of Coll met in the city of Glasgow and entered into a bond of mutual friendship. In January 1628 Charles I. created the lands of Strathordill into a barony. Sir Lachlan died shortly afterwards, and left three children, Iain Balbhan or John 'the Dummy,' Mary and Jane. Mary was married, as his second wife, to Sir Roderick Macleod of Talisker.

XV. John Balvan married in 1627 Catherine, daughter of Lachlan Maclean of Coll, and had by her one son, Lachlan Mor. He was killed in 1641 by an arrow whilst standing on the summit of his castle at Dunara. The arrow came from Tom-na h-Aithne, and was evidently aimed at John with the

intention of terminating his life. The murderer, whoever he may have been, escaped punishment from man.

XVI. Lachlan Mor, son of John Balvan, was born in 1628. He was taken to Inveraray immediately after the death of his father and placed under the protection of the Earl of Argyll. On February 14, 1642, John Garbh Maclean of Coll, his maternal uncle, was appointed tutor-dative to him. He returned to Skye in 1651. He fought on behalf of Charles II. at the battle of Worcester in 1651. He entered into a bond of friendship with James Macgregor, chief of the Clan Gregor, in 1671. He married, first, Mary, daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart, and, secondly, Marion Macleod. He died about 1700.

It is asserted by some writers that Lachlan Mor was knighted by Charles II. on the battlefield of Worcester. For this assertion it is impossible to produce a particle of evidence. Lachlan Mor is mentioned in several authentic documents, but he is never styled Sir Lachlan. In a Gaelic poem written in praise of him he is referred to simply as Lachlan. The probability then is that, whilst he was a gallant soldier, he never received the honour of knighthood from King Charles.

Lachlan Mor left at least two lawful sons, John Og by his first wife, and John of Mishnish by his second wife. He left also a natural son named Donald, who is mentioned in an authentic document of the year 1688. It is maintained by some members of the Clan Fingon that he left two sons by his first wife, John Og and Donald, whilst others strenuously maintain that he had no son named Donald either by his first or second wife.

XVII. John, son of Lachlan Mor by his first wife, married Isabell, daughter of Donald Macdonald of Castleton, by his wife Margaret, daughter of John Cameron of Lochiel, and had by her John Dubh. John died on the night on which his son was born.

XVIII. John Dubh was born in 1682, and succeeded his grandfather in the chiefship about 1700. He fought in behalf of the Stuarts at the battle of Sheriffmuir in 1715.

He was attainted for his loyalty and deprived of his lands. He fought again in behalf of the Stuarts at the battle of Culloden in 1746. He assisted Prince Charles when that unfortunate young man was wandering about in the Western Islands. For his kindness to the Prince he was arrested on July 10, 1746, taken to London and kept in confinement until July 1747. He married, first, Penelope, daughter of Archhishop Sharpe, and had by her John Og his heir. He married, secondly, in 1743, Janet, daughter of Malcolm Macleod of Raasay, and by her had Charles, Lachlan, and Margaret. John Og, his eldest son, was married, and had four daughters, Florence, Helen, Margaret, and Penelope. Florence was married in 1759 to Ranald, 18th of Moidart. John died in 1737. Lachlan, third son of John Dubh, died unmarried in Jamaica. John Dubh died at Kilmorie, Isle of Skye, in his old home, May 7, 1756.

XIX. Charles, second son of John Dubh, was born in 1753, and succeeded his father as chief of the Mackinnons in 1756.

The Laird of Grant purchased the Mackinnon estates from the British Government in 1723, and conveyed them in 1728 to Neil Mackinnon, son of Mackinnon of Corry. On receiving the estates Neil Mackinnon conveyed them to John, son and heir of John Dubh, and his heirs-male, whom failing to any other son or sons of John Dubh, and their heirs-male, whom failing to John Mackinnon of Mishnish, son of Lachlan Mor by his second wife, Marion Macleod. John, son of John Dubh, was now laird of Strathordill and Mishnish. Of course he had to pay the sum expended by the laird of Grant in purchasing the estates. In 1729 he borrowed some money from Sir Alexander Macdonald of Sleat. Between 1735 and 1745 Sir Alexander bought up several of the debts on the Mackinnon lands. John Og ordered in his will that 30,000 marks should be paid out of his estates to his daughters. In 1738 John of Mishnish, son of Lachlan Mor by his second wife, was served heir of provision in the lands of Strathordill and Mishnish. In 1751 John sold the whole

of the estates except Strathaird and Mishnish to John Mackenzie, trustee for Sir James Macdonald of Sleat. After the death of John Dubh in 1756, Malcolm Macleod of Raasay succeeded through an expensive lawsuit with John of Mishnish in getting his grandson, Charles son of John Dubh, put in possession of the lands of Strathaird and Mishnish. These lands, however, were heavily burdened with debt. Charles Mackinnon sold the lands of Mishnish shortly after 1774. He sold the lands of Strathaird to Alexander Macalister in 1789 for £8400. The Mackinnons were now a landless clan.

Charles Mackinnon married Alexandra, daughter of John, son and heir of Norman Macleod of Dunvegan, and had three children by her, John, Penelope, and Emilia. He died at Dalkeith in poor circumstances in 1796. Emilia was married to Alexander Mackinnon, banker at Naples.

XX. John, son of Charles, succeeded his father as chief of the Mackinnons. He died at Leith, unmarried, in 1808.

I have seen some traditions which refer to feuds and battles between the Macleans and the Mackinnons. These traditions are evidently modern fictions. The Macleans and the Mackinnons were subject to the Lords of Lorn from their first settlement in Mull to the year 1354, and to the Lords of the Isles from 1354 to 1493. It is a sure thing that the Lords of Lorn and the Lords of the Isles would never have allowed them to quarrel and fight and slay one another. It is probable that there were rascals in both clans who were ready to quarrel with their neighbours and wrong them. It would be unreasonable, however, to exalt the squabbles of individuals into clan feuds.

It is said that there is a tradition to the effect that Lachlan Mor of Strathordill went to the assistance of his father-in-law, Sir Lachlan Maclean of Duart, with two hundred men, that Sir Lachlan and himself invaded the lands of the Campbells, and that the Campbells attacked them and routed them and slew a hundred of the Mackinnons. There is not one grain of truth in this tradition; it is an invention of the

imagination from beginning to end, and a very late invention. I presume, however, that it arose from the fact that the fiery Sir Hector Roy of Duart, Lachlan Mor's wife's brother, and seven hundred and sixty of his followers were slain at the battle of Inverkeithing, July 2, 1651. Lachlan Mor was not at the battle of Inverkeithing, but he was at the battle of Worcester, September 3, 1651, and must have lost a number of his men there. It was against Cromwell, not against the Campbells, that the Macleans and the Mackinnons had been fighting. Possibly the Campbells could have thrashed them both, even on July 1, 1651, if they had invaded the Campbell lands; but they did not meddle with the Campbells, and the Campbells did not thrash them.

I have given the Mackinnon names in the line of descent. It is possible that two or three of the men in that line died at a comparatively early age, and that they were not actually chiefs; whilst it is probable that one or two of the chiefs died without male issue and are consequently unknown to history.

THE CORNISH DRAMA.—II

Henry Jenner

(*Continued from p.* 375)

Analysis of the Dramas

I. Ordinale i. *Origo Mundi* (15th century)

Act i.

1. The Creation of the World. The six days described in seven stanzas spoken by the Father, who descends from the *pulpitum*, and creates Adam and places him in Paradise. Lucifer appears from heaven. The Creation of Eve and the naming of the animals. The scene closes with the institution of the Sabbath.

2. The Temptation and Fall of Man and the Expulsion from Paradise. The Father promises the Oil of Mercy.

3. Adam and Eve outside Paradise. Adam attempts to dig, but the earth cries out. The Father gives him permission to take first one spade's length, then two, then three, and ultimately gives him all the world. Eve begins to spin.

4. Cain and Abel. The Father commands Adam to offer a tithe of the produce of his tillage as a burnt-offering on Mount Tabor. Adam sends Cain and Abel to do so. Cain thinks it folly to waste good victuals in this way, and proposes to keep back a part of the tithe. The Father accepts Abel's offering. Cain is jealous and kills Abel. Lucifer, Belsebuc, and Satan carry off the soul of Abel. The Father rebukes Cain and sets a mark on him, in accordance with the story in Genesis. Cain returns to his father and is cursed by him. Adam laments that he has ever seen Eve, who was the cause of his misery, and makes a sort of vow of perpetual chastity.

5. The Father sends a seraph to command Adam to beget a son. Eve announces the birth of Seth.

6. Adam, weary of life, sends Seth for the Oil of Mercy, directing him to follow the prints of his own feet burnt into the earth. Seth goes to Paradise. The cherub at the gate allows him to look in. He sees the fair garden, with its four rivers, and in it a tree. It is bare and leafless and its roots are in hell, though its top reaches to heaven, and there is a serpent in it. The cherub bids him look again, and he sees high up on the branches a new-born child, and the cherub says :

Mab deu o neb a wylsys	The Son of God He was whom thou didst see
Avel flogh byhan maylys	Like a little child swaddled :
Ef a bren adam the das.	He shall redeem Adam thy father.
. . . .	. . . .
Ef yu an oyl a versy	He is the oil of mercy
A fue the 'th tas dythywys	That was to thy father promised :
Dre y vernans yredy	Through His death verily
Ol an bys a fyth sylwys.	All the world shall be saved.

Then the cherub gives him three pips of the apple of which his parents had eaten, and tells him to put them into his

father's mouth when he dies and three trees will grow from them. It is noticeable that there is only *one* tree in Paradise, the Tree of Knowledge, and the Serpent, the Child, and the Apple are all on it. In the later play of 1611, Seth sees two trees, and in the second one, 'an wethan a vewnans' (the Tree of Life), is the Child in His Mother's arms, and from it the apple is taken. Seth returns, Adam dies, and is buried. Lucifer, Belsebuc, and Satan carry his soul to hell.

7. The Building of the Ark. God commands Noah to build the ark, the directions being mostly only versified Genesis, though there is one touch that might appeal to a seafaring people: 'War tu dylarg daras yn ty a wra, yu port hynwes' (in the stern a door thou shalt make, it is called a port). Noah builds the ark and the animals are taken into it. Noah and his family enter the ark, and he covers the top with a cloth to keep out the rain. The flood takes place. The raven and *two* doves are sent out. Noah uncovers the ark, and he, his wife, and his sons and their wives each severally offer as sacrifices a cow, a dove, a pheasant, a goose, a duck, a partridge, and a capon on an altar set up on Mount Calvary, after which the promise of the Father, with the rainbow token, is given.

Act II.

1. The Temptation of Abraham. This is nothing but the Bible story, the only addition being that Isaac by expressing his willingness to die is made a more complete type of Christ.

2. The Story of Moses. The Burning Bush. This is only versified Exodus.

3. The Story of Moses (continued). Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh. The Plagues of Egypt and the Exodus, the Passage of the Red Sea, and the Destruction of Pharaoh. This is again versified Exodus. The Plagues are announced to Pharaoh by messengers.

4. The Story of Moses (continued). Moses, Caleb, and Joshua propose to build a castle (*castel*), an inn (*ostel*), or a tent (*scovva*). Moses ascends a mountain, where he finds

three rods, which he declares to be a type of the Trinity. He cuts them, and with them he heals Joshua of the bite of a serpent and Caleb of the venom of a black toad. Joshua complains of the want of water, and declares that they will all worship the blessed Jupiter (*gorthye jovyn veneges*—curiously making *Jovyn* feminine) if they do not get some. Moses, after consulting with Aaron and praying, strikes the rock with the rod and water flows. Caleb declares his repentance. The Father declares that Moses and Aaron shall not come into the promised land, and that none but Caleb and Joshua shall do so. Moses plants the three rods on Mount Tabor, which, by the way, was well within the Promised Land, but geography was not an exact science in the days of this play, and dies.

Act III.

1. The Story of David. David calls for wine and goes to sleep. The Father commands Gabriel to go to him and tell him to bring from Mount Tabor in Arabia the rods which Moses planted and to plant them in Jerusalem.

Rag y feth map yn Bethlem,	For there shall be a Son in Bethlehem
Genys a thyspreen an bys,	Born who shall redeem the world,
Hag annethe crous a wren,	And of these a cross shall be made,
Rag crousa cryst ou map ker,	To crucify Christ, my dear Son,
Neb a'n gorthye, guyn y veys.	Whoso worships Him, fair his lot.

Gabriel appears to David in a dream. David wakes and tells his dream and rides off with his retinue, finds the rods, orders the band to play—giving a list of instruments perhaps suggested by the 150th Psalm or by Nebuchadnezzar's orchestra in Daniel iii.—cures a blind, a lame, and deaf man with them [in one form of the story, but not here, they cure three negroes of being black], and carries the rods to Jerusalem, where he plants them and they grow into one.

2. The story of David and Bathsheba and David's repentance. This is only amplified Bible, except that it is Gabriel, not Nathan, who rebukes David, and that the scene ends with 'et tunc sub arbore sancta incipit psalterium

scilicet Beatus vir,' and the *arbor sancta* is evidently that which grew from the three pips.

3. The Story of David (continued). David makes preparations for building 'tempel golow, bras ha ledan' (a brilliant temple, great and broad) in atonement for his sins. He sends a messenger for masons, rewarding him for his trouble with Carnsew and Trehembys, the former of which is in Mabe parish about a mile and a half from Penryn. The Father forbids David to build the Temple, but promises that Solomon shall do so. David, having nominated Solomon as his successor, dies.

4. The Story of Solomon. Messengers announce to Solomon his accession, and he rewards them with lands of Bosvannah in Gluvias parish, close to Glasney College, Lostwithiel, and Lanergh in St. Allen, the last being once the property of the College. He orders the building of the Temple, encouraging the masons and giving them as rewards the parish of Budock (*Plu Vuthek*), formerly (*i.e.* until 1666) the parish of which Falmouth was a part, and the lands of Angarrak Ruen, Angarrack of the Creek (probably Garrick, in Mylor, but since *angarrak* only means 'the rock,' it is so common a name as to be not very easily identified). The carpenters require a strong joist 'yn cres a'n chy' (in the middle of the house), and the only suitable tree they can find is 'un pren gans garlontow a arhans adro dhodho' (a tree with garlands of silver about it). Solomon gives them leave to cut it down, but it cannot be made to fit into its place, so it is rejected and left lying in the Temple. The builders report the completion of the Temple, and Solomon bestows upon them the field of Bohelland (in Gluvias parish), the Wood of Penryn, Enys (about two and a half miles from Penryn), Arwennack (the ancient seat of the Killigrews, now part of Falmouth), Tregenver (in Falmouth parish), and Kegellick (in Budock, where the Falmouth golf-links are), all within a circuit of three miles from Glasney College.

5. A Counsellor is appointed Bishop (High Priest) and put in charge of the Temple. 'Then they shall pray and

murmur as if saying prayers, and Maximilla shall come into the Temple and sit *super scuppam*, and her clothes are set on fire by the *scuppa* and she cries out.' The Latin, French, and English forms of this legend make Maximilla (who is also called Sibilla) sit upon the beam of the tree (*trabes*), and even in this play she says : 'My clothes are blazing from the tree of Christ' (*dheworth pren Cryst*). Norris conjectures that the *scuppa* of the Latin rubric is *stuppa*, a stove, but I think it is more probably a muddle of *stipes*, a log. She calls upon Christ to save her. The High Priest and the Jews reprove her and call upon her to recant, but she refuses and is put to death. In the other forms of the legend she prophesies the coming of Christ and His death on this tree, which accounts for the alternative name Sibilla. The executioners are rewarded by the High Priest with Bohelland (already given to the builders) and Bosaneth (in Mawnan, about four miles from Penryn), and Chennary (Canara in Mylor parish, about two miles from Penryn). The High Priest orders Amalek and Gebal, two of his servants, to cast the tree into the pool Bessede (Bethesda ; *probatica piscina* in the Latin), but it gives a healing virtue to it which annoys the Jews, who, like the Elizabethan Puritan who cut down St. Joseph's Thorn at Glastonbury, are 'not going to encourage Popish miracles.' So they put it for a bridge over the brook Cedron, where they leave it, and King Solomon comes on and speaks the valedictory epilogue. In some forms of the legend Solomon invites the Queen of the South (also called Sibilla) to cross the bridge ; but she refuses on account of its sacredness, and wades barefoot through the brook, and in some forms it is after this that it is moved to Bethesda.

Ordinale II. *Passio Domini.*

1. Christ and His disciples on Mount Quarentana, near Jordan, looking between Jericho and Jerusalem. He preaches to them. They descend from the mount.

2. The Temptation of Christ, at which the disciples are

present. Satan departs, and the angels, Michael and Gabriel, are sent from the Father.

3. The Entry into Jerusalem, beginning with the sending for the ass and foal. The two disciples sent are James the Great and Matthew. When the ass has been brought, 'tunc veniunt pueri ebreorum et deferant palmas et flores contra ihesum.' The expression 'Pueri Ebreorum' is taken from the antiphon at the Distribution of Palms, *Pueri Hebræorum portantes ramos olivarum obviaverunt Domino, clamantes et dicentes: Hosanna in Excelsis.* Christ thanks the children and rides to the Temple, while the children sing round Him a more or less free paraphrase of the Palm Sunday processional, *Gloria, laus et honor tibi sit, Rex Christe Redemptor.* When Jesus is coming to the Temple, Bishop Caiaphas comes on for a moment, and asks who this is. A clothier (*pannarius*) tells him. Christ expels the traders. A merchant and the *pannarius* argue with Him. Pilate comes to the Temple to pray to God Jupiter, and the merchant and clothier complain to him. He takes counsel with Caiaphas, and is told of Our Lord's words on the rebuilding of the Temple in three days. Jesus heals the blind man, and the children renew their cries. Pilate reproves Christ for allowing it. Again Pilate and Caiaphas consult.

4. The House of Simon the Leper. The incident of Mary Magdalen. Versified Bible with very little amplification.

5. Annas and Caiaphas conspire against Christ. Judas enters and agrees to betray Him.

6. The Last Supper. Christ sends Peter and John to prepare the Paschal Supper. The Master of the House (*Paterfamilias*) is not identified with any one, though according to some legends he is said to have been St. Mark. The account of the Supper, and the Institution of the Holy Eucharist, are given at some length, chiefly from St. Luke, but the Washing of the Feet is told according to St. John.

7. Judas goes to Caiaphas and prepares for the Betrayal.

8. The Agony in the Garden, with details from the Gospels generally.

9. The Betrayal. Judas comes with Annas and the *tortores*, and the betrayal takes place, chiefly according to St. Mark and St. John. The 'adolescens amictus sindone super nudo' of St. Mark is identified with St. John. Malchus is named according to St. John. The *tortores* arrest Christ, and use ribaldry unauthorised by any Gospel.

10. Christ before Caiaphas. The disciple who was known to the High Priest is identified with St. Thomas. The Denial of St. Peter and the Trial and Mocking and St. Peter's repentance are rather skilfully alternated. The whole scene is Gospels with rather obvious fancy embellishments.

11. The remorse and death of Judas. Satan carries off his soul, complaining :—

The enef, plos casadow,	Thy soul, thou foul hateful one,
Ny vyn dos dre the anow	Will not come through thy mouth,
Rag the Crist ty the amme.	For Christ thou hast kissed.

This is a curious way of accounting for the 'bursting asunder' of the body of Judas. Annas recommends the buying of a good field, 'rag an clathva crystunyon' (for a burial-place of Christians).

12. Christ before Pilate. Gospels with fancy embellishments.

13. Christ before Herod. Two doctors of law argue before Herod for and against the claims of Christ to be both God and Man, and on the Virgin-Birth and the Resurrection. The argument on the first point put forward by the advocate on Our Lord's side is remarkable, and may account for an emblem not uncommon in Cornish churches :—

Y gortheby me a wra	Him I will answer.
Ef a alse bos en ta	He could be well
Hanter den ha hanter deu	Half man and half God ;
Den yu hanter morvoron	Human is half a mermaid,
Benen a'n pen the 'n colon	Woman from the head to the heart.
Yn della yu an ihesu.	So it is with Jesus.

Later, in the second trial before Pilate, the advocate repeats the argument:—

Myreugh worth an morvoron	Look at the mermaid,
Hanter pysk ha hanter den	Half fish and half man,
Y vos deu ha den yn wlan	His being God and man clearly,
The'n keth tra-na crygyans ren.	To that same thing credence we give.

It is probably not for nothing that a mermaid is found carved on bench-ends and over doors of Cornish churches.

14. Christ is taken to prison. The gaoler and his boy have a small amount of comic ribaldry. Lucifer, Satan, and Belsebuc consult, perceiving that they have committed an error of judgment in inciting the arrest of Christ, so they send Belsebuc to Pilate's wife to cause her to dream.

15. Pilate goes to the prison and questions Christ. He orders the scourging, which takes place, with a good deal of what would now seem blasphemy, but was then only realism, on the part of the executioners. The crowning with thorns and mocking follows.

16. Christ is again brought to the Prætorium. The Ecce Homo scene. Annas and Caiaphas clamour for His death. Pilate's wife sends her message. There is a rather unnecessary comic interlude between the gaoler and his servant, and a second argument of the doctors, while the Jews clamour for the crucifixion. Barabbas is released and Christ condemned.

17. The *Lignum Crucis* is brought from Cedron, with the two crosses for Dysmas and Jesmas, the thieves. The cross is prepared and laid upon Jesus, who has been stripped of the purple robe.

18. The Via Dolorosa. Christ meets His Mother. He falls under the Cross. Simon the Leper (not the Cyrenian) is made to carry it. Christ meets the Daughters of Jerusalem, and addresses them in the words of St. Luke's Gospel versified, and the incident of St. Veronica is not given. The action is interrupted by some buffoonery between the smith in Market Row, his wife, and the soldier, about making the nails, a very incongruous interpolation, which jars badly in the midst of the solemn scene.

19. The Crucifixion. Except for the dreadful mediæval legend which accounts for the outstretched arms by the idea that the holes for the nails had been bored too far apart, and for the omission of the last of the Seven Words from the Cross, 'consummatum est,' the scene is entirely from the Gospels, of course versified, with very few amplifications, until the death of Our Lord. The Piercing of the Side follows the account in the Gospel of Nicodemus, for the blind Longinus (here called Longius), whose name possibly originated in the Greek λόγχη, a spear, the word still used for the spear-shaped knife with which the bread is cut up and symbolically pierced in the preparatory Office of the Prothesis before a Greek Mass, is led to pierce the side of Christ, and recovers his sight when the Sacred Blood falls upon his eyes.

20. Lucifer, Belsebuc, and Satan lament that they have been too clever, and have overreached themselves. They barricade the Gates of Hell to keep Christ out.

21. The Descent from the Cross and Entombment. Joseph and Nicodemus beg for the Body of Christ. They take it down from the Cross, His Mother receives it, and laments over it. The tableau is evidently that now known in sacred art as the Pietà. Our Lady anoints the Head, Mary Magdalene the Feet, the others the Heart, and they lay the Body in the tomb. After which Nicodemus speaks the epilogue, dismissing the people, and bidding them to come :—

Avorow, my agas pys	To morrow, I pray you,
The welas fetel sevys	To see how arose
Cryst mes a'n beth cler ha war.	Christ from the grave, bright and gentle.

Unlike the epilogues of all the other plays there is here no advice to the people to dance or drink, or for the minstrels to pipe, but they are charged to meditate on the Passion.

Ordinale III. *Resurrectio Domini.*

1. Pilate and a counsellor (consultor). The latter advises Pilate to imprison Joseph and Nicodemus lest they should steal the Body of Jesus. Enter Joseph and Nicodemus, who

announce that Jesus has been buried, but that He will rise again. Pilate in a rage orders them to prison, and a jailor (carcerator) takes them there and brings back the nine keys of the prison to Pilate, who rewards him with the lands of Fekenel (Feock an Hayle, on Falmouth Harbour), Carminow (in Mawgan in Meneage), and Merthyn (in Constantine).

2. The Harrowing of Hell. The Spirit of Christ comes to the gates of Hell, and calls upon the princes of the devils to open them. The dialogue between the *Spiritus Christi* and Lucifer is a metrical paraphrase of Ps. xxiv. 7-9, taking, of course, the Latin reading (which is also that of the LXX.) *Attollite portas, Principes, vestras, et elevamini, portæ æternales, et introibit rex gloriæ.* The gates are broken down, Lucifer and Belsebuc lament their defeat, Christ takes Adam and Eve by the hand and leads them up *in platea* and on to Paradise, and the Spirit departs to the sepulchre with a company of angels. Then Adam meets with Enoch and Elias in Paradise, and later with 'Dysmas the Thief,' the Penitent Thief, who tells him how they got there without being in Limbo Patrum. Again Tulfryk, Belsebuc, and Satan lament their defeat.

3. Joseph and Nicodemus are in prison. God the Father sends Michael and Gabriel to set them free.

4. The soldiers come to Pilate and recommend him to seal the stone of the sepulchre and set a watch, which he does, and the four soldiers go to guard the tomb and fall asleep.

5. The Resurrection. *Tunc surrexit Jhesus a mortuis et it ubicunque voluerit et cantant angeli Cristus Resurgens,*[1] is the stage direction, and the scene changes to the chamber of

[1] The anthem *Christus resurgens* was sung in the Salisbury rite (which herein differs from the present usage) at the time of bringing away the Corpus Domini and the Rood from the Easter Sepulchre before the mattins of Easter Day. The former had been placed there after the Maundy Thursday Mass, and part had been consumed at the Good Friday Mass of the Pre-Sanctified. The Rood had been 'buried' in the Sepulchre after the Adoration of the Cross on Good Friday. The words, from Rom. vi. 9, 10, are: 'Christus resurgens ex mortuis jam non moritur, mors illi ultra non dominabitur. Quod enim vivit, vivit Deo. Alleluia, Alleluia.'

Our Lady, who, in a beautiful prayer to the Father, relates the death and burial of her Son, and begs that He may be restored to her. Jesus enters and greets her with *Salve Sancta Parens*, the opening words of these verses of Sedulius which form the introit of the votive Mass of Our Lady during the greater part of the year. A dialogue between them, which is perhaps the most poetical passage in the drama, follows, and then *osculantur et separant*. The scene shifts to the sepulchre, the soldiers awake and relate what they at first believe to be their *dreams* of the Resurrection, but finding that Christ's Body has really gone they consult together as to what they are to do. They go to Pilate, who disbelieves their story and threatens them with death, but they persist, and challenge him to produce Joseph and Nicodemus from prison. Pilate sends for them and finds that they have escaped in spite of the nine locks of the prison. Finding that he and the soldiers are in the same predicament, he prevails upon them to hold their tongues, and gives them Penryn and Helston as a *gober bras* (great reward).

6. The women at the sepulchre. Mary Magdalene, Mary the mother of James, and Salome come to the sepulchre. They recite a lament for Jesus, singing an English refrain to it:

'Ellas! mornyngh y syngh mornyng y cal
Our lord ys deyd that bogthe ous al.'

The Angel appears and tells that He is risen, the story here being in exact agreement with St. Mark. Mary the mother of James and Salome go away, and the scene between Christ and Mary Magdalene, as recorded by St. John, takes place, the dialogue being an extended paraphrase of St. John xx. 11-17.

7. Mary Magdalene tells the Apostles, who all believe her except Thomas, who argues with her and with them at great length as to the impossibility of her story. Each Apostle has his say, but he is unconvinced and pathetically despairing. The conversation ends with an argument between Thomas and Mary Magdalene, in which the Apostle loses his temper,

and reproaches Mary with her past life, her answer being a beautiful piece of simple dignity. Thomas goes away in a rage, calling them all fools.

8. Jesus appears to the Apostles in Galilee, and when He is gone they discuss the appearance and hope to convince Thomas.

9. The Supper at Emmaus and the convincing of Thomas. This scene is just an amplified paraphrase of St. Luke xxiv. 13-35, with another long argument between the Apostles and Thomas, interpolated before the coming of Cleophas and his companion to the Apostles, and of St. John xx. 24-29. This ends the *Resurrectio Domini* itself, and the interpolated play *De Morte Pilati*, taken from the *Cura Sanitatis Tiberii*, begins.

De Morte Pilati.

1. Tiberius Cæsar is very ill. His counsellor advises him to command Pilate to send him 'Cryst myghtern an Yethewon' (Christ the King of the Jews), who being Lord of Heaven and Earth can surely heal him. He sends a messenger to Pilate.

2. The messenger delivers his message and Pilate dissembles and tells him to go for a walk in the country while he finds out where Christ may be.

3. The messenger walks about and meets Veronica, who asks him what he is looking for. He tells her, and she tells him that Jesus is dead, but that if she can be taken to Tiberius she thinks she can heal him with a remedy which she has.

4. Veronica before Tiberius. She begs the Emperor to believe in Christ, and she will show him the face of Christ on linen made by His sweat and it will heal him. He declares his belief, kneels and kisses the *sudarium*, and is healed of his leprosy. Then Veronica tells him how Pilate has put Jesus to death, and adjures him to take vengeance. Tiberius sends his executioners to bring Pilate before him.

5. Pilate is brought, and the Emperor speaks fairly to

him and lets him go. As soon as he has gone Tiberius wonders why he was unable to do anything against him. Veronica explains that as long as Pilate wears about him next his skin the cloth of Jesus who was on the Cross-Tree, he cannot be destroyed. Get that away from him and he may be killed. Pilate is sent for again, and Tiberius presses him to let him have the cloth to wear. Pilate excuses himself; the cloth is dirty and not fit to be seen, not having been washed for a long time. Tiberius does not mind that. Pilate does not think it respectful to undress before the Emperor. Veronica urges Tiberius to yield no longer but to command him to take off the cloth. This is done, Pilate's power disappears, and at Veronica's instigation Tiberius condemns him to the ugliest death that is (*an haccre mernans a vo*), and sends him to the lowest dungeon. There Pilate stabs himself and dies. The gaoler and his servant bury him, but the earth throws him up again. Veronica suggests that he shall be put into an iron coffin and cast into the Tiber. This is done, whereupon a traveller who washes in the river is poisoned thereby. Again at Veronica's suggestion, the body is taken out of the Tiber and put into a boat, and set adrift on the sea. The executioners see the boat drift to a rock and the devils appear to carry off the body, Satan, Belsebuc, and Lucifer recapitulating the events in alternate four-lined stanzas, showing that if water and earth refuse him the fire of hell will not, and they call upon Tulfryk, a fourth devil, to sing, and he expresses his readiness to oblige in the coarsest of the very few coarse phrases in the dramas. But the song is not given, which is perhaps just as well, *et sic finitur Mors Pilati.*

Incipit Ascensio Christi in cœlum. Christ and the Apostles speak of His going away, and He sends them in the midst of the conversation to the Mount of Olives, where He meets them, takes leave of them and ascends. The discourse is verbally very little scriptural, but the charge to Peter to strengthen his brethren, the promise of the Paraclete, and the answer to Philip's question in St. John xv. 9 are given,

and the Apostles are given their mission. The only noteworthy point is that St. Thomas alone is told *where* he is to go, and *India* is expressed by *Cynde*. This scene is followed by the reception of Christ in Heaven first by nine angels, presumably one of each order, and then by the Father. He relates His Passion in language which rises to considerable heights of poetry. The scene is largely based upon Isaiah lxiii., 'Who is this that cometh from Edom,' etc. At the end the Emperor Tiberius comes forward and speaks the short epilogue with which the trilogy concludes.

II. Vita Sancti Mereadoci, 1504.

Act I.

1. The father and mother of Meriasek, a Duke and Duchess of Brittany, praise their son's goodness and send him to school with their blessing.

2. Meriasek is brought to the school and begins to learn his lessons. His master dismisses him to dinner, but as it is a Friday he prefers to go to the chapel, where he prays to Christ and Our Lady.

3. Conan, King of Brittany, goes to the parents of Meriasek to propose a marriage between his daughter and their son. Meriasek comes home and helps his parents to entertain the king. There is a feast, at which Meriasek delights the king and his parents by his courteous demeanour, but when the marriage is proposed he refuses it, and wishes to be consecrated a Knight of God (*bones sacris marrek Du*). His parents oppose him, and the king is angry, but he answers all their arguments, including the difficulty about the succession to their estates, and at last they give way to him, and he puts on a priest's gown.

4. The Bishop of Kernou [Cornouailles in Brittany] enters. Hingueten was his name, according to the Breton story. Meriasek begs him to ordain him, which the Bishop promises to do. Meriasek heals a blind man and a cripple. The Bishop asks him to dwell with him, but he declines, as he wishes to go to another country, so he bids him farewell.

5. He sails for Cornwall, encountering a storm on the way, but he saves the ship by his prayers, and lands safely.

6. He finds a slave who directs him to the chapel of St. Mary of Camborne. Needing water he prays, and a well springs up. Then he heals a fever patient (*homo febricosus*), a cripple, and another sick man (*morbosus*), apparently a leper, since Meriasek tells him of the case of Naaman the Syrian.

7. Teudar, King of Cornwall, hears of the miracles of Meriasek.[1] He is a pagan, zealous for the honour of Mahound. He seeks out Meriasek and argues with him on the Virgin Birth and the Atonement. The arguments are curious and interesting. Meriasek's metaphor of the sunbeam passing through the glass is found in the arguments of St. Joseph and Evelach in the Grand St. Grail, and also in the thirteenth century Christmas hymn *Dies est lætitiæ*. I do not know how much earlier the idea may be. I have seen it attributed to St. Ambrose, but cannot find it in any work of his. Teudar tries to convert Meriasek to Mahound, and Meriasek to convert Teudar to Christ. Both fail and both lose their tempers. Meriasek goes away to Camborne, and Teudar sends his executioners to kill him, but being warned he hides under a rock, after leaving as a blessing to his well at Camborne the power of healing the insane, a power which, until very recently, has always been attributed to it. Teudar's men fail to find him and return to the king, who beats them.

8. Meriasek comes out from his rock 'which hereafter shall be called "Carrek Veryasek,"' and sails to Brittany, where he lands 'and the stone bent down to receive' him. A Breton warns him of a great wolf that is devastating the country, slaying many children. Meriasek tames the wolf and dismisses it to the wilderness, where he goes himself,

[1] The introduction of the fifth century King Teudar into the life of an eighth century saint is curious. Teudar was the Pagan king who massacred St. Ia and St. Gwinear and their companions at Riviere on the Hayle estuary. St. Gwinear (which is the Cornish form of Fingar) was sent by St. Patrick to Cornwall. There is a Breton form of his legend (given by Le Grand) which localises the story in the Armorican Cornouailles.

and by the Castle of Pontelyne near the river of Josselyn he builds a chapel, 'to worship blessed Mary,' on a mountain, where he wears 'a rosset mantell and a berde' as a hermit.

The Life of St. Silvester.

The scene changes and another drama begins. In this is told the story of the Baptism of Constantine, much as it is related in the so-called *Donatio Constantini*, a forgery of perhaps the tenth century, connected with the pseudo-Isidorean Decretals, in the *Legenda Aurea*, and in a shorter form in the Lessons of the second Nocturn for St. Silvester's Day (December 31) in the Roman Breviary, until the late Pope caused new lessons to be written, treating the story as an allegory. It is not in any wise connected with the real history of Constantine, who never was a persecutor, never had leprosy, and was baptized on his deathbed by Eusebius of Nicomedia. In the present case the *Legenda Aurea* of Jacobus a Voragine is the immediate source of the story. It is followed exactly (with amplifications), and a passage of the original Latin is quoted.

1. Constantine orders a persecution of the Christians in honour of Mahound and Sol (Apollo or Mithras?). A Count (*comes*) and a Doctor in the faith are betrayed by a drudge (*calo*), and are martyred, and their souls are received into heaven by Jesus, Michael, and Gabriel. Silvester buries their bodies, and retires to Mount Seraptyn (*i.e.*, Soracte—note the change of *c* to *p*, which is the form given in the *Legenda Aurea*).

2. An executioner announces more martyrdoms to Constantine, who is stricken with leprosy. A justice advises him to send for bishops and doctors. The Bishop of Poly (probably the High Priest of Apollo), and a comic doctor and his clerk Bachelor Jankyn are introduced. The doctor talks learned humbug and takes a fee of ten pounds, and the Bishop advises a bath in the pure blood of children. Three thousand children are collected, but Constantine is moved to

pity and declares that he would rather die of leprosy than slay them.

3. Constantine goes to bed. Christ sends Peter and Paul from heaven, who appear to Constantine and advise him to send for Silvester to baptize him and that will cure him. Constantine sends for the Pope.

4. Silvester comes. Constantine relates his vision of the two gods, as he calls them. Silvester shows him the images of SS. Peter and Paul, and he recognises them by the keys and the sword as those whom he had seen in his dream.

5. Silvester baptizes Constantine and he is cured of his leprosy. Whereupon he commands that no God but Christ be worshipped throughout the Empire. The rubric quotes 'cum in aquam descendisset baptismatis mirabilis enituit splendor lucis sic inde mundus exiuit et Christum se vidisse asseruit' (*Leg. Aur.* cap. xii. 'de S. Silvestro').

Life of St. Meriasek (*resumed*).

Act II.

1. A forest in Brittany. Outlaws rob a merchant and a priest.

2. The Count de Rohan goes to Meriasek to persuade him to return to his kinsmen. He argues with him that it is not necessary to leave the world in order to live a holy life. But Meriasek will not be persuaded. The Count then promises to establish three fairs (Pardons?) in the parish of Noala (now Noyal-Pontivy) on 6 July, 8 Aug., and St. Michael's Day (29 Sept.) if Meriasek will rid the land of robbers.

3. Meriasek sends a fire to burn the robbers' forest. The outlaws repent and call upon the saint to save them, which he does. The Count de Rohan comes and thanks him and establishes the three fairs. This same story is told, from a MS. then in St. Jean-du-Doigt, Plougaznon, in the diocese of Treguier, by Albert Le Grand in his *Vies des Saints de la Bretagne Armorique*, 1636.

4. The scene changes to Cornwall. The Duke of Cornwall appears and describes himself and his two castles of Tintagel and Castle-an-Dinas (in St. Columb). He hears that Teudar has driven Meriasek out of Cornwall, and he determines to declare war upon him. Teudar, having taken counsel with the demons Monfras and Belsebuc, goes down with an army of fifteen thousand, represented, according to the stage direction, by fifteen 'armatores, with stremers,' to meet the Duke. They wrangle and scold each other, and Teudar, who is a zealous pagan missionary at heart, calls upon the Duke to renounce his faith. Then there is a battle, and Teudar is worsted and put to flight, calling like the defeated King at Bosworth Field (only there the Tudor was the victor) for a horse. Then the Duke, invoking—

Banneth Crist ha Meryasek The Blessing of Christ and Meriasek,
Banneth Maria Cambron The Blessing of Mary of Camborne,

dismisses the audience, and so ends the first day of the play.

The Second Day. *The Life of St. Silvester.*

1. Constantine enters, and declares himself a Christian, and orders,

der ou gluas, naha dewou nagyu vas ha gorthya crist len a ras.
(Through my kingdom to deny gods that are not good and worship Christ full of grace.)

The Life of St. Meriasek (resumed).

Act III.

1. The blind Count Globus is led to Meriasek's hermitage and offers him wealth to be healed. Meriasek rejects the wealth and heals the Count for Christ's sake. He also heals a demoniac (*obsessus*), with, according to the stage directions, 'the devyll aredy by hys side,' and a deaf man.

2. The Count of Vannes presides at the election of Meriasek to the see of Vannes by the Dean and Chapter. They send to Silvester for his bulls.

3. The scene changes to Rome. Silvester preaches a

simple little sermon. The messenger arrives from Vannes. Silvester grants the bulls and the messenger departs.

4. The scene changes to Vannes. The messenger arrives with the bulls and the Count and the Dean send a deputation to Meriasek, but Meriasek declines the honour.

5. The Bishop of Kernou (*i.e.* the Breton Cornouailles) and a second Bishop consult with Count Globus, the Count of Vannes, and the Bishop's crozier-bearer as to how they are to persuade Meriasek. They go in a body to his hermitage, and after much useless argument they take him forcibly to the Church of St. Sampson, where they consecrate him.

The stage direction says 'yn y^{e} dean ys church,' which should mean Vannes Cathedral, but that is dedicated to St. Peter, and the 'Eglos Sent Sampson' means Dol Cathedral, which was the Metropolitan See at that time, and there according to Albert Le Grand Meriasek was actually consecrated, though the same writer says that he was taken first to Vannes and 'declaré Evesque de la dite ville' by 'tous les Evesques de Bretagne s'estans assemblez en l'Eglise Cathedrale.' After his consecration he clothes a naked sick man (*nudus infirmus*) and heals him of 'putrid limbs' (*esely podrek*), and also heals lepers by the help of Our Lady.

The Episode of the Woman's Son.

This story is said in the rubric to be as it is found 'in miraculis de Beatæ Mereadoco.' This is evidently an accidental error for 'in Miraculis Beatæ Mariæ Virginis.' The story, save for a few embellishments, is here taken from chapter cxxxi. of the *Legenda Aurea*, 'De Nativitate B.M.V.,' where a number of stories of miracles of Our Lady are told. It is found, with variations, in Cæsarius of Heisterbach, Etienne de Bourbon (*ob.* 1261), Jean Mielot (fifteenth century), Gautier de Coincy (*ob.* 1236) and other mediæval writers, and forms part of a series painted about 1480 on the wall of the Lady Chapel of Winchester Cathedral. The scenes are :—

1. King Massen comes on the stage. This may be intended

for the Maxen Wledig of the Welsh story *Breuddwyd Maxen Wledig*, the Dream of the Emperor Maximus. He is identified with Clemens Maximus, commander of the Roman forces in Britain, who revolted against the Emperor Gratian in 383, obtained imperial authority over Gaul, Spain, and Britain, but was defeated and put to death by Theodosius in 389. There is no reason to connect him with this story, and he is not mentioned in the *Legenda Aurea*, but he and his lieutenant, Conan Meriadoc, are connected with the St. Ursula legend, and St. Ursula was the daughter of a King of Cornwall. In the scene he orders a hunting-party.

2. The woman gives permission to her son to leave her and serve the King. She goes to the church and prays Our Lady to protect him. He goes to King Massen and is received by him.

3. The Tyrant (unnamed, perhaps Theodosius, for he is called Tyrannus Imperator) comes on and proposes to hunt. The King, who is hunting in another part of the stage, is warned of his approach.

4. Three torturers, servants of the Tyrant, slink away, grumbling at their arrears of pay, and go to drink, setting their boy, Tobias, to warn them of their master's coming. He betrays them to the Tyrant and he beats them, but the Tyrant finally forgives them and agrees to give them their pay. This is merely a comic episode with no bearing on on the story.

5. The Tyrant and his men go to the temple and worship the demons Monfras, Mahound, and Jove. Monfras blesses them *a'n barth cleth*, from the left (or north) side ('over the left'), charging them to do all the evil they can. Of course, Theodosius was not a Pagan, but he was the enemy of the Britons' Emperor Maximus, which was enough to secure all evil qualities for him.

6. The King approaches. The Tyrant claims the hunting-ground, and warns him off. The King refuses, and says that the land is his. Then they both lose their tempers and abuse one another's religions, and finally fight, Massen for Chris-

tianity, the Tyrant for Paganism or Judaism, it is not quite clear which. Massen is defeated and the woman's son is taken prisoner, and is condemned to rot in prison if he will not deny Christ.

7. The mother goes to the Church of Blessed Mary and prays earnestly for her son, but the Tyrant does not release him, and proposes to hang, draw, and quarter him next day.

8. The mother goes to the church again and bitterly but respectfully reproaches Our Lady with not liberating her son. Then she takes the image of the Infant Jesus from the image of Our Lady and lets her know that she will not worry her any more by praying (*ny vanna the annya oma na moy ou pesy*), but will just keep Mary's Child until she gets her own back.

9. Mary in heaven tells her Son that she would like to be a comfort to her servants. Christ tells her to do exactly what she pleases, and she descends to the prison, sets free the woman's son, and returns. The gaolers, finding their prisoner gone, report to the Tyrant and tell of a miraculous radiance. The Tyrant refuses to believe them, and accuses them of having got drunk and allowed the people of the country to set the boy free, and finally beats them. The Pagans in these plays are always ready with rationalistic explanations of Christian miracles. Meanwhile, the son goes back to his mother, and tells his story. She returns the Child to Our Lady with gratitude and a very little repentance.

St. Meriasek (*resumed*).

Act iv.

1. The scene changes to Brittany. A madman is brought to Meriasek, who curses him.

2. Meriasek goes to his oratory and prays to Jesus and Mary. Our Lord sends Michael and Gabriel to bring him angels' food from heaven.

St. Silvester (*resumed*).

The scene changes to Italy, and the story of St. Silvester and dragon, as told in the *Legenda Aurea*, is given.

1. Two pagan dukes, who are also magicians, go hunting.

The Bishop of Poly (probably the High Priest of Apollo—the *Legenda Aurea* speaks of *idolorum pontifices*) joins them with his crozier-bearer. A dragon comes out of a cavern and swallows some of the dukes' soldiers. The Bishop goes to Constantine and explains that the dragon, who has killed many people, is a punishment for the Emperor's having become a Christian. Constantine sends for Silvester.

2. Silvester goes to Constantine, who tells him what the Bishop has said. The dukes declare that they will become Christians if Silvester can overcome the dragon.

3. Silvester prays, and Christ from heaven sends St. Peter to tell him what to do. St. Peter descends and gives him the words that he must say, which are almost exactly a translation of the *Legenda Aurea*, except that the direction to bind the dragon with a thread and seal it with a ring bearing the sign of the Cross is altered into :—

Syne an grous kymer genes	The sign of the Cross take with you,
Ha ty a's led del vynneys	And you shall lead her as you wish.

In the *Legenda Aurea* it is not St. Peter but the Holy Ghost who appears to Silvester. Probably the reason for the alteration was that there would be some repugnance to representing the Third Person of the Trinity in human form, or otherwise than as a dove, and there were words to be spoken.

4. Silvester goes with two chaplains (the *duo presbyteri* of the *Legenda Aurea*) to the dragon's cavern and calls her forth. The two dukes fall down in fear of her. Silvester leads her *hepar hag on der gallos Du* (like a lamb, by the power of God), and restores to life the dukes and others who have been slain by her. He dismisses the dragon to the wilderness, the Bishop of Apollo and the dukes declare themselves Christians, and they all go with Constantine in procession to the Pope's Palace and we hear no more of them, though they appear in the grand tableau at the end of the whole play.

St. Meriasek (*resumed*).

Act v.

1. Meriasek heals a cripple.

2. Meriasek lies down in his oratory and calls his clergy to him. Having been shriven, anointed, and houseled (though this does not seem to be done on the stage), he prays that those who worship him (*neb a'm gorth vy in bysma*) anywhere may never die without the last sacraments. He mentions his house beside Mary of Camborne, and orders that his feast shall be the first Friday in June, for he has a special devotion to Friday :—

Du guener crist ihesu ker	On Friday Christ Jesu beloved
A ruk merwel ragon ny	Died for us,
Maythoff lowen du guener	So that I may be glad on Friday
Dascor ou ena defry	To yield up my soul truly
Dhum selwadour	To my Saviour.
Ha du guener rag henna	And Friday therefore
Bethens ou gol vy nefra	Be my Feast for ever
Sensys gans ou flehys dour.	Held by my brave children.

Then the Holy Spirit comes from heaven and bears away his soul, and Michael and Gabriel at the command of Jesus receive him into heaven.

3. The Bishop of Kernou, the Count of Vannes, a second Bishop, and Earl Globus, hearing of the death of Meriasek, determine to go to his burial. They, the Dean and a Canon, speak together of his good works, and the Dean tells of his holy death. They bear him in procession to his tomb, which has been prepared by the Nudus and Contractus whom he had healed, and they bury him with rather pathetic words. Then the Count of Vannes comes forward and dismisses the audience.

III. The Creation of the World, 1611.

This play falls conveniently into the conventional five acts of the contemporary drama.

Act I. Scene 1.

The creation of the nine choirs of angels in three hierarchies and the exaltation of Lucifer on the first day, followed by the work of the second, third, fourth, and fifth days, according to Genesis.

SCENE 2.

The rebellion and expulsion from heaven of Lucifer and his angels. Lucifer, inflamed with pride, aspires to the throne of God. The angels of God, headed by Michael, first rebuke him and then fight with him and drive him to hell.

SCENE 3.

Lucifer in hell laments his fall.

The immediate sources of this act are not very clear. There is a very similar scene in one of the York plays, which leads off with the same Latin words (from the Apocalypse) 'Ego sum Alpha et Omega,' and the story of the nine choirs of angels was so common since the publication of the fourth-century work on the celestial hierarchies attributed to Dionysius the Areopagite, that it might be said to be matter of common knowledge, and it is not easy to tell exactly where the author got it. The story is discussed at some length in the *Legenda Aurea* (29th September), where the classifications of St. Dionysius, St. Gregory, and St. Bernard, which differ slightly, are compared. The order in which the ranks are given in the play does not agree exactly with St. Dionysius, St. Gregory, St. Bernard, St. Thomas Aquinas, St. John of Damascus, or with the Preface of any Liturgy, but some of this may be due to exigencies of verses. The fall of Lucifer and the war in heaven may be only the Apocalypse account, with embellishments partly taken from Isaiah.

ACT II. SCENE 1.

The creation of Adam and Eve, the naming of the animals, and the blessing of the Sabbath. A good deal of this scene is taken *verbatim*, but not *literatim* (for the spelling is modernised) from the *Origo Mundi*.

SCENE 2.

Lucifer and Belsebuc in hell plot against Adam and Eve.

SCENE 3.

The Temptation and Fall. Lucifer after some rather comic 'business' enters in the form of a serpent. He enters

into conversation with Eve, and, representing himself as an angel from heaven, persuades her to pluck and eat the forbidden fruit. She with much feminine coquetting persuades Adam to eat. The result is described in versified Genesis, including the dialogue of the Father with Adam, Eve, and the Serpent. The Father at Adam's prayer promises the Oil of Mercy, and departs to heaven, whence he sends Michael to hunt Adam and his wife with a sword of fire out of Paradise, and to take them clothes to wear. A long but good scene.

Scene 4.

Enter 'Cannes Dew Ankow,' God's Messenger, Death, who moralises on the Fall.

Act III. Scene 1.

Cain and Abel. Adam and Eve lament their fall and expulsion from Paradise. Adam digs and Eve spins. Cain and Abel are sent to offer sacrifice of the tithe on Mount Tabor. Cain, as in the *Origo Mundi*, proposes to keep back part. They quarrel, and Cain kills Abel by a blow 'war an chala gans askern an chala' (on the jaw with a jawbone). God the Father inquires for Abel, and sets a mark on Cain. Cain returns to Adam and Eve, who curse him with great lamentations and drive him forth. He and his wife Calmana depart, he unrepenting, she reproving. Meanwhile the Father commands Adam to beget a child, and later in the scene the birth of Seth is announced, and Seth, apparently grown up, is introduced.

Scene 2.

The Death of Cain. Lamech comes on and describes himself, glorying in his iniquities, but complaining of his blindness. He calls for his bow and goes a-hunting. Cain comes on, and after a rather pathetic speech of mixed lament and obstinate defiance, hides in a bush. Lamech's servant marks him down, thinking that he is some beast, as he is all overgrown with hair. He guides his master's arrow to shoot, and Cain is struck down. Cain reveals himself to Lamech, and dies. The devils carry him to hell. The name of Cain's

wife, and the attribution of the slaying of Cain to Lamech (in explanation of Lamech's speech to his wives in Genesis iv. 23, 24) are found in the late twelfth-century *Historia Scholastica* of Petrus Comestor, a very popular work in the Middle Ages. The legend is much older than that, and is probably of Jewish origin.

Act iv. Scene 1.

The Oil of Mercy. Adam sends Seth to Paradise to ask for the Oil of Mercy. The scene is almost the same as that described in the *Origo Mundi*, except that there are two trees, and on one 'an wethan a vewnans' (the Tree of Life), the Child is seen in His Mother's arms, and the time of the coming of the Saviour is to be in 5500 years. Seth returns to his father with the three pips, and describes his vision. Death enters. Adam, weary of life, welcomes him as a friend, and dies.

Scene 2.

The devils carry the soul of Adam to Limbo, and put him in the place appointed, but not in great pains. An angel comforts him, and tells him it is only for a time until the Oil of Mercy shall come, when he shall go to heaven. Seth buries his father's body. It is this introduction of Limbo combined with the archaic English of the stage directions which caused Dr. Whitley Stokes to conjecture that the play might really be of pre-Reformation date, and therefore much earlier than 1611, but it is to be remembered that pre-Reformation ideas lingered on in Cornwall long after that date, and that there is good evidence that the real Cornish-speaking Cornish did not accept the Reformation until well through the seventeenth century, if they ever did so.

Act v. Scene 1. The Deluge.

Enoch comes on and describes himself. The Father translates him to Paradise, there to remain nearly to the end of the world. The term of his translation refers of course to the identification of the witnesses of Rev. xi. with Enoch and Elias.

SCENE 2.

Seth and the Pillars. Seth, having been taught the science of astrology by his father, prophecies the destruction of the world by either water or fire. He writes in two books a record of all things that have happened from the beginning of the world, and encloses them in two pillars, one of brick, to resist fire, and one of marble to resist water. The story is found in Chapter iii. of Book I. of Josephus's *Antiquities of the Jews*, and also in the already mentioned *Historia Scholastica*, though, according to Josephus, the book contains only astrological information. It is commonly told in books on astrology as a testimony of the antiquity of the science.

SCENE 3.

The Building of the Ark. God commands Noah to build the ark. He and his sons do so. Tubal-Cain mocks them, and refuses to believe in the coming flood.

SCENE 4.

The Flood. The ark being completed, the animals are brought on board. There is a slight comic passage with Noah's wife, who insists upon bringing her household goods, which 'cost a shower of money.' The ark floats. Noah sends out the raven and the dove. The latter returns with 'branch olyf glas' (a branch of green olive), and a second dove is let loose. 'Does ny vydnas an vrane vrase, neb caryn hy a gafas' (The raven would not come, some carrion she hath found). The flood abates, Noah offers his sacrifice, and the rainbow promise is given, and the charge against the shedding of blood. The play ends with the dismissal of the audience by Noah, and an invitation to come to-morrow in time and 'ye shall see very great matters and redemption granted through the mercy of God the Father to save him who is lost,' which points to a sequel similar to that of the *Ordinalia*.

SCOTTISH GAELIC DIALECTS

CHARLES M. ROBERTSON

(*Continued from vol.* iii. *p.* 332)

The mutual action and interaction of vowels and consonants upon one another are exceptionally prominent in the pronunciation of Gaelic, and show themselves very insistently in the orthography of the language. The silent vowels that form a part of that orthography have their explanation in most cases in the history of the language, but practically they owe their retention, or their presence, in the modern spelling to the adjacent consonants. Cois, the dative of cas, foot, for example, derived the *i* from a retraction of the ending of coxi, the prehistoric form of the dative of the word, but phonetically the preservation of the *i* is due to the fact that *s* has its slender or narrow sound or the distinctive sound that it has when in contact with either of the slender vowels *e* and *i*. On the other hand the retention and sometimes even the introduction of silent consonants are often due to adjoining vowels. One general use of such consonants in the modern language is to show that the vowels on either side of the consonant are to be sounded apart, or that, in other words, they belong to different syllables. Accordingly such consonants are introduced when required for that purpose in inflection and word formation. As Munro has it in his Grammar: 'In the course of inflecting a primitive word, or combining a termination or compositive syllable therewith, if two vowels belonging to distinct syllables meet together, they must be separated by a silent dh, gh, or th,' and he gives amongst other examples ceò, mist; but ceòthar, misty. Silent consonants in this way serve the same purpose as the diæresis mark in English orthography. Other purposes also are served by them. After liquids they indicate that the liquids are sounded long. After a vowel they often indicate that the sound of the vowel differs from what it

would be otherwise, as when *a* and *o* are changed to *ao* before *dh* and *gh*. The number of instances in which consonants are absolutely silent, however, is by no means great. 'Silent' consonants are not always silent. They may be silent in one dialect and not in another. Indeed, apart from the cases in which there is immediate contact with a liquid or another consonant the instances of consonants that are silent in every dialect are comparatively few in number, and even where they are in contact with liquids or other consonants they are not without phonetic influence in the pronunciation of the word. Even *th* at the end of accented syllables in many instances is not silent in Arran, Kintyre, and Islay, or, though with a different pronunciation, in the west of Ross-shire.

Silent consonants owe not only their retention or introduction in many cases to their vowel neighbours. They often owe their silence to those same vowels. They have lost their sounds through aspiration, and aspiration has been caused by the vowels. Aspiration took place whenever a single consonant stood between two vowels in early Gaelic speech. No consonant, unless supported by its own double or by some other consonant, was strong enough to resist the force of vowels on either side of it, and remain unchanged in such a position. In the case, for example, of those consonants called mutes or stops, b, p, c, g, d, t, the organs of utterance which should be closed completely so as to stop or intercept the emission of breath between the two vowels, were only partially closed in anticipation of the coming vowel, and so permitted an emission of breath or aspiration that in place of the 'stops' caused the sounds that were really uttered to be the corresponding 'aspirates' or aspirated consonants. The consonants that were themselves spirants, as *v* and *s*, when they came into such a position, vanished altogether. The liquids in such positions also underwent a change, and though it is not properly aspiration, though often conveniently included under that distinctive designation, it agrees with aspiration in that it takes place in the same circumstances and arises from the same cause. The great cause of many,

perhaps of most such changes, is ease of utterance. When one sound gives place to another the displacing sound is generally the easier to enunciate.

Aspiration is not unknown of course in other languages. In English, for example, father shows what we call aspiration in *f* and *th* of the original *p* and *t* seen in the Latin *pater*, only *th* in this as in some other instances has the sound of *dh*—not that of *th* as in 'thin'—and is the aspiration of *d* which took the place of *t* as seen in the Anglo-Saxon form fæder, Gothic fadar, etc. In our Gaelic athair *p* as usual has been lost and *t* has become *th* now either sounded as *h* or altogether silent.

Perhaps the most curious apparent parallel to this treatment of the particular consonant *t* is found in the Glasgow vernacular, as when such a word as 'water' is pronounced 'wa'er' or 'waher.' Though the process of change in this case is hardly to be called aspiration, the result certainly is oddly similar.

Gaelic orthography, strange though it looks when first examined by those familiar with English and other languages, is in reality highly phonetic and well fitted to distinguish simply and effectively the sounds of the language. MacAlpine did not speak without knowledge when he uttered such an encomium as—'The orthography of the Gaelic shows more acuteness and ingenuity in its structure than any other language the author knows anything of.' In that orthography it is possible to distinguish simply and effectively four different sounds of each consonant in the event of its having so many. First there are the broad and the narrow or slender sounds. These are distinguished in spelling according as the flanking vowels are broad or narrow. If the vowel nearest to the consonant is broad, that is, if it is *a* or *o* or *u*, the consonant has what is called its broad sound. If the vowel is a narrow one, that is *e* or *i*, the consonant has its narrow or slender sound. This distinction in the sounds of the consonants is the foundation for the rule in Gaelic spelling that the vowels on either side of a consonant or group of consonants must

be of the same class, that is, either both broad or both narrow. To quote the old couplet as given by Armstrong :—

'Leathan ri leathan is caol ri caol
Leughar na sgriobhar gach facal 'san t-saoghal'
'Broad to broad and small (vowel) to small, you may read or write every word in the world.'

Then there are the aspirated sounds of both the broad and the slender consonants. These are marked, except in the case of the liquids, by writing *h* after the consonant, a method which both indicates the change of sound and preserves the identity of the consonant.

In the case of some consonants the distinction of broad and slender, of course, is not, at least usually, recognised, and aspirated sounds that might be looked for and that did exist, no doubt, in the language at one time, are not now to be found, and have had their place taken by others. Thus *dh* gets the sound of *gh* both broad and slender, and *sh*, *fh*, and even in a few instances *ch*, get the same sound as *th*.

The liquids *l*, *n*, *r*

The four different pronunciations are recognised in the case of each of the liquids *l*, *n*, and *r*, also in the orthography. That is without taking into account difference of length. There are broad and slender sounds, as in the case of the other consonants, and they are distinguished in the same way by means of the flanking vowels. Both the broad and the slender sounds here also have their respective changes of sound, which correspond in their occurrence to the aspirations of other consonants, and are therefore commonly called their 'aspirated' sounds. The plain or 'unaspirated' sound of a liquid is represented, except at the beginning of a word, by writing the liquid double and the 'aspirated' sound by writing it single. This method of representation is in agreement with the law of aspiration, that a single consonant standing between two vowels in the primitive Gaelic speech became aspirated.

In the Highland Society's Gaelic Dictionary, and in the first quarto edition of the Gaelic Bible, initial aspiration of the three liquids is marked in the case of *l* by a cross line near the top of the letter, and in the case of *n* and *r* by a dot above the letter. Those markings occur also in portions of some of the current pocket editions of the Bible. A more consistent way would have been to distinguish the aspirated from the unaspirated sounds at the beginning of words by the same means as they are distinguished in the middle and at the end, that is, by writing the liquid double when unaspirated and single only when aspirated. This method has been followed in part of *How to Learn Gaelic*, by Dr. Alexander MacBain and Mr. John Whyte. Generally, however, in printed Gaelic there is no attempt to mark the initial aspiration of the three liquids.

l

The plain broad sound of *l* is represented, for example, in eallach, a load; mullach, top; call, loss; moll, chaff; and the plain slender sound in seillean, a bee; coille, wood; caill, lose; mill, destroy. The aspirated broad sound is represented *e.g.* in bealach, a pass; mulad, sadness; àl, brood; òl, drink; and the aspirated slender sound in seileach, willow; uile, all; bail, economy; mil, honey.

Initially broad and slender *l* are distinguished of course according as the next following vowel is broad or slender. The aspirated sounds are, or ought to be, heard when, for example, an adjective beginning with *l*—luath, swift; leathan, broad—follows a feminine noun, or a verb with initial *l* is used in the past indicative—labhair e, he spoke; leag e, he felled, and the unaspirated sounds when such adjectives follow masculine nouns, and when such verbs are used in the imperative or in the future indicative.

Initial aspiration has become unchangeably fixed in the preposition le, with, and its derivatives leam, with me, leat, leis, etc. In stereotyped phrases like a leas—Cha ruig iad a leas, they need not—and a lion—A lion chuid 's a chuid, by

degrees—the aspiration has also become fixed, but is there due to the preceding preposition, which was originally 'do,' but is now worn down to 'a.'

The tendency to loss or confusion of distinctive sounds that has touched other consonants has extended to the liquids, more especially in the Northern dialect. A difficulty in differentiating the aspirated from the unaspirated sound of broad *l*, as in a la, his day, and a la, her day, bealach, and eallach is general both in South and in North.

Unaspirated broad *l* has a peculiar pronunciation in the island of Eigg. Clach, stone, sounds there like 'cwach'; mullach a' chladaich, top of the beach, like 'muwach a' chwadaich,' and so on. There seems to be a trace of, or an approach to, this enunciation also in the speech to the south and east of that island.

Slender *l* loses one or other of its two sounds, at least with the younger people, to a great extent in Northern Gaelic. In Sunart, in North Argyll, it is the unaspirated sound that goes, and the aspirated sound may be heard invariably, *e.g.* in leanabh, never lleanabh, in leamh, leomhann, leann, léine, leubh (read thou), leubhaidh (will read), sleamhuinn, sliabh, buille, maille, seillean, etc. *L*, that is to say, in such words, is apt always to have the same sound as in baile, town; mìle, a thousand. In West Ross and in Sutherland, on the other hand, the unaspirated sound not only maintains its ground, but takes the place of the aspirated sound in initial position. Leanabh is apt to be always lleanabh, and An do lion e? 'An do llion e?' So, An do fhliuch e thu? in West Ross, is 'An do lliuch e thu?'

In Lewis aspirated slender *l* appears to be broadened in medial position. At all events, baile in the dialect of the island, is often heard in place-names as 'bala,' and Balallan (Baile-Ailein) as 'Bal-Alain.'

n

The different sounds of *n* should be heard, for example, plain broad in connadh, donn; aspirated broad in canach,

bàn; plain slender in cinneach, beinn; and aspirated slender in binid, mìn. In this case the sounds that are difficult to distinguish are the two aspirated, as in dùnadh, closing, and dùinidh, will close, and as is evinced in alternative spellings like cinealta for cionalta or ceanalta.

Broad *n* tends to take its aspirated sound permanently, when initial, in North Argyll, West Ross, and Sutherland. Nàire is apt to be always 'naire' and never 'nnàire,' and so namhaid, naoidhean, naomh, etc. Words like snàmh, swim; snàth, thread, which are pronounced respectively 'snnàmh,' 'snnàth,' elsewhere, follow suit in those districts.

Initial slender *n* retains its plain sound in Sutherland, and takes its aspirated sound in North Argyll. Neart, strength, for example, is apt to be always 'nneart' in the former district and 'neart' in the latter, and so neamh, heaven; neimh, venom; Niall, Neil, etc. Words like sniomh, sneadh, again follow suit. In West Ross the leaning, so far as it has appeared there, is towards aspirated *n*. In North Argyll aspirated slender *n* for unaspirated often appears both medially, as 'inean' for innean, anvil, and finally as gamhain for gamhainn, a stirk, and Samhuin for Samhuinn, Hallow-tide. The latter words, however, have final *n*, not *nn*, in Irish.

In medial and final positions the plain sound of slender *n* is substituted for the aspirated sound in many instances in the West Highlands, more especially in the extreme south, but to some extent all the way northwards, and even into the south-east of Sutherland. Thus, words like minig, duine, mìn are sounded respectively minnig, duinne, mìnn, and so binid, muineal, léine, mòine, sine, teine, ùine, gràin, maoin, muin, and so on. In Arran and Kintyre these and many others all have *nn*. Indeed, in those districts the number of words in which *n* is not sounded *nn* in such positions is very small.

This same unaspirated slender sound of *n* is given to the *n* of the so-called diminutive suffix *an* when it follows a slender vowel in Arran, Kintyre, and Islay. Cuilean, a pup, for example, is 'cuileinn,' and so càirean, cìrean, fìrean, innean, and names like Ailean, Ailpean, Cailean, etc.

Ng

Ng is very variable in most dialects. Perhaps in the greater number of instances it tends to disappear between vowels in the extreme south—Arran and Kintyre—and north —Sutherland. In North Argyll—mainland and islands—it becomes very generally *ng-g* both medially and finally. Ionga, a finger nail, for example, is iong-ga, *i.e.* has the sound of *ng* with a *g* added. So in other instances, as seangan, sreang. The sound is like that of *ng* in such English words as 'anger,' 'finger.' Indeed natives of the district in question often carry this peculiarity into their English pronunciation, and may be heard to say, for instance, 'hang-g' for hang, and 'king-g' for king.

Final *ng* in words of two syllables is variously *ng*, *nn*, and *g* when broad, and *nn* and *g* when slender. A preference for *nn* appears in Arran and Kintyre, and for *g* in Northern Gaelic, *e.g.* in cumhang (narrow), tarrang (a nail), aisling (vision), bodhaig (bothy), eislinn (stretcher), cudainn (cuddy fish), faoileann (sea-gull), etc.

Verbs borrowed recently from English appear to carry with them as a rule the present participle ending, and end in *ig*, as robaig, rob; ropaig, roup, sell by auction. (A sale by auction is ropainn!) At Lochtayside, or at least in one part of that district, such verbs uniformly end in *inn*, *e.g.* ùisig, to use, is there 'ùisinn,' and cuipig, to whip, 'cuipinn.'

r

The four sounds of *r* should be heard, for example, in earrach, fearr, mearachd, fear, mirr, éirich, cèir. Often only two sounds are recognised. These are a plain and an aspirated *r*, the distinction of broad and slender being then unobserved. Generally, however, the two aspirated sounds can be differentiated, but so much cannot be said of the unaspirated sounds. Duplicate forms like nàraich and nàirich, to shame, an uraidh and an ùiridh, last year, are due immediately not to failure to distinguish the different sounds,

but to difference of dialect, though ultimately the difference of dialect itself may be referable to such failure. In Arran and with MacAlpine the word for shame is nàire, but the adjective is nàrach and the verb nàraich. A màireach, to-morrow, is in Irish a márach, in Early Irish, imbárach, but Mr. Quiggin has found both amárach and amáireach in Donegal. An uiridh, so Perthshire, etc., Early Irish inn uraid, Old Irish urid, is an uraidh in Arran and in Modern Irish. Into such a word as uiread, so much, urad in Arran and with MacAlpine, the prepositional prefix ar, air, which takes so many diverse forms, enters.

Initial aspiration has become fixed in the prepositions ri, to, with its derivatives rium, to me, riut, etc., and roimh, before, with romham, romhad, etc. Other instances of fixed aspiration are a riamh, ever; a rìreadh, indeed; a rithis, again.

The initial aspiration of slender *r* is disappearing both in North Argyll and in Sutherland. Da rìgh, two kings, is 'da rrìgh,' and reoth e, it froze, 'rreoth e.' The aspiration is maintained in the case of broad *r*.

At Alligin on Loch Torridon aspirated slender *r* sounds as though an attempt were made to say *y* at the same time. This is heard, *e.g.*, in ri, to, with rium, riut, ris, rithe, riuthal; coire, cauldron; coire, fault; màireach, cuir, fhuair. Further north at Little Lochbroom *r* has dropped out of the combination and only *y* remains.

In part of Lewis aspirated broad *r*, for example in farum, noise, sounds like *th* in English 'then,' 'this.'

Long liquids

The long sounds which have been noticed in connection with vowels (vol. iii. pp. 99, 330) differ from the other sounds only in length, and are found in the case of the aspirated, as well as the unaspirated sounds. Sean, old, to take an exceptional instance, occurs in different positions or dialects with three sounds of the liquid. When the word does not stand before its noun *n* has, as it ought to have etymologically, its aspirated sound and is short. Sometimes

it retains this sound before a noun beginning with a vowel if the two words have become one, as in seanair, grandfather, for sean-athair. Generally before a noun *n* has become unaspirated and has been lengthened at the same time, and accordingly is often written 'seann' in that position. In Arran and Kintyre *n* in that position remains aspirated but is lengthened; that is, it has the sound and the length that it has generally in seanmhathair, grandmother, and that are also heard probably universally in the words seanchaidh or seanachaidh, a genealogist, and seanchas, conversation. Sean with the same pronunciation of *n* has also the meaning of grandparent in Arran and Kintyre; Am fac thu sean? have you seen grandfather? (or grandmother); Tha e aig tigh shean, he is at grandfather's (or grandmother's) house. The word is used also in the district of Ardnamurchan, but with the article there, Am fac thu an sean? and with the same aspirated and lengthened sound of *n*.

The four sounds of *l* have been found amongst the older people in Donegal by Mr. Quiggin, but the aspirated sounds are not usual with the young. It is the same with *n*. There also, as on our own west coast, there has been an extensive substitution of unaspirated for aspirated slender *n*, as duinne for duine, man, gloinne for gloine or glaine, glass. Of unaspirated slender *r* no trace was found, and aspirated slender *r* was not found at the beginning of words except in a few stereotyped phrases, such as, a réir, according to; a riamh, ever; a rist, again; a righ, O king. Except in such phrases initial *r*, whether broad or slender, gets the sound of aspirated broad *r*, and consequently 'is unaffected by aspirating words.' In Donegal in other words, with the few exceptions mentioned, initial *r*, whether its sound should be broad or slender and whether it should be plain or aspirated, always has the same sound, and that the sound of aspirated broad *r*.

Liquid Changes

A substitution of one liquid for another is not an unknown occurrence generally, but appears with quite unusual

frequency in Sutherlandshire. The following instances have been noted there :—

gòireag	for	gòileag, or còileag (a haycock)
meireachadh	,,	meileachadh
Sgeireaboll	,,	Skelbo, old Scelleboll
abharn	,,	abhainn, used as genitive of abhainn
airm	,,	ainm
airmig	,,	ainmig
fiarnaidh	,,	fiannaidh (a giant)
gairmheach	,,	gainmheach
guilbearnach	,,	guilbneach
irinn	,,	inghean (daughter)
lormachd	,,	lomnochd
mearmainn	,,	meanmainn
seinnlear	,,	seinnlean, seillean (a bee)
Euraboll	,,	Embo, old Eyndboll called Eunaboll by West Coast fishermen
sparraban	,,	bannaban (forehead bandage)
earachainn	,,	eanchainn
fasaireadh	,,	fasanadh (pasturing)
mearbh	,,	meanbh
githil	,,	githir (pain in wrist)
grath-muing	,,	gath-muing (name)
torrasgil	,,	toirsgean
eilthir	,,	oirthir
falair	,,	faraire
talcuis	,,	tarcuis.

The three last are from Rob Donn's Poems. 'Marachan,' in the same author's ''S mear a ni Eòri mire ri Deòrsa,' seems clearly to be for manachan, the groin. Some of the words in this list are from the Rev. Adam Gunn.

The following more or less peculiar instances of liquids from the same county may be noted here :—

garnardaich	for	[gannardaich ?] (yawning)
gunnars	,,	gunnas (gorse)
ainig	,,	aing (displeasure)
ainigeach	,,	aingeach (displeased)
ainigidh	,,	aingidh
uinigneach	,,	uaigneach
miong	,,	mèag
tastar	,,	tartar.

Garnardaich seems analogous to fiarnaidh for fiannaidh, and suggests connection somehow with English yawn, Old English gánian, Scottish gant. Gunnars is found in West Ross (Applecross and Lochbroom) and in Easter Ross, but gunnas in the Black Isle and gunnais in Gairloch. Whether it is or is not based on conas is doubtful. The word aing and the form miong are used also in the Outer Hebrides. Tastar for tartar occurs in Rob Donn's Poems; in West Ross it is tatar.

Guilbearnach is heard in Perth and West Ross, and irinn in Easter Ross. Airm for ainm, and also aram for anam, are met with in the book of the Dean of Lismore, and occur in Irish Gaelic.

CLIAR SHEANCHAIN

W. J. Watson

Though the last of the old time bards has long been gone, the memory of them still lives in the traditions of the Scottish Highlands, and from time to time one hears among the older people stories relating to those itinerant companies of bards, story-tellers, and other performers that were known far and wide as 'Cliar Sheanchain,' or Senchan's Company. In these stories the Cliar Sheanchain are represented as travelling in companies of twelve, more or less. Their custom was to quarter themselves on some well-to-do and hospitable family, where they were sure of food and lodging, and there they stayed till they often became a grievous burden to their hosts. The conventions of Gaelic hospitality were strict, and the satire of a bard was a thing not lightly to be incurred. The words of satire had strange power. They caused a man's face to redden even to blistering, and the man even unjustly satirised did little good thereafter. So the bards stayed on at their will, eating and drinking of the best, not without grumbling. There were, however, certain rules of the game. On the one hand, the Cliar were bound to get the best of

treatment while they stayed, notwithstanding any provocation their sharp tongues afforded. On the other hand, there were two ways in which their host might be absolved from further obligations. A member of the household might defeat them in a contest of wit (*bearradaireachd, gearradh cainnte*), when, as they were worsted on their own ground, honour forbade their further stay. Or, again, they might demand something very difficult of attainment as the reward of their professional services, and they left when this demand was duly complied with. So much may be gathered from present tradition.

The name of Cliar Sheanchain thus applied is of very ancient origin. Senchan, distinguished from others of that name as Senchan Torpeist, was chief ollamh of Ireland about 600 A.D., in succession to the famous blind bard, Dallan Forgaill. In Dallan's time was held the great convention of Drumceatt in 575, at which one of the principal subjects discussed was the banishment of the poets from Ireland on account of their burdensomeness, arising from their right to exact *coinmed* or refection from the tribes on behalf of themselves and their retinue.[1] Through the intervention of St. Columba, the poets were restored, though the size of their retinue was somewhat reduced, a service commemorated by Dallan in his *Amra Columcille*, Praise of Columba. Dallan's successor, Senchan, made his first bardic visitation to the court of Guaire Aidhne, king of Connaught, reputed the most hospitable prince of all Ireland, and in connection with this visit was composed a satirical account, written in a style of mock gravity, of the unreasonable proceedings and demands of Senchan and his Cliar. This satire, entitled *Imtheacht na Trom-dháimhe*, the Progress of the Grievous Bardic Company, must have been immensely popular. A version of it, in fairly modern Irish, with translation, appears in the Transactions of the Ossianic Society, vol. v.

It is unnecessary to recount the various wishes with which the caprices of the Cliar vexed the hospitable Guaire,

[1] Cf. Skene, ii. 124.

but one must be noted. Senchan's daughter, Meve, demanded the full of her skirt of large brambles (*sméaraibh corra círdubha*), which at the time were out of season. This, as well as all the other requests, was fulfilled by Guaire, through the good offices of his brother Marvan. This is how the brambles were got :—

'One day,' says Marvan to his brother, 'that you had been hunting in Glen-na-scáil, you held a hound by the leash, and the hound having espied an animal, he made a pull at you; a bush of briars caught and pulled off your cloak, which you readily let go, for you never refused a favour to any; you were just departed from it when I came up and found a great quantity of berries on the bush. I spread the cloak over it, so that neither storm nor hail has touched them since; and such of them as were red on that day are black to-day, and those that were black have the taste of honey.'

Eventually Marvan gets rid of Senchan and his train by means of a double discomfiture. First he requires them to perform for him his sufficiency of *crónan*, a deep, guttural crooning, which so exhausted them that they had perforce to stop before Marvan was satisfied. As a set-off to this failure, one of the company proffered his services as *scelaidhe*. Marvan promptly demands the narration of the *Táin Bó Cúalnge*, but as the vaunting story-teller has never even heard of it, the result is a second and more ignominious failure. Whereupon Marvan puts them all under *geasa* (prohibitions) that they are never to remain two nights in the same house, till they have discovered the story of the *Táin*. For this purpose they travel Erin and Alba without success, but at last, with the help of Marvan and the chief saints of Ireland, the great tale is discovered by the heroic device of summoning from his grave Fergus Mac Roigh, who naturally knew all about it, having himself figured greatly in the *Táin*. The result of the whole matter was that Senchan made a vow and promise to Marvan and the assembled saints that none of the Trom-dhaimhe should seek for a wish from any person in the world, from thenceforth to the brink of doom.

There can be little doubt that it was owing to the widespread popularity of this amusing tale that the title of *Cliar Sheanchain* came to be applied to all companies of wandering bards and performers throughout Gaeldom. Whether the promise referred to was actually made or not, it is certain that it was not kept. The Cliar continued their vexatious peregrinations, and tales of them and their doings crop up in the most unexpected places. Some of these are of exceptional interest.

In the *Tripartite Life of St. Patrick*, it is recorded that a train of jugglers (*cleir aesa cerdd*) came to Patrick to ask for food. They suffered no excuse. 'Go,' saith Patrick, 'to Lommán and to deacon Mantán that they may help me.' But they refused. . . . Then said Patrick :—

'The boy who arriveth from the north,
To him the victory hath been given,
Unto Cothraige[1] he is near,
With his wether on his back.'

At that very hour came a certain youth along with his mother, carrying a cooked ram on her back, to be brought to the king's feast. Patrick begged the boy to give him the wether to save his honour (*do thesorgain a einich*, lit. to save his face). The boy at once gave it gladly. . . . Patrick gave the food to the jugglers (*druthaib*), and straightway the earth swallowed them.[2]

The *Life of St. Kentigern*, written in Latin by Jocelin of Furness about the middle of the twelfth century, tells how a certain Irish jester (*ioculator*, a term applied also to the Cliar who visited St. Patrick) came to the court of Rederech Hael (the Hospitable), the sixth century king of the Strathclyde Britons, and for hospitality the counterpart of Guaire of Connaught. The jester played with his hand on the timbrel (*tympanum*) and harp, and gave joy to the king and his court all the days of the Christmas holidays. When the feast of Epiphany was past, king Rederech ordered gifts to

[1] Irish form of Patricius.
[2] Dr. Whitley Stokes's translation ; *Trip. Life*, i. 204-5

be bestowed on the jester, all of which the latter refused, stating that he had sufficiency of such things at home. He had no need of silver, gold, garments, or horses, in all of which Ireland abounded. 'But,' said he, 'if thou desirest that I should go from thee well rewarded, let there be given me a dish full of fresh brambles.'[1] The court laughed, but the Irishman stuck to his point, and at last, rising, declared that he would go, and, as the saying is, 'carry off the king's honour.' Rederech in perplexity betook himself to Kentigern, who after some preliminaries spoke thus to the king:—

'Dost thou remember in what place during summer thou didst throw away the garment with which thou wast girded, in the great heat when thou wast hunting, and didst never return to recover it?' The king said, 'I know, my king and bishop, both the time and the place.' 'Go,' said the saint, 'straightway to the place, and thou shalt find the garment still perfect, hanging over a bush of thorns, and below that thou shalt find brambles sufficient, still fresh and fit for gathering.'

All was as the saint said. The king presented the brambles, adding an invitation to the jester to stay as long as it pleased him. The *joculator*, much impressed, stayed on, and ultimately renouncing his frivolous trade, 'gave himself up to the service of God.'[2]

Though St. Columba was noted for hospitality, nothing parallel to these instances occurs in the *Life* by Adamnan. Apparently the deficiency was noted, for in the Irish *Betha Coluimb Cille*, edited with translation by Richard Henebry in the *Celtische Zeitschrift*, it is made up handsomely. There is related how—

Once of a time as Columb Cille was saying his office and his prayers in the place which is called Tulach nan Salm, to the east of Cill mic Nenain, he knelt down and began to pray God earnestly, and he asked three requests of God, namely, that he might never forfeit his honour of hospitality to any one (*gan duine ar bith do breith a enich go brath*),'[3] etc.

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[1] The original is *mora*, which the translator renders 'mulberries.' But mulberries were introduced into Britain in the sixteenth century, and in any case would not be found wild in Strathclyde in the sixth century.

[2] *Life of St. Kentigern: The Historians of Scotland*, vol. v.

[3] *Celt. Zeit.* v. 78.

So far theory; the following are examples of St. Columba's practice:—

Another time Columb Cille came to cut wood for the church of Doire to the wood which is called Fidbad. And certain poets (*daine eladhna*) came to him seeking a boon. And he told them he had no gift at hand for them there, but that if they came to the homestead they should receive a gift. They said they would not go, and that if they did not receive a gift from him upon the spot they would satirise him. When Columb Cille heard the poets threatening to satirise him (*ag bagar a cainte*), he was seized with great shame, and so grievous was that shame that those present saw smoke arise from his face. And his face did sweat exceedingly, and he put his hand to his face to take away that sweat, and that sweat became a talent of gold in his hand, and he gave that talent to the poets. . . .

Once of a time as Columb Cille was in a certain place between Oilech na righ and Doire Calgaig there came to him a great concourse of poets (*cliar mor do dainib eladhna*) who besought him for gifts and food. 'Come with me to the homestead,' said Columb Cille, 'and I will give you that.' 'We will not go,' said they, 'and if we get not every one of these things here upon the spot we will satirise and reproach thee.' . . . Then Columb Cille went with confidence to a well of spring water that was in that place, and he blessed and consecrated it in the name of Jesus Christ. And thereupon God . . . changed the water into wine that ran an hour in the day; so that Maith (*i.e.* good) is the name of that well. And Columb Cille was ashamed that he had no vessels to help the poets (*cler*) to that wine. And an angel showed him that there were cups in the rampart of the great rath beside him which men of old had hidden a long time before that. And there was another rath of the properties of that place, and he took the poets and every one who was with them into it, and made them a great banquet of that wine. . . . And the Rath of the Banquet (*raith na fleidhe*) is the name of that rath ever since.

Coming down to our own Gaelic literature, we find that the Cliar was an institution well known to Màiri Nighean Alasdair Ruaidh, the poetess of the Isles, who flourished in the latter half of the sixteenth century. Her most famous poem, 'An Talla 'm bu ghnà le MacLeòid,' for instance, contains the stanza:—

Chì mi 'n chliar is na dàimhich
A' tréigsinn na fàrdaich
On nach éisd thu ri fàilte luchd-ceòil.

Again in her 'Crònan,' referring to Dunvegan :—

Gu Dùn ud nan Cliar.

. . . . . .

Gu Dùn turaideach àrd
Be sud innis nam bàrd
'S nam filidh ri dàn
Far bu mhinig an tàmh
Cha b' ionad gu'n bhlàs daibh sud.

Reference to Mackenzie's *Beauties* and other sources will reveal, chiefly in elegies, further notices of the Cliar. But it is in oral tradition that they figure most, and I have no doubt that a goodly number of stories connected with them might still be recovered and recorded. Some which I have come across may be given here. The venue is always the west coast or the Isles.

A company of Cliar Sheanchain quartered themselves on a farmer in Lochbroom, Ross-shire, and after some stay announced their demand for *mucagan* (*i.e.* wild rose hips) at Christmastide. The season was autumn, and the goodman took care to cover a bush of hips carefully with an old coat to preserve them from snow and frost. Christmas morning came at last, with a wild day of drift and snow. The *mucagan* were duly presented, and the bards, much to their chagrin, had to leave at once. They went out into the storm, lost their way among the hills, and, stumbling into a small loch, were drowned to a man. The loch is still called *Loch na Cléire*, the Loch of the Cliar.

Once on a time a similar company came to Nunton in Benbecula to the hospitable house of Mac 'Ic Ailein (Clanranald). They stayed on till the forty-second *mart* (fat cow) had been killed for them, when, just in time to save the herds of Mac 'Ic Ailein from destruction, they were worsted in satire by the herdsman. The story is long, and the wit of bards and herdsman is more pointed than elegant. The same incident, with slight variations to suit the locality, is related as having occurred in Wester Ross.

Another tale is located in Muckairn, Argyll. There a

company of Cliar Sheanchain quartered themselves on the father of Walter Campbell in Baile an Deòir. They stayed long and were continually grumbling and satirising the Campbells. Young Campbell at length became so exasperated that he devised measures of vengeance. Having cut down an oak-tree at some distance from his house, he asked the help of the Cliar, twelve in number, to split it and take it home. The Cliar complied. Campbell drove a wedge into the thick end of the oak, and having effected a considerable split asked his assistants to lay hold six on each side and widen the gap while he drove the wedge still further in. The unsuspecting Cliar did as they were told, but Campbell, instead of driving the wedge in, deftly struck it out, thus trapping the twelve by their fingers. While they were thus helpless he cruelly entreated them, some indeed say that he actually killed one or more. In consequence of this flagrant breach of hospitality, Walter Campbell had to flee the countryside, and found no abiding-place till he reached the Mearns, where he settled.[1]

It is unnecessary to dwell on the essential sameness of all these tales, ancient and modern. Though the Lochbroom Cliar demanded *mucagan*, the stock requests, according to tradition, were 'smiaran dubha 's an fhaoileach is uibhean fhaoileag aig samhuinn,' 'brambles in February and gulls' eggs at Hallow-tide.'

In Scotland, as in Ireland, laws were passed to check or suppress the troublesomeness of these gangs. In 1407 the Scottish Parliament enacted 'that in all justice ayres the kingis justice tak inquisicione of sornaris, bardis, maisterfull beggars or fenzeit fulys, and other banysh them the cuntre or send them to the kingis presone.' By an Act of 1567 no Irish or Highland beggars or bards are to be admitted to the Lowlands on pain of forfeiture or imprisonment. In 1579 again 'all menstrallis, sangstares and tailtellaris not avouit in speciall service be sum of the lordis of parliament or greit barronis,

[1] This tale is well known in Muckairn, and was given me by Mr. Alexander Carmichael.

or be the heid burrowis for their commoun menstralis,' are liable to be scourged and burned on the cheek, or even hanged.

There is evidence that these harsh measures were carried out to the full extent, and that members of the Cliar were actually hanged in Edinburgh towards the end of the sixteenth century, a period when their oppressions were most severely felt. That this treatment of the Cliar was considered unduly severe by the Gaelic-speaking people is shown by the proverb applied to any course unusually or needlessly drastic, 'Is miosa so na an là a chrochadh na cliar,' This is worse than the day when the Cliar were hanged.

BOOK REVIEWS

Die Altirische Heldensage *Táin Bó Cúalnge* nach dem Buch von Leinster in Text und Uebersetzung mit einer Einleitung herausgegeben von Ernst Windisch. Leipzig: 1905. London: Nutt. 42*s*.

The great Saga of the Gael, upon which Professor Windisch has been engaged for many years, is here presented to us in a thick volume of 1212 pages large 8vo. It contains the text of the tale as preserved in the Book of Leinster (L.L.), compiled about 1150 A.D., with variant readings from other principal MSS.; a literal translation; an elaborate introduction; voluminous and learned notes; vocabularies and supplements,—all, excepting the Gaelic text and variant readings, in German. The Saga, which is the largest and most elaborate of Gaelic Hero-tales, has been a favourite among the people from earliest times. A copy is found in nearly all the oldest and largest MSS. M. D'Arbois de Jubainville, in his *Essai d'un Catalogue de la Littérature épique de l'Irlande*, enumerates fifteen such, found by him in Dublin and London. The distinguished French *savant* did not examine the Scottish collection of MSS. This collection does not now contain a copy of the *Táin*. One of the oldest Scottish MSS. (No. xxxii), which has been amissing since 1841, did however contain a copy of a considerable portion of this famous composition. Dr. Donald Smith wrote a detailed account of this MS., which is printed in the Report of the Committee on the Authenticity of Ossian's Poems (pp. 285-293). Smith assigns the MS. to the eighth century, and quotes the prefatory note to the *Táin*, which enumerates the four points essential to a Gaelic literary work, viz. the *loc* or place, the *aimser* or time, the *pearsa* or author, and the *tucaid* or cause, of the composition. It is easy to gather even from Smith's short excerpt, which may not be too accurately transcribed, that that scholar antedated the lost MS. by several hundred years. Professor Zimmer indeed thinks that he finds evidence (Kuhn's *Zeitschrift*, xxviii. p. 432) that the MS. could

not be older than the fifteenth century. As is well known, the old Gaelic scholars borrowed largely from Latin, not merely the technical terms of grammar, but many of the marks of contraction used in writing Latin MSS. Thus a graph not unlike the numeral *2* represented *est*; 7 stood for *et*; *s̄* for *sed*, etc. etc. Later transcribers of MSS. used the same marks, whether as words or syllables, to represent not merely the original Latin combinations, but the equivalents of these in Gaelic. Thus *2* came to stand for Gaelic *ta* (*da*), as well as for its equivalent, the Latin *est*; 7 for *ocus* (*agus*) as well as for *et*, and *s̄* for *acht* (*ach*) as well as for *sed*, the context fixing the correct reading of the mark of contraction in each particular case. By the fifteenth century this practice, not unknown earlier, became common. In Smith's extract the name of the writer of the Tale is given as Toirp*da*. Zimmer at once saw that the name must have been originally written Toirp*2*, and states that the extension of *2* by *da* instead of *est* could not be made earlier than the fifteenth century. What the acute critic evidently overlooked for the moment was that we have now only Dr. Smith's transcript, and that in all probability it is he and not an earlier transcriber who is responsible for the blunder of writing Toirp*da* for Toirp*eist*. To us now the point is of no value in fixing the age of the lost MS. Mr. Ewen M'Lachlan of Aberdeen also read the same MS. This scholar regarded it as the oldest in the Scottish collection at that time. Mr. M'Lachlan wrote a detailed analysis of the portion of the Tàin Bò Chuailgne preserved in the MS., from which we find that it began 'with an enumeration of all the forces of the Irish at Cruachan in Connaught, and their march to Ulster under the leadership of Oilill and Meave and Fergus MacRoigh,' and ended with the slaying of Ferbaeth, corresponding to L.L., lines 160-2153, or rather less than one-third of the text, which occupies 6210 lines in Windisch's pages.

Of the fifteen MSS. recited by D'Arbois de Jubainville, Professor Windisch is unable to trace five, but he has made large use of a most important MS., somehow missed by the French author, the Yellow Book of Lecan (Y.B.L.) written in 1391 A.D. Windisch, following Max Nettlau (*Rev. Celt.*, x. 334), arranges the MSS. containing the *Táin* in three groups, according to the degree of similarity of their several texts. First come Leabhar na h-Uidhri, transcribed before 1106 A.D. (L.U.); Y.B.L.; and the Egerton (Eg.) MSS. (Brit. Mus., London), Nos. 1782 and 114. Next in order of date is L.L., which contains the fullest text, and which is here printed; Stowe (St.) No. 984 (Dublin); H. 1, 13 (Dublin); Eg. 209; and Additional (Add.) 18748 (Brit. Mus.). Large portions of the Saga, found in H. 2. 17 (Dublin) and Eg. 93, form the third group.

The genesis and development of these old-world Gaelic Tales, like those of all peoples, bristle with difficulties. It is easy to see that L.U. and Y.B.L. are copies of a common original, now lost. And it can be asserted with confidence, from the old linguistic forms preserved in these two MSS., that their lost original must have been committed to writing in the old period of the language,—in the ninth century, if not even in the eighth. As it

happens, it is Y.B.L., which was not transcribed until nearly three hundred years after L.U., that preserves the old forms best. So with the other groups. They had each a common origin, and it is not always the oldest dated MS. that adheres most closely to the common original. A more obscure question is the relationship of these three groups to each other, and to the archetype of which presumably they all are variants. In all the versions, the Tale, as we have it now, is written, like nearly all the old Gaelic Tales, for the greater part in prose, while now and again the main features of an important incident are gathered up and repeated in verse. Not only so, but the most stirring events are expressed in a literary form which is neither prose nor verse, as we now understand these terms, but which partakes of the character of both. The old editors used to call this literary form *Retoric* (*rhetoricum*), sometimes *Rosg*, but it is known among Scottish Gaelic reciters as *Ruith* or 'Run.' Very probably the old Gael, before they acquired a knowledge of *line* and *rhyme*, constructed their poetry in this literary form, which may well have been, like the Welsh *Englyn*, as Principal Rhys maintains (Y Cymmrodor, vol. xviii.), a reminiscence of Latin metres preserved by the Romanised Britons and transmitted by them to the Gael. Quite possibly, as Professor Windisch suggests (lxxxi.), this Saga and similar Tales were at first preserved in the professional and popular memory in detached *Retorics* or 'Runs,' while at a later date poets and *scelaidhes* of eminence filled in the interstices in continuous prose. (It will be observed that the death of *Róen* and *Roi, dá shenchaid Tána* 'the two historians of the *Táin*,' by the hand of Cuchulainn is recorded in the Saga itself (p. 197), and according to H. 2. 17 this accounts for the Tale being lost for so long.) In this view of the matter, the old and persistent tradition of Senchan Torpeist's connection with the *Táin Bó Cúalnge* acquires additional interest and importance. When still a very young man, Senchan was selected to pronounce the funeral oration of Dallan Forgaill, chief poet of Ireland and panegyrist of St. Columba, who died in 598 A.D. The young poet acquitted himself so well on this occasion that he was there and then unanimously elected Dallan's successor. Senchan held the office for a long time; he was *ard-ollamh* in the time of King Guaire of Connaught, who died in 659 A.D. One of the first tasks which the poet imposed upon himself was to recover the lost *Táin*. He could find fragments of it everywhere, but the Saga in its entirety nowhere. Various accounts are given of his adventures in this quest, the most detailed being that recorded in *Imtheacht na Tromdhaimhe*, 'The Proceedings of the great (Bardic) Company,' printed in the *Transactions of the Ossianic Society*, vol. v. Senchan, after searching Ireland in vain, passed over to the Highlands of Scotland with a large retinue whose demands upon the hospitality of a comparatively poor district were such that we have reminiscences of *Cliar Shenchain* to this day. He did not obtain the *Táin* in Alba. On another occasion the indefatigable *ollamh* journeyed to the Isle of Man, when he made the acquaintance of a *Torpeist* or 'monster,' an epithet by which the poet has since that time been remembered, in the shape of an

'ill-visaged,' exceedingly loathsome youth, who afterwards appeared as 'a young hero, kingly, radiant, a long eye in his head, his hair golden-yellow: fairer than the men of the world was he, both in form and dress'; and whom the Bards took to be the Genius of Poetry (cp. Cormac's *Gloss.* s.v. '*prúll*'). But the great Saga was not to be found in any part of Gaeldom. When the living failed the energetic Senchan, recourse was had to the dead. By the intercession of the Saints of Ireland, Fergus MacRoigh, a chief actor in the Ulster war, and according to many the prime author of the great Tale, was raised from the dead. That hero good-naturedly recited the *Táin* from beginning to end, while by one account Senchan wrote it down, by another this task was performed by St. Ciaran, who utilised the hide of his favourite dun cow (*an odhar*) for the purpose, whence the name—*Leabhar na h-Uidhre*—'The Book of the Dun (Cow).' The persistent association of Senchan's name with this Saga, sometimes as the author of it, but more frequently as its recoverer or redactor, may well mean that the famous *ollamh* bore a leading part in weaving the *disjecta membra* of this great Tale into a connected whole as we now have it.

A much more important question than the origin and development of the Tale as a literary composition is the historical value of its contents. It is by far the most elaborate of the numerous Hero-tales of the Cuchullin or Ulster cycle, placed by the traditional chronology about the beginning of the Christian era, and professes to give a detailed account of the life of the people in that far-off time. Are these traditions in any degree reliable? Much has been written upon the subject, in great part highly controversial, and, it must be allowed, charged on both sides with ignorance and prejudice. Up till the publication of Macpherson's *Ossian* in 1762-3, the Legends of the Gael were regarded by the people themselves as in the main genuine history. An inevitable reaction set in, and among non-Gaels these traditions were contemptuously rejected wholesale as pure fiction. Thereafter among good scholars of the older generation, such as O'Donovan and O'Curry, a large faith abounded, and this no doubt helped to make the earlier disciples of the Zeussian school more sceptical than their master. Because these, or the more impetuous among them, found innumerable inconsistencies in details, they were rather apt to reject in large measure the whole. In his Introduction Professor Windisch examines this problem in its many aspects. He passes under review the accounts which Greek and Latin writers give of the Celtic people and their ways,—a phase of the question which Miss Eleanor Hull has so well handled in this *Review* (vol. iii. pp. 62, 138); the Mythology of the people as compared with that of the other members of the Aryan family, a subject capably discussed by Rhys, Nutt, and others; in short, a comprehensive view of the problem all round. And perhaps it would be difficult to name a safer guide through the tangled maze than this distinguished Celtologist who has read and digested every authoritative utterance on the subject, and who possesses in unusual degree the gifts of clear and orderly statement combined with a

calm, dispassionate judgment. The conclusion arrived at is that with much that is fanciful in detail, and not a little that on the face of it is impossible, the old Gaelic Sagas, and pre-eminently this one, give on the whole a not inaccurate representation of the life of the Gaelic aristocracy in prehistoric times, their manners and customs, their beliefs and methods of government. They were an intellectual race, quick witted, devoted to literature, and, unlike the greater number of modern European nations, with their beliefs and traditions not affected by a Roman occupation.

To most of our readers the contents of the *Táin Bó Cúalnge* are known through the labours of Keating, O'Curry, and especially Miss Hull and Miss Faraday. The subject is the great war between Ulster and the other provinces of Ireland. Among a people who as a rule required no great excuse for fighting, there were no doubt sufficiently weighty reasons for entering upon this war, but the immediate occasion, according to L.L., was here, as frequently elsewhere, trivial enough. In a *Comrád chindcherchaille*, 'pillow-end talk,' or curtain lecture, Oilill and Meave of Connaught took one night to discussing the value of their respective possessions, married women among the Gael, be it observed, requiring no special statute to enable them to hold property. After each article was enumerated and appraised, it was found that the means and estate of the royal couple were exactly equal in value, save only in one item. The king possessed a white-horned bull—*Findbennach*—for which no match could be found among the queen's herds. The annoying thing to Meave was that this animal was reared by herself, but in course of time the lordly 'Whitehorn,' disdaining to be owned by a woman, albeit a queen, transferred his services to the king. In her chagrin Meave consulted her factotum Mac Roth, who informed her that he knew of a bull in every way superior to 'Whitehorn,' the *Donn* or 'Brown' of Cualnge in Ulster, and that no doubt the owner might be induced to part with it for a consideration. The queen forthwith despatched Mac Roth to Dare's residence, with attendants carrying valuable presents and promises of more to follow, if Dare, the owner of the bull, agreed to part with the animal. The yeoman was too glad to oblige the queen, and he entertained her messengers all too hospitably. In the course of the evening one of these, in his cups, remarked that it was very handsome of Dare to oblige Queen Meave so readily, when his neighbour retorted: 'Little thanks to him, seeing we would otherwise drive away the animal by force.' Dare's steward was passing through the room at the time; he overheard the remark, and repeated it to his master. The latter was indignant, and next morning he dismissed the queen's messengers with ignominy, informing them that their character as messengers alone saved their heads. When the haughty Meave heard the report of her steward, Mac Roth, it was her turn to become furious. The bull she would have though Ulster should smoke for it. She summoned the other provinces of Ireland to her aid, in order to avenge the insult. Fergus MacRoigh and Cormac, son of Conchobar, with the exiles of Ulster,

collectively known as the *Dubloinges*, and numbering 3000 (? 1500) warriors, were at Cruachan at the time, and these joined the expedition. The march of the allies from Connaught to Ulster is given in detail, and is of supreme value in the Topography of Ancient Ireland. The Ultonian heroes, with the exception of Cuchullin, who escaped the curse, were suffering from the *cess noinden Ulad* at the time, and it fell to the great hero to meet in single combat the braves of the allied forces. Among these the most famous was Ferdiad, of Firdomnann race, and an old companion-in-arms of Cuchullin. The fight of these two heroes at the Ford, and the lament of Cuchullin over the body of his quondam comrade, are worthy of a place alongside the masterpieces of description of chivalrous warfare (pp. 436-599). Meanwhile the Ultonians recover from their debility. They advance to meet the allied hosts. Mac Roth, the scout, sees Conchobar with his leaders and chiefs approaching. He describes them to Fergus, who recognises them and, like Helen on the walls of Troy, tells of their fame to Oilill and Meave. The dress, armour, weapons, insignia, and trappings of the leaders of the Ulster host,—King Conchobar, the *ollamh* Fercertne, the chief poet Athairne, the chief physician Fingin, the chief druid Cathba, the chief councillor and peacemaker Sencha, together with the hero warriors, are described in detail, and form one of the most interesting and valuable chapters of the Tale. 'Lochs and rivers run dry when Fercertne satirises them; they fill again when he praises.' 'No one must refuse anything to Athairne.' Fingin is a greater physician than even Dr. Hornbook, and it must be allowed that MacRoigh is a greater master of chaste hyperbole than Burns. 'If,' says Fergus, 'Fingin only hears the patient's sigh, or even sees the smoke that issues from the house where he lies, he can diagnose the disease and cure it.' As the Ulster host advances, the ever watchful queen sees to it that the *Donn* of Cualnge is sent safely to Cruachan. In the general engagement which follows, the Ulster army is victorious. The allied forces are routed, and find their way back to whence they came as best they can.

As an artistic production the Saga ends somewhat lamely. The Tale concludes with the fight of the two bulls, and here again the victory is with Ulster. The 'Brown' chases 'Whitehorn' all over the country, leaving a limb of him here and there. After he had disposed of his rival in this fashion the *Donn* turned towards his old home in Cualnge, and in his fury committed great slaughter among the women and children who were mourning his absence. Thereafter he turned his back to a hill, and with a blood-burst (? 'like the crack of a nut') his heart broke in his chest. With this incident the *Táin bó Cúalnge* ends.

To Gaelic and English readers the one drawback of this book is that it is written in German. Many of us can, no doubt, spell our way through the volume with more or less facility; but it is only the few who are able to use the foreign tongue with such ease as to fully appreciate the wide learning and sound judgment shown on every page of this great work, the

most important contribution to Celtic scholarship since the publication of the *Thesaurus Palaeo-Hibernicus.* DON. MACKINNON.

NOTE

The Latheron Ogam-Stone

This is the latest-found Scottish ogam-stone of which I have heard. From a paper of Dr. Anderson's, which he has kindly sent me, I learn that it was found in 1903 'in the wall of an old byre in Latheron,' Caithness: it is now in the National Museum of Antiquities, Edinburgh. A photograph of it was sent me on October 8, 1903, by the Rev. Dr. J. M. Joass of Golspie, but I was then too busy to attack it. In September 1904, however, I saw the photograph again at his house, and he gave it to me: there was also a much larger photograph, but in my opinion much less clear.

My reading is

dunnodnnatmeiqqnahhto

The only differences I find in Dr. Anderson's reading are these:—(1) He does not interpret the unique sign (=*ei*) after the *m*, nor does he give it so extended an outline as I do; (2) for the three strokes making *ahh* he reads four strokes making *e*, but in a letter to me he admits that the *e* is not certain.

The stone is flaked away just after the last *o*, and broken off altogether a little above it (as well as a little below the first *d*); but with the addition of *nn* necessary to complete the last word the sense is perfect, and I do not believe anything more was written.

The inscription runs up the left side of the stone (the normal direction in the ogam-stones of Scotland, Orkney, and Shetland). The face of the stone exhibits two men riding on horseback, the front one carrying a spear; above them, a bird holding a fish in its claws; above these, interlaced work forming the lower part of a cross.[1]

All such stones in Scotland and the northern isles are 'concerned with the ownership or occupation of lands or dwellings. Some, found near to churches, bear a cross to show that the church was owner or occupier';[2] and the figures of armed laymen on the same side as the cross (as seen also in the Fordun stone of a church of St. Ernan[3]) should indicate that they were the grantors or lords of the soil, or less probably that they were tenants from the church.

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[1] It may be said, 'If this is the shaft of a cross, why is it narrowed at the bottom?' A complete cross with the same peculiarity is in Mr. J. Romilly Allen's *Early Christian Symbolism*, p. 120, and the crucifix on p. 142 will show that the narrow part originally represented the feet and ankles of Jesus, projecting from under a broad wrap which covered the rest of the legs.

[2] From my *Keltic Researches*, p. 65.

[3] *Keltic Researches*, pp. 65-6.

This forecast from the ornamentation is verified by the legend which, written in modern wise, would run thus:—

Dunnod, 'nn at Meiqq Nahhto(nn)
Donatus, in place of Mac Naughton.

Here Dunnod = Dōnātus, Welsh *Dūnawd*, *Dūnōd*. In the Irish Martyrology of Gorman are no fewer than six saints of the name of Dónait (2) or Donait (4).[1] As the doubling of consonants in Scottish ogams normally means that the preceding vowel is short, it would seem that Dunnod represents a Lat. Dŏnātus, in which the first syllable, being unaccented, had lost its length.

'nn is the preposition *ĭn* or *ăn*, represented by *n* on the Keiss and Formaston stones; *'n* for *in* is found in Middle Irish, and is common in Highland Gaelic for the preposition *an* (*Keltic Researches*, p. 64). *ăn* itself, written *ann*, is found in the Burrian and Culbinsgarth stones, and the prae-labial form *am* in the St. Ninian's stone. The doubling of the *n* means that the elided vowel was short, or that the 'sonant nasal' was pronounced short.

at is the modern *àit* 'place,' pronounced *àtʲ*, which occurs in one form or another in either eleven or twelve of the Pictish inscriptions, while the related *aihta* (modern *àite*) appears on three more (*Keltic Researches*, pp. 63-4).

Meiqq (modern *Mic*) is the genitive of *Maqq* (*Mac*). It is found on other Pictish ogam-stones as Meqq, M'qq, Aiq, Æc (the last two equating with modern *'Ic*). *Meicc* is found in Irish.

Nahhto(nn), the source of our *Naughton*, is a well-known Pictish name, in which the first vowel varies from *e* to *ai* and *a*, and the second varies between *o* and *a*. In the Lunasting ogams it is written *Nehhtonn* in the genitive. The *nn* possibly represents not the shortness of the preceding *o* but the assimilation of an earlier *g* (Nectognos).

The formula used is equivalent to that of the St. Ninian's stone ('Enclosure of Mac Nan in Mobhaist'), and very near to those of the Lunasting and Culbinsgarth stones.

The Latheron stone has an unique palæographical interest, since the combination *ei* is represented by a character compounded from the Roman alphabet, that is, an ϵ with *i* dropping from the tail of it. The stem-line forms the crossbar of the ϵ. I have long since pointed out that the diphthongs *oi* and *ui* are found represented in North British ogams by the letters O and U crossed by the stem-line, which here represents that horizontal I of which the Kelts were so fond.[2] In all these diphthongs the motive is to save time and space, since the ogam for *i* consists of no fewer than five strokes; indeed, the ogams for *ei* would have taken nine!

Hanging *i* in Latin MSS. is hardly found after the early part of the ninth century.

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[1] The *-ait* instead of *-at* arises from the gen. *Donati*, saints' names normally appearing in Latin kalendars in the genitive.

[2] *Keltic Researches*, pp. 68, 71, 73-4, 129, 134.

To sum up, the stone is the boundary-stone of a church of St. Donatus surrounded by property of M'Naughton. I do not know whether there are any dedications to saints of this name in Scotland or Ireland, but in Glamorgan we have Llandunwyd Major, translated into English as St. Donat's. E. W. B. NICHOLSON.

REPLIES

Calum-cille nam feart 's nan tuam. Columba of the graves and tombs. (*Carmina Gadelica*, vol. i. p. 249.)

In the *Celtic Review* of April Mr. J. M. Mackinlay asks the meaning of this phrase. Like many other passages in the work, this was translated tentatively. I am under the impression that the phrase refers to the many churches, with burying-grounds attached, named after St. Columba.

Feart is a grave, a graveyard; tuam is a tomb, a place of tombs, a chambered place of burial.

Tung is also applied to a chambered place of burial, and sometimes to an underground house. ALEXANDER CARMICHAEL.

In last number Mr. J. M. Mackinlay queries whether Maolrithe (*Carmina Gadelica*, i. 285) is 'to be identified with St. Maolrise, otherwise St. Finlagan, who is believed to have given name to Knock Mulreesh in Islay, near which is his chapel—Cill Fheileagan.'

Maolrithe is none other than Maelruba, the genitive being used as nominative. The pronunciation is seen in Amulree, Maelruba's ford.

Mr. Mackinlay also asks if Maolruain is a diminutive of St. Maelrubha. It is not. Maolruain is an independent name, occurring twice in the *Martyrology of O'Gorman*. The latter part of the compound is found with extension in the Irish word *ruanad*, a champion, whence the very common Irish name Maol-ruanaidh.

Whatever 'St. Maolrise' may be, Finlagan is a place-name, meaning 'little white hollow,' well known in connection with the Lords of the Isles. W. J. W.

THE CELTIC REVIEW

OCTOBER 15, 1907

FOUR COLUMBAN SITES IN SCOTLAND

J. M. MACKINLAY, M.A., F.S.A. (Lond. and Scot.)

THERE is an interesting chain of ecclesiastical sites connected with St. Columba stretching across Scotland, in the main from west to east.

I. IONA

To begin with, we have Iona, otherwise Icolmkill—St. Columba's own island—where he founded his monastery in 563 A.D., and where in 597 he died full of years and full of honour, as the pages of Adamnan testify. The daily life of the Iona monastery, with its alternations of prayer, study, and manual labour, went quietly on for a long period after the saint's death, unmolested by hostile influences from without. At length, however, roving bands from Scandinavia appeared among the Hebrides, bringing fire and sword with them. In 794, almost exactly two hundred years after St. Columba's death, these piratical Vikings made their first, but not their last, descent upon Iona. Eight years later they burned the monastery. Dr. W. F. Skene remarks: 'The monastic buildings thus destroyed belonged, no doubt, to the original monastery, which was constructed of wood, and had been repaired by Adamnan. Hitherto there had been no feeling of insecurity in connection with such wooden buildings, but since the ravages of the Danes began there is abundant evidence of the frequent destruction of such buildings by

fire.'[1] In 806 the monks, to the number of some sixty-eight, were slaughtered by the Vikings. It is probably to this tragedy that local topography bears witness in the names of *Port-na-Mairtear*, i.e. the Haven of the Martyrs, on the east side of the island, and *Rudha-Port-na-Mairtear*, i.e. the Promontory of the Haven of the Martyrs—skirting the inlet on the south.

This disaster destroyed the supremacy of Iona; and its monastery, though rebuilt, ceased to be reckoned the head of the Columban houses in Scotland. Dr. Skene says: 'So complete was the ruin, and so exposed had the island become to the ravages of the Danes, that the Abbot Cellach appears to have resolved to remove the chief seat of the Columban order from Iona to Kells in Meath, of which he had obtained a grant two years previously.'[2] Accordingly, in 807, Cellach began to build a stone church at Kells, for the completion of which seven years were required.

II. Dunkeld

Though Iona thus lost its premier position among Columban foundations, Scotland was not wholly bereft of the prestige to be derived from the name and fame of St. Columba. Dunkeld took the place of Iona, and inherited to a large extent its ecclesiastical influence. Being away from the seaboard, and therefore less accessible to the Northern pirates, Dunkeld was selected as a place of safety; and there, accordingly, a Columban monastery was founded by Constantin, King of the Picts, who died in 820. In 851, Kenneth MacAlpine, King of the Picts, either completed Constantin's church or built a new one in memory of St. Columba. In any case, some of the relics of the great Abbot were brought to Dunkeld, and gave additional sanctity to the place. The monastic foundation, thus strengthened, continued to flourish till the time of Alexander I., who in 1107

[1] *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. pp. 290-1.
[2] *Ibid.*, vol. ii. p. 291.

created the Bishopric of Dunkeld, and appointed Cormac, the Abbot of the monastery, the first occupant of the see.[1]

After describing the general appearance of the district around Dunkeld, Billings observes: 'The chief individual ornament of the scene is the Cathedral, with its grey square tower rising up from a vast mass of trees, which cluster round and shade the ruined church.[2] The building which, like the monastery, was dedicated to St. Columba, belongs to a later time than that of King Alexander. Its choir, which was rebuilt in the beginning of last century, shows some traces of thirteenth century work, but the structure dates mainly from the fifteenth century.[3]

In his *Lives of the Bishops of Dunkeld*,[4] Alexander Myln, who was Canon of Dunkeld early in the sixteenth century, and afterwards Abbot of Cambuskenneth, and first President of the College of Justice, gives some interesting particulars regarding St. Columba's connection with the Cathedral. He says: 'There was over against the great altar a piece of painting representing the twenty-four miracles of St. Colme, and overhead of this two statues of that saint.' This painting was executed during the time of Thomas Lauder, who was bishop from 1450 till 1481. The saint's name occurs in the bishop's epitaph—the translation of which is as follows: 'Christian people, pour out your joyful prayers for Thomas Lawder, your teacher. Do, O Virgin, give him the name of Saint, and let St. Thomas be placed near the good St. Colme in heaven.'

George Brown, who was appointed bishop in 1484, procured three large bells for the Cathedral, one of them having the name of St. Colme. Bishop Brown showed himself a strong believer in the power of St. Columba's relics, for when a pestilence broke out in the district he had recourse to them

[1] *Celtic Scotland*, vol. ii. pp. 368, 370.

[2] *Baronial and Ecclesiastical Antiquities of Scotland.*

[3] MacGibbon and Ross's *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 31.

[4] A translation appears in the *Transactions of the Perth Literary and Antiquarian Society*, pp. 30-68.

to cure the sick. When the plague attacked the Cathedral tenants at Caputh, five miles from Dunkeld, he sent to them by the chancellor some consecrated water in which the saint's bones had been dipped. Myln relates that 'many did drink, and were cured.' But he adds: 'There was one forward fellow among them who said to the chancellor, "For what does the bishop send us water to drink? I could wish he had sent some of his best ale." But he and the rest to the number of thirty who refused to drink the water died of the plague, and were buried in one grave.' In 1508 James IV., for the special devotion which he had to the glorious confessor, St. Columba, granted a confirmation of certain lands to the said George, Bishop of Dunkeld, and his successors in the see.[1]

During Bishop Brown's episcopate David Meldrum, rector of Blair in Atholl, presented to the Cathedral altar several sacred vessels, including a pot adorned with an image of St. Columba, who is described as his guardian saint. He also adorned St. Columba's shrine in the parish church of St. Andrews. The fair at Dunkeld was kept on St. Columba's Day, the ninth of June.

The 'Seal of Causes' of the chapter of Dunkeld bears 'a figure of St. Columba with the nimbus, in pontifical vestments, sitting on a plain throne, his right hand raised and his left holding the crosier. At each side of the bishop is a half-length figure of an angel waving the thurible, and the words "St. Columba." "S' Capituli Dunkeld ad Causas et cetera negocia."'[2] When commenting on this seal the Marquess of Bute observes: 'Care should be taken in representing him to do nothing to favour any idea that Columba was a bishop, and also to give him not the Roman but the Celtic tonsure, and not the crosier but the pastoral staff.'[3] The counter seal of the Sigillum Commune or Common Seal of the chapter has among other devices, 'Within a Gothic

[1] *Exchequer Rolls*, vol. xiii. p. 53 n.
[2] Laing's *Catalogue of Ancient Scottish Seals*, vol. i. p. 181.
[3] *The Arms of the Baronial and Police Burghs of Scotland*, p. 187.

niche a figure of St. Columba in pontifical vestments, sitting on a throne formed of two wolves, the head and forelegs of which project at the sides.[1]

III. Cramond

The third link in the chain is Cramond on the Firth of Forth, where the church was dedicated to St. Columba, and a spring was named after him. This spring is mentioned in a charter of 1601 as a landmark in the topography of the district. Nether Cramond was granted by David I. (1124-1153) to Robert Avenel, an English baron, and was by the latter transferred to the see of Dunkeld. Nether Cramond came to be known in consequence as Bishop's Cramond, while the other portion of the ancient manor went by the name of King's Cramond. St. Columba's church, which stood near the mouth of the Almond, was a mensal church of the bishops. The cure was served by a vicar appointed by them.[2] The bishops had a residence at Nether Cramond. The ancient ivy-crowned tower, still standing to the height of nearly fifty feet in the private grounds of Cramond House, is believed to be part of their palace. Messrs. MacGibbon and Ross remark: 'Almost no details remain to enable the date of the tower to be fixed; but, so far as can be gathered from the existing features, it seems to be of the earlier part of the sixteenth century.[3] A chapel now demolished once stood at the west end of the tower.

Richard de Praebenda, chaplain to William the Lyon, both before and after the latter became king, was consecrated Bishop of Dunkeld about 1170, and died some three or four years later at Cramond.[4] He was interred on the island of Inchcolm, which later became the burial-place of more than one Bishop of Dunkeld. The body of Bishop Richard of

[1] Laing's *Catalogue*, vol. i. p. 181.
[2] *Caledonia*, vol. ii. p. 792.
[3] *The Castellated and Domestic Architecture of Scotland*, vol. iii. pp. 432-5.
[4] Keith's *Catalogue of Scottish Bishops*, p. 74.

Innerkeithing, who died in 1272, was buried at Dunkeld, but his heart was deposited in the north wall of the choir of the church, which he had built in connection with the monastery on the island.

IV. Inchcolm

The last link in the Columban chain like the first is an island. Icolmkill begins the series and Inchcolm ends it. There is, however, a difference. The former island was associated with the personal work of St. Columba, but there is no proof that the latter was ever visited by him. What we do know is that, in 1123 A.D., a hermit, who specially devoted himself to the cultus of the Saint, lived on the island in a cell which still exists. Alexander I., who, as we have already seen, created the Bishopric of Dunkeld, was storm-stayed on the island of Inchcolm for three days, and enjoyed the hospitality of the hermit whose simple fare consisted of shell-fish and the milk of a cow. In his distress at sea the king had invoked the aid of St. Columba; and, as a thank-offering for his rescue from shipwreck, he founded a monastery for Augustinian canons on the island, and dedicated it to the Saint.

The existing monastic buildings, of which the octagonal Chapter House forms such an interesting feature, were not begun till about a century after Alexander's time, and did not reach completion till a considerably later date. The Lady Chapel was added early in the fifteenth century. The hermit's cell is situated at the north-west angle of the monastery garden, and 'consists of an irregular stone building, measuring internally 15 feet 7 inches in length on the north side and 17 feet on the south side, by a width of 6 feet at the east end and 5 feet at the west end. The height from the floor to the spring of the arch is 4 feet 8 inches, and to the crown of the arch 8 feet.'[1]

[1] MacGibbon and Ross's *Ecclesiastical Architecture of Scotland*, vol. iii. p. 309. *Vide* also Sir J. Y. Simpson's paper on 'The Cell' in the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. ii. pp. 489-528.

The Inchcolm monastery was pillaged twice by the English in the fourteenth century. On both occasions St. Columba was believed to take vengeance on the invaders,—the first time by raising a great storm, the second time by causing the vessel containing the booty to sink suddenly in a calm sea. Stewart, in his *Metrical Version of Boece's Chronicles*, speaks of

> 'Sanct Colmis kirk within the se that stude
> Into ane yle richt far within the flude,
> Ane Inglis schip come to that ile ane da,
> And spulzeit all that plesand fair abba.'[1]

On another occasion the monastery was set fire to by an incendiary, but the flames were miraculously extinguished by its patron saint.

> 'So be the vertu of that halie man
> Sanct Colme, his kirk fra birning chaipit than.'[2]

Such beliefs are interesting, especially when we remember what power over the elements was attributed to St. Columba by Adamnan, who says: 'Let the reader think in what and how great honour our illustrious patron was held by God, seeing that, while he was yet in this mortal flesh, God was pleased at his prayer to quell the storms and to calm the seas . . . and the gales of wind arose as he wished.'[3] The Columban island on our west coast, and the Columban island on our east coast are brought together in thought by Billings when he remarks regarding Inchcolm: 'Though the light-grey walls of the ruin are distinctly visible in clear weather from the streets of Edinburgh, and from the villages that line the Firth, Iona itself has not an air of stiller solitude.'

The above four sites are thus connected historically with one another, and all of them have associations with St. Columba.

[1] P. 336.
[2] P. 407.
[3] *Life of St. Columba*, p. 100.

THE GLENMASAN MANUSCRIPT

PROFESSOR MACKINNON

GAELIC TEXT

[a]TORAIGECHT[1] TANA BO FLIDAISE ANN SO.[a]

Cid tra acht do toglad agus do h-airged dun[b] Oilella Finn. Agus do roindsed an sluagh a tri íad as a h-aithle sin .i. a trian fa Meidb d'a mor-coiméd,[c] agus an trian eile fá Fergus go Moin Duine h-Aengain ar cenn na Maile Flidaise, agus an trian eile fa Lugaid mac Conroí ar cenn na tána co Glenn Mughaidhi áit ar mughaiged moran do mhaithib fer n-Eirenn les in n-Gamhanraid.

Is ann sin do chuala[d] Domnall Dualbuidhe an cath do chur, agus a mac do marbadh con a maithib,[e] agus a dhún[f] do thoghail, a shéoid[2] agus a mhaine agus a mna do breth úadha[g] d'feruib Eirenn. Agus do ghab ag égaine a mic agus acc tabairt a tesmolta, agus adubairt[h]:

Column 88.

'Mór an béd bás Ailella,
Aird-ri iartair na h-Elga[i];
Sochaide do cuir a snim,
Bá maith a gnim a tennta.

'Bá cóir Eiri iat(h)-lethan
Aige idar righ as ruirech;
A seóid is a h-ilmaine,
Do iméradh gan fhuirech.

[a–a] omits. [b] uilí dunadh agus cathair. [c] omits. [d] atcuala. [e] muindtir. [f] dunad. [g] omits. [h] adds in laig and. Y.B.L. p. 340. [i] Eorpa.

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[1] The *Táin bó Flidaise*, as given in this MS., ends here. It is seen to be quite different from the *Táin bó Flidais*, which at one time formed one of the *remscela* of the *Táin bó Cúalgne*, and which is printed by Professor Windisch from LL. and Eg. in *Ir. T.*, vol. ii. p. 208 *et seq.* What follows in this MS. is the *Toraigheacht* or 'pursuit' by the *Gamhanraidh* for the recovery of the *Tain*. It will be observed that the title *Toraigheact Tana bo Flidaise* is not given in Y.B.L. *Tain* is 'driving,' 'raid,' especially of cattle, occasionally as below (p. 107, n. 2), and also in the modern language, used for 'herds' simply. *Tòir*, *tòraigheacht* (S. G. *tòrachd*) is the pursuit for

(*Continued from pp.* 26, 27.)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

THE PURSUIT OF THE CATTLE-RAID OF FLIDAIS HERE.

The end of it was that the fort of Oilill the Fair was captured and destroyed. The host was divided in three divisions thereafter: a third was set apart to attend specially to Meave; a third put under Fergus, who went to Dun Engan Moor for the Maol Flidais; and the remaining third under Lugaid, son of Curoi, who proceeded to Glen Mughaighe, where a large number of the chiefs of the men of Ireland were destroyed by the Gamhanraidh, to drive away the cattle.

It was then that Donald Yellowlocks heard of the battle having been fought, of his son with his chiefs having been slain, his fort destroyed, and his cattle and wealth and wives carried away by the Irishmen. And he began to lament his son and to declare his praises, and said:—

'A great calamity the death of Oilill,
The high king of the west of Elga,
Multitudes are in sorrow;
Mighty his arm in times of stress.

'The right to spacious Ireland,
Was his among kings and lords,
His cattle and great wealth
Were carried away hastily.

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the recovery by the proper owners of the *creach* or booty. The words figure largely in Gaelic literature. In the Fernaig MS. *e.g.* we are told that when Death is the Raider, a *tòir* is hopeless. And even the Almighty is spoken of as *Ceannard sluaigh le'm pillear tòir*, 'the Commander of a host by whom the pursuit is driven back' (v. *Trans. of the Gael. Soc. of Inverness*, vol. xi. pp. 322, 331). I. G. *Tóiridhe*, 'pursuer,' yields the English 'tory.'

[2] *sét, seud*, pl. *seòit*, 'a jewel,' frequently denotes 'cow,' cows,' which is very probably the meaning here. In S.G. dialect *a sheòid* is a common greeting to a gay, gallant fellow.

'Maith tech[a] an rígh ro-damaigh,
Maith a teglach gan time;
Imda cúaich as copana,
Sair siar ar fhud a thighi.

'Ceithri cet as ceirt[b] fhiche[1]
Do *cath*aib nochar adhmall[c];
Is ed do nídh a fulang,
[d] An nech do[d] b' inand anmann.

'[e]'S do bí a choibheis eile ann,
Nach ad inand comanmand[e]
. . . . .
. . . . .

'Maith a rath 's a [f]ríghe sen,[f]
A shochraide 's a t-shar shlogh;
An fer sin nochar meblach,
A theaglach do ba lan-mór.'

Mor.

[g]Dala Fergusa immorro. Rainic[g] reime gan fhuirech agus áodairedha agus eolaigh o Fhlidais leis [h]ar cenn na Maile[h] d'á moch-dúscadh. Agus do gabsat rompa laim re Loch Létriach[i] nó go rangadar gus an fothair fír-domain[j] in ar cuired an Maol d'a mór-coimed con a mór-thanaidh,[2] do t-shechna na sluag agus ar teichedh na trom-shochraide. Agus do chuir Fergus a muinntir úadha do tinol na tana go tindesnech, agus do cruinnighset na h-almha agus na h-indile go h-athlam. Agus fuaradar an Maol Flidaise 'n a luide. Agus do badar [k]'g a fhulairemh[k] uirre éirghe [l]do dhenam.[l] Agus nir fhaomh si eirgi ortha. Agus targadar a rís go ro[m] dicra, agus [n]nír eirigh si ortha[n]. Agus do badar an tres fecht [o]'g a fuabairt[o], agus nír fhedsad[p] a cur do lathair a leptachais[q]. Agus tainic Fergus d'a h-indsaigid[r] and sin, oir do[s] b'ingnad leis [3]sódh[t] na sochraide os a cind 'n a comnaidhe. Agus [u]mar do cuala[u] a córughadh, do fhiafraigh[v]

[a] omits. [b] ceart. [c] bhadhmall. [d–d] Neoch ro.
[e–e] Y.B.L. omits this half quatrain. [f–f] righ-eneach. [g–g] Ro gluais Fergus.
[h–h] co h-airm irroibi in Mael. [i] adds . . . raid sin. [j] daingín.
[k–k] ig furail. [l–l] omits. [m] omits. [n–n] ní moidi ro erigh essein.
[o–o] ic fobairt erghi uirthi. [p] adds uilí. [q] adds in lín sin.
[r] d'a n-indsaigid. [s] o ro. [t] seol. [u–u] imar da chualaid. [v] iarfaich.

'Goodly the palace of the king of numerous hosts;
Goodly his household bold and brave;
Many cups and goblets,
East, west, throughout his palace.

'Four hundred and twenty
Battalions active and nimble,
Those who were ranked there,
Were all of like names.

'And there were as many again
Who bore different names.

. . . . .
. . . . .

'Good his fortune and his reign,
His troops and his glorious men;
To him no dishonour clung,
His household was very numerous.'

Great.

As to Fergus: he proceeded forthwith, accompanied by herdsmen and guides from Flidais, to seek the Maol and rouse her up. They went by Lake Letriach and came to the deep dell in which the Maol was put with her large herds, to avoid the hosts and to escape from the numerous troops. Fergus sent his men to gather the cattle quickly together, and they speedily collected the herds and cattle. They found the Maol Flidais lying down. And they were ordering her to rise. She refused. They again urged her vehemently, and still she did not rise. They were pressing her hard for the third time, but they could not remove her from where she lay. Then Fergus approached, for he was amazed at the behaviour of the crowd as they stood over her in her resting-place. And when he heard of the state of matters, he

[1] Ceirt (Y.B.L. ceart) can hardly be for *ceithir*, 'four.' *Ceart fhiche*, I take to be a full score.

[2] *V.* n. 1, *supra*, p. 104.

[3] *Sódh*, for which Y.B.L. has *seól* in the transferred meaning of 'method,' 'way.' The modern *saod* (O. G. *sét*, 'journey,' 'road') is frequently used in the same sense. *Dé* (*an*) *saod a th' ort*, 'In what trim are you?' can be replaced by *Dé 'n seòl a th' ort?* So *Tha mi gu saodail*, 'I am in good form.' *Sógh*, occasionally written *sódh*, means in O. G. as well as in Mod. G. 'luxury.'

d'a h-aithentaib a h-ordughadh. Agus adrubadar[a] nach facadar macsamhla na sádhailechta sin do dhenamh riam[b] di, agus do ba doigh leo gur bí[c] cuma a tigerna [d]do bi 'g a[d] traothad. [e]Ro-dus-tarraid Fergus í, agus tainic[e] co h-ainiardha d'a h-indsaigid[f]. Agus tuc[g] tulgadh d'urlaind a airm innte no co tainicc[h] a h-osnad egcomlainn eisde. Agus buailiss a
Column 89. rís gan fhuirech í, agus ni lugha do closs isi ann sin. Agus buailis an treas feacht go fergach í, agus ni fuair fregra fuirechair uaithi. Acht áen ni chena[i]: tug[j] Fergus naí m-beimenna troma toirrsecha ar tinnenus d'a tó-dúsgadh, co clos fa[k] ceithri h-airdib Erenn uili a h-eigen[l] agus a h-osna géimnech ag a h-ainndeónachadh re h-úaman a h-imána co h-essadail d'a h-íul agus d'a h-orlepthi*b*[m] fir-aithenta fein, co nach raibi cend bruighne[n] no baile do gleire na Gamhanraide nach cúala an cumha[o], agus [p]nach tug[p] aithne ar oighidh Ailella Find[q]. [r]Ar an adhbhar sin gurab[r] e sin toicheastal as treisi do tinoil iad[s] do díghail Aillella Finn[t]. [u]Do fhogair[u] Fergus a h-airlech and sin o nar[v] fháomh an adba sin d'fhagbail fair, no gur gairedar[l] na filidh h-e[w]. Agus adubairt Bricne co n-eireochadh air fein gan fuirech. Agus gellais Fergus comhadha[x] dósan ar a dúscad. Agus atbert[y] and:—

Eírich,[2] a ferb ingantach,[z]
A Maol Flidais lacht milis;
Fágaib Irrus aiten-gharbh;
Óir nír b'ingilt incaithme,
Duitsi [aa]riam an r*uag*[aa] bendach,
Acht mad adhradh Ailill,
Do bregadh do bo thaintedh,
An cein do (f)uair airechas.
O nach mair an milidh sin,[bb]
Do (f)uair tu do turcairte.

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[a] adds sein. [b] adds roime. [c] go roibe. [d–d] iga.
[e–e] Agus tanic Fergus fein. [f] adds and sein. [g] tugastair.
[h] tuc. [i] omits. [j] tugasdar. [k] im.
[l] h-eigheam. [m] h-oirr-sleibtib. [n] brugh. [o] comartha sin.
[p–p] go tucsat. [q] omits. [r–r] is. [s] adds i toraidhecht na tana agus.
[t] indistinct. [u–u] Ro obair. [v] nachar. [w] fair.
[x] cuma mor. [y] adds Bricne na briathra-sa. [z] ingnathach.
[aa–aa] sliabh a ruag. [bb] Here Y.B.L. ends.

requested those usually about her to order her up. They said that they never saw her act in this listless manner before, and that they believed it was grief for her lord that prostrated her. Fergus approached her, and angrily attacked her. He gave her a thrust with the hilt of his weapon, when she groaned because of the injurious treatment. He struck her again incontinently, and yet she did not move. He struck her the third time with passion, still she did not give heed to him. But one thing: Fergus struck the cow nine heavy, grievous blows quickly in succession to rouse her up. Over the four airts of Ireland her bellow and lowing groans were heard as they were forcing her to leave her accustomed haunts and face the terrors of being violently driven away. There was not a lord of mansion or stead of the chivalry of the Gamhanraidh but heard the moan and became aware of the violent death of Ailill the Fair. Whence it was that this was the strongest muster they made to avenge Ailill the Fair. Fergus ordered his men to beat her, seeing that she refused to leave her resting-place at his instance, in case the poets would laugh at him. Then Bricne said that the cow would rise forthwith at his bidding. Fergus promised presents to him for rousing her up. And Bricne spoke thus:—

Rise, marvellous cow,
Maol Flidais whose milk is sweet;
Leave Erris with its rough furze,
For it never provided pasture fit for you,
On its red (?) precipices,
Only your devotion to Ailill (made it endurable);
Your herdsmen were beguiled,
While he lorded it there.
Seeing that the warrior no longer lives,
Your days of plenty (?) are also gone.

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[1] One should expect here *aoiredar*, 'satirize,' rather than *gairedar*, 'laugh at.' But even the laugh of the poets would be unbearable to Fergus.

[2] This is the third and last *retoric* or *run* of the Tale. Glenmasan marks the 'breaks' or lines in a number of cases by a period. The archaic diction of the runs is a constant feature, but different from the purposely obscure diction which the bards sometimes used, as in Bricne's song (vol. i. p. 306), when the satirist meant to puzzle the Gamhanraidh.

Na bi fesda a fuair-sleiphtib ;
Eirg romainn sa rím-slighidh,[1]
Go ría Cruachain cladh-uaine.
Uair tic ainder Ailella
Lind d'ar tigh do'n turus-a ;
Uair más fhír as aon toicthe,
Tusa agus si a sith-broghaib.
Canfad-sa do comhadha,
O Fhergus do'n dula-sa :
Ro-t-fía magh n-Aéi an Fhinn-bennaigh,[2]
Re caithem re cuartugadh cuibde ritsa,
A rí-tulcha a mhachaidh fá d' mor-táintib.
Anaiarcuil[3] anaibhind d'adhr*adh* tareis Ailella.
Mas egail let lú a thoing[4] d'fhagbail d'armaib,
Na fuirigh re fergugadh deigh mic Rosa,
Acht rim eirig.

Da eirig as a h-adba gan fuirech ann sin re briathraib
Column 90. Bricni. Agus do timcill an Dubloinges an tain go tinnesnach, agus do cuirset rompa iat laim re Loch Letriach agus d'innsaige Glenna maol-tulcha Mughaighthi a comdail Medba agus Oilella agus mait(h)e chostaidh an caomh-sluaig.

Dala Luigdech mic Conroi agus trín t-shluag fer n-Erenn. Do airgset sein deiscert Irrais co leir o Leitir Fhidhaig co Glenn Mudhaige. Agus do uair sen tennta anbail im na h-airgnib sin. Oir rugasdar Muredach Menn mac Oilella Finn agus Clanna Fhind agus gleire na Gamanraide o Cruachan Oighle uile forra. Agus do mharbsat moran do maithib a muintere im Shencan m-Beg agus im Shencan Mór agus im dha boaire do muinntir Meadba, agus ní tugsad acht tuairsena[5] bega do na h-édalaib uatha a cenn fher n-Eirenn.

Do gabsat fir Eirenn aon longport ann sin. Agus lenais Muredhach Mend Lugaid mac Conroí go lár longpuirt fer n-Eirenn an adaig sin, agus do gab ac forbaisi go maidin ar

[1] I take *rím* here to be for prím, as in *T. B. C.* (*v.* rim echlach) and elsewhere.

[2] The *Finn-bennach*, 'white-horn,' is no doubt Oilill of Cruachan's famous bull which figures so conspicuously in the *Táin Bó Cúalgne*. A white horn nowadays is rather a demerit with cattle fanciers.

[3] I have not met the word elsewhere.

[4] Perhaps *lúa thoing* ; in either case an expression obscure to me. Cf. S. G. *spadag*, 'a mild thrust,' in dialect 'a hasty swear.'

Remain no longer on these cold hills
But accompany us on our royal road,
To Cruachan of the green haughs.
For the wife of Ailil also comes,
With us on this journey;
And if report be true,
You and she came together out of fairy dwellings.
I shall declare the terms
Which Fergus now offers you,
Magh Aei where 'Whitehorn' dwells will be your home,
To feed upon and consort with him;
Over its kingly knolls and swards, surrounded by your numerous (subject) herds
Lonely (?) and joyless your devotion now that Ailill is gone.
If you fear . . . the weapons of Fergus,
Bide not the wrath of the stout son of Ros,
But rise at my bidding.

The (Maol Flidais) left her dwelling without further delay at Bricne's solicitation. The Dubloinges gathered the herds speedily, and drove them in front of them by Lake Letriach to the round knolls of Glen Mughaighe to meet Meave and Oilill and the sturdy chiefs of the kindly host.

As to Luigdech, son of Curoi, and the third of the men of Ireland's host: they harried the whole of Southern Erris from Letter (slope) Fidach to Glen Mudhaighe. And they experienced very great hardship in these forays. For Muiredach the Stammerer, son of Oilill the Fair, and the clans of Finn and the chivalry of the Gamhanraidh from every part of Cruachan Oighle caught them up. And they slew many of the chiefs of their people, as also Senchan the Little and Senchan the Big and two cow-lords of Meave's people, and they were able to carry along with them only small remnants (?) of the herds to the (camp of the) Irish host.

The men of Ireland made their chief camp there. And Muiredach the Stammerer pursued Lugaid son of Curoi that night to the very centre of the Irish camp, and continued

[5] *tuairsena*: the word is unknown to me, but the context suggests the meaning.

an mor-sluag. Agus as i an adaig sin do marb airfidech Ailella agus Meadba .i. Legan Droí. Agus as amhlaid so do uair sen a . . .[1], uair as and do bi a luighe agus a lepthachus ider imdaid Ailella agus Meadba sa mor-pupall. Agus do chuala Muredhach e a fir-dered aidce, agus sé a cantain ciuil agus airdfide d'Oilill agus do Meidb agus timpan[2] álainn órdhaidhe aige. Agus do aithin Muiredhach Mend gurab a pupall Meadba agus Oilella do bi. Agus cuiris laimh fà'n or-shleigh co h-athlamh, agus leigis d'indsaige an pupaill go soighnenta an sleig, go n-dechaid an craisich tres an aidhbh-ciúil agus tré ucht-bruinne an oirfidich gur fhágadh gan anmain san inad sin e. Agus do eirich Meadb go moch d'á midemhain, agus badar cach uile 'g a egaine. Agus do chuir a bás go mór ar Meidb. Agus do fhurail a fert do claide, agus adbert and :—

'Leagan Droí !
Sochaide bias ig a caí ;
Do gellus do ig techt ar cel,
Go roicfed a teg aroi.

'Farir ! ni roicfe go brath,
Legan tar cach d'a thigh fein ;
Ar n-airfidech is ar n-droí,
Do nimáis ar sai do reir.

'Ar a cothram do'n or derg,
Ní treigfinn fer na cerd n-glan ;
Column 91. Ló co n-oidce fa cra ruadh,
Agus uir ar a gruad n-geal.

'O tanic Muradach Meann,
Do loit-se co teann (a)n t-saí ;
Minic do gabais dam dán
D'o b'é mo grad Légan Draí.'

Legan Drai.

Imtusa Ceit moir mic Magach do berar os aird. Do an sedéin tareis b-fer n-Erenn is in ármaig ac adlacadh a mac

[1] The word is illegible in the MS.
[2] For notices of *timpan* in Gaelic literature, cf. Mann and Cust., vol. iii. p. 359.

attacking the whole host until the morning. That was the night in which he slew Legan the Wizard, Oilill and Meave's musician. And this was the manner of his (slaying). His sleeping quarters were between the apartment of Ailill and of Meave in the royal tent. Muiredach heard him in the very end of the night, chanting music and minstrelsy to Oilill and Meave on a beautiful golden *timpan*. Muiredach knew that it was in Oilill and Meave's tent (the musician) lodged. He forthwith grasped his golden spear and with lightning speed hurled it at the tent, when it pierced the musical instrument and the breast of the artist so that he was killed outright where he lay. Meave rose early to view him, and all were lamenting him. His death greatly affected Meave. She ordered his grave to be dug, and recited (the lay):—

'Legan Drai!
Many will mourn for him;
I promised him when coming to his death,
That he would reach his home again.

'Alas! never more shall Legan return
To his own house again;
Our musician and our wizard,
Whom we also made our sage.

'For his weight of red gold,
I would not part with the master of the delightful arts.
But now, day and night under red clay,
And mould over his pale cheek.

'When Muiredach the Stammerer came,
He wounded fatally the sage;
Often did he sing a song to me,
He was my darling, Legan Drai.'

Legan Drai.

The adventures of the great Cet son of Magach are given here. He remained on the field behind the men of Ireland,

et seq. O'Curry regards the *timpan* a stringed instrument, a species of the *cruit* or 'harp.' The word is sometimes translated 'lute.' Cf. *Ir. T.*, vol. iv. *timpanach*, 'lute player.'

agus a dalta. Agus mar tairnic dó a b-fert[1] do cláidi, da gluais roime ar lorg b-fer n-Erenn. Agus is i búaidris cum*oil* ar ar cinn beith ag airrlech fer n-Erenn gan an*ad* ar ath*aib* agus ar asraisib[2] Irruis. Tarrlatar do triar miled morchalma do muinntir Meadba .i. Eígnec Beg agus Eignec Mor agus Siadal mac Sirt*acht*air. Agus do drorcratar a triúr le Cet. Agus adered Cet gurab a richt na tóra do marb*adh* uili iat. Agus do bid ag greasacht na Gamannraidi a n-iarmoracht fer n-Erenn d'a n-óirrlech gur trían trasgarta agus toraigechta do na sluagaib uile h-é 'n a aenar.

Is ann sin do eirigh Domnall Dualbhuidhi con a degbuidhnib o Dún Tuaithi sin toraigecht da digail an aird-rig Ailella Finn ar áirsedaib Erenn. Agus do cu(i)r fis ar gach leith do greasacht na Gamannraidi in a lenmain do dígail Oilella Finn ortha. Agus nir furigh féin re fregartaib acht ránic in a réim theann thóraigechta d'innsaige b-fer n-Erenn gan furech nó co rangatar co h-airm a raibi Oilill agus Fergus agus Meadb agus maithi b-fer n-Erenn a(r) chena, agus siád in a cathaib coirighti ar toigecht d' Fergus agus do maithib Erenn con a airgnib agus con a edalaib leo d' a n-innsaige agus an Máel Fhlidais aca. Agus do sáil Meadb nach fuigbed a lorgairecht na a lenmain ac fagbail an tiri[3] do'n turas sin, o dorochair Oilill Finn 'na áenar, agus d'éis an daingin do gabustar ar an Gamannraid.

Dála na Gamannraidi: Nochar congbatar a combuide ris na cathaib o d' cúalatar tasg a tigerna gan éirge d'á digail ortha. Agus ranic Domnall Dúalbuide re cach con a cuanairt cuctha. Agus ro leigestar aonchu[4] echtach fhír-néimnecha anaichnid d'a n-innsaige con a caéga do conaib confadacha calma 'n a coimidecht. Agus do mesg sein co soinnib[5] ar na
Column 92. sluagaib gur b'eigin d'feraib Eirenn a n'-aighthi d'impódh a

[1] The *b* is written above the line.

[2] *asraisib*: the translation 'passes' is conjectural.

[3] The reader will note that here, as in one or two other places in the MS., *tìr* is still neuter.

[4] *aonchu* and below *onchu*, *dobur-chu*. *Onchu* is frequently translated 'leopard': *dobur-chu*, 'water-dog,' is generally rendered 'otter.' The dim. of *dobur*, *dobhran* was the common name for the otter, to judge by the topography, in the West High-

burying his sons and fosterlings. When their graves were made he moved forward in the track of the men of Ireland. In following our steps he was much hampered by the incessant attack on the men of Ireland and the holding of them up at the fords and passes of Erris. Three very brave warriors of Meave's people fell in with him, Eignech Little and Eignech Big and Siadal son of Sirtachtar. The three fell by the hand of Cet. And Cet said that he slew them all by mistaking them for the pursuers. He pressed the Gamhanraidh in their pursuit of the men of Ireland so hard that he alone constituted a third of the smiting force in the pursuit.

Then Donald Yellowlocks with his stout troops from Dun Tuath joined in the pursuit to avenge the high king Ailill the Fair on the veterans of Ireland. He sent messengers everywhere urging the Gamhanraidh to follow him to avenge Oilill the Fair. He himself did not wait for their reply, but went forward in close, persistent pursuit of the men of Ireland until he reached the place where Oilill, Fergus, Meave, and all the chiefs of the men of Ireland were, arranged in orderly battalions, after Fergus and the chiefs of Ireland, with the (collected) plunder and booty and the Maol Flidais, joined them. Now Meave thought that they could not be tracked or followed in leaving the country on that march, seeing that Oilill the Fair alone fell, and that her covenant with the Gamhanraidh was so firm.

As to the Gamhanraidh. After they heard of the fate of their lord, they did not keep their compact with the troops, but proceeded (at once) to avenge him. Donald Yellowlocks was the first to overtake (the Irish host) with his pack of hounds along with him. And he set loose upon them a powerful, ferocious, strange wolf-dog with fifty fierce, courageous dogs along with it. These eagerly attacked the hosts so that the

lands in the past. Nowadays the name is usually *beist-dubh* or *beist-donn*. For the use by the Gael of the great wolf-hound in war, cf. vol. iii. p. 153 *et seq.*

[5] *Soinnib.* Cf. *T. B. C.*, p. 587, dochodaisin co *soindim* sogenda remond isin teach.

n-ain(fh)echt ortha re med an greama gáibthigh gúasachtaigh do chuirsit na h-oncoin orra. Is amhlaidh do badar agus teglach Domnaill go deinmnedach ig a n-díth agus ig a n-dícennad gach laech do ledraidís d'óccaib Eirenn. Ránic Fergus agus a Dubloinges d'edrain fer n-Erenn ortha, nó gur comrac dó agus do na conuib acetoir. Agus is amlaid tanic Fergus in a charpat chuca, agus rugastar onchú duaibsech derlaigtech Domnaill sit(h)e [1] dícra deg-thapaidh d'innsaige Fergusa ar n-á fhaigsin sa charpat. Agus eirghis Fergus go fuirechair d'á fregra agus Fergarb .i. ara Fergusa, re h-aighidh. Agus lingis chuca sa charpat gan fhéghadh d'a n-armaib. Agus mar do togaib Fergus a lam le a arm*a* d'á indsuigid, geisid an carbat faei, o nar ful*aing* nert an trir trein-calma a n-enfecht fair, gor brisiter a rotha agus a fersde agus a fuilnge [2] a n-oeinfecht. Mar nach fuair Fergus inad comnert cothaighte is in carpat ro lingestar lé a arma as. Agus mar do b'ail le laecraid a lenmain tucastar an ónchú fab*airt* fuacdha fichmar fir-neimnech d'á fastoigib ar Fer-n-garb, go tarla [3] cael a cholla in a cráos fíaclach co coimnert, gur sgarustar a chend re coluinn. Agus mar nach fuair Fergus in a farrad saithis ar na h-echaib d'a n-airlech, no gur fagsat a n-anam re h-athgairit aige. Suaill nar maidm d' fer(aib) Erenn o t' conncatar Fergus d'fagbail a carbait gan cotugadh. Ro marbsat muinntir Domnaill agus na dobur-coin agus cet tinol ġaisgedach na Gammannraide morán leis in mael*adh* sin do muinntir Meadba agus Oilella agus Fergusa, co tugsat esbada agus áinigin [4] imdha orrtha. Ba náir le Fergus an fill*ed* sin, agus impoduis a ris do chum an carbait combruiti do fagais d'a eisi. Agus atconnairc a ara agus a ec(h)rada ar n-a n-athcoma do coin Domnaill. Agus rug fein fairgsi buada uirte, agus do
Column 93. (cu(i)restar a laim fa'n manais d'a mugugadh, co tuc urc(h)-ar

[1] *Sithe*, S. G. *sitheadh*, 'a shooting, darting motion.' The three quickest of such in the sea were, in Gaelic phrase, those of the lobster, the mackerel, and the seal: *sitheadh giomaich, sitheadh rionnaich, sitheadh ròin*; and it would seem that the lobster could out-distance the seal; *ach giomach beag nan casa cama, an rudha dh' aindeoin thar an ròin*, 'but the little lobster with its crooked claws will pass the point, in spite of him, before the seal.'

men of Ireland were forced forthwith to face them because of the furious and dangerous grip with which the wolf-dogs seized them. They and Donald's soldiers were with ardour destroying and beheading each warrior of the men of Ireland whom they fell upon. Fergus and the Dubloinges went to shield the men of Ireland from them, and he and the wolf-dogs fought forthwith. . Fergus went in his chariot, and when a specially dangerous and powerful wolf-dog of Donald's saw him in the chariot it made a fierce and very sudden spring at him. Fergus with Fergarbh (Rough-man) his charioteer stood watchfully to meet the attack. The dog disregarding their weapons sprang into the chariot. When Fergus raised his weapon to deliver a blow, the chariot gave way under him, for it was not able to sustain the weight of the three powerful individuals at one and the same time, and its wheels and shafts and axles broke right away. When Fergus could not obtain a firm foothold in the chariot he leapt out, carrying his weapons with him. And when his warriors followed him the dog made an angry, fierce, and venomous rush with her teeth at Fergarbh. She caught the small of his body (*i.e.* his neck) firmly in her big-fanged, open mouth, and tore his head from his body. And when she failed to find Fergus near she seized on the horses, attacked them furiously, and killed them forthwith. When the men of Ireland saw Fergus leaving his chariot unsupported, panic almost seized them. Donald's people, and the dogs, and the first muster of the heroes of the Gamhanraidh slew a great many of the followers of Meave and Oilill and Fergus in that scare, and wrought many losses and disasters upon them. Fergus felt shamed at the check he experienced, and turned back again to the broken chariot, which he had abandoned. He found his charioteer and horses mangled by Donald's dog. He gave a look of triumph at her, and grasped his spear to

[2] The word I have not elsewhere seen, the meaning here is not in doubt.

[3] MS. repeats *co tarla.*

[4] *áinigin* evidently *an* with intensive force and *éigin*: hence 'outrage.' Cf. *aíniccin*, *supra*, vol. ii. p. 304.

at(h)lam urmaisnech d'a h-innsaigid, co n-dechaid an cráisech tré n-a cend, cor cuirestar a talmain trithi ar n-a tredad, cor fágad a h-anmain is in inad sin.

Ro impo Fergus in lucht deabta agus imgona uatha uili gur comairligh*ed* aca ann sin a n-aisder agus a n-uideadha a lorg agus a. . . [1] Agus tugatar an agaid uile rompa d'fagbail Irruis Dómnann gan dícheall. Do gab Fergus agus an Dubloinges deredh ar feruib Erenn. Nir cian rangatar ar an re(i)m sin in tan atconncatar merge Domnaill ar derg-lasadh i n-a n-deghaidh. Agus rainicc an Gamhanraidh a n-en inadh 'n a ur-thimcheall in a chorthibh crithneach caoir-nemneach do dighail Oilella Finn ar feraib Eirenn. Agus gressis Fergus in Dubhloingis co defreach a n-agaid Domnaill. Et tucsat an Dubloinges glun re gliaid do'n Gamunraid nach roiched feidm tendta na toraidhechta ar feraib Erenn úath*a* do coimet einigh Fergusa. Agus tucsat a n-aighte le ceili ar Domhnall gur caithset *cath* craisich do'n *cet* frais ris in cath-milid. Agus ro co n-gaib-sium a sgiath gan scuchadh a h-áin inadh ré n-agaid, go tarla an *cath*-manáis gan melladh is in moir-sgeith. Agus do fregradar teglach an trén-righ an tidhlucadh sin, no gor caithsed ní do nách ráinic áirim d'á n-armuib ris na h-Ullt*ach*aibh.

De fuagair Fergus uada ann sin o guth mor d'á mil*ed*uib gan airm gun il-faebra do caithim re ceili, acht a legen dosan agus do Domnall cotugadh calma do denamh ar in laithir sin re ceili, o 's a(nn) lesin do toit mac Domnaill. Ro sguirsit a muinntir an uair sin ar Fergus, agus do b'egen do'n Gamhanraid sgur do'n debaid ar Domnall. Do reidiged laithir fairsing imbualta d'on laechraid sin ar *go festa*éis fein com*lann* a ceile, oir ba maith le Fergus feidm dana dur-neimneach Domnaill do dingbad d' feraibh Erenn do'n dul*a* sin, agus ba dícra le Domnall fobairt oirl*ich* Fergusa do digail Oilella Finn fair. Ro caithset a cath-airm comfhuacdha re a ceili mar b*udh* clechtad do na curadhaib, agus nir d*er*csad na h-airm ortha re
Column 94. deirrideacht a n-eididh agus a n-u(a)cht-comdaig.[2] Agus ro

[1] Word scraped out in MS.

[2] Over *o* is written *no u*, 'or *u*.'

crush her. He made a quick, well-aimed cast at her, when the spear entered her head, and, after piercing it, fixed itself in the ground, so that her life left her in that spot.

Fergus compelled the whole of those who fought and harassed them to retreat, and then they deliberated as to their journey and marches, their routes and . . . They all proceeded to leave Erris-Domnann without delay. Fergus and the Dubloinges kept in the rear of the men of Ireland. They were not long on the march when they saw Donald's banners gleaming red in pursuit of them. The Gamhanraidh went and joined him at one place in quivering and blazing-venomous battalions to avenge Oilill the Fair on the men of Ireland. Fergus urged the Dubloinges to make all haste to meet Donald. The Dubloinges stoutly opposed the Gamhanraidh in order to prevent the effective force of the pursuers from getting at the men of Ireland, and (thus) to maintain the honour of Fergus. They attacked Donald in a body, and in the first brush hurled a battle spear at the stout warrior. He, without moving from the spot on which he stood, raised his shield, and the broad battle spear with sure aim hit the great shield. The mighty king's followers met that charge, and hurled weapons without numbers and with deadly aim against the Ulster men.

Then Fergus in a loud voice ordered his soldiers not to exchange weapons or blades with the enemy, but to leave him and Donald to make a stout fight on that spot, seeing that it was by his hand that Donald's son fell. Fergus's people then gave way, and the Gamhanraidh were also forced to cease aiding Donald. They cleared a broad, tramped-down space for the heroes on which to fight, for Fergus was anxious to ward off Donald's bold, sternly-venomous might from the men of Ireland at that juncture, and Donald was eager to make a fierce onslaught on Fergus in revenge of Oilill the Fair. Each hurled his battle-weapons furiously at the other as was the habit of the champions, but the weapons made no impression on them because of the proof of their armour and their breast-coverings. Then the (two) battle-

druidset na cath-milid sin re ceili. Do cómdluth*set* a comlann, agus do tuairgset cinn agus sgeith agus cathbairr a ceili co coimdicra, co cualatar cetir h-oll-choigid Erenn uile co coitcend a comtúargain. Agus ro impódar fir Erenn an aighthi ortha d'a mór-fhechain, agus do batar gléire na Gamannraidi, a neoch tanic do cúm na tóraighechta do na tren-feruib, do leith eile an comlainn 'g a coimfeithem, or do bui aca a n-*ur*dálta nach inntób*adh* cechtar dib do'n deabaid sin, ré dicracht a n-dían-buill*e*, agus re h-imfhaicsi a n-urlaidi, agus ré h-aidble a n-esgairdis, agus re fortaml*aigi* (a) fedmann. Ro caithset féin co fraocha fír-nemnech friuchaigb*ech* fuabartach na h-airdheana co coitcenn re ceili, co n-ár fag*aibs*it sgiath gan sgailedh, na luirech gan ledradh, na cathbarr gan claenadh do'n coigeadal sin. Agus nir sguirsit do'n sgainnir gur sgithiged a lama do'n lúamarecht, agus a cosa d'a cothugadh. Agus ger mór na fheadma ro caithset na caith-milid sin re ceili, ni tanic cáor fhola a corp cechtair dib. Agus ro aithnighetar gur tuirrsech fir Erenn ac a n-imfurech, agus fós do gab aith-sgís agus eimealtas iat fén, o nár cumaing cechtar dibh cirr*ed*[1] no crecht(n)ugadh aroili, no gor sgarsat leth ar leth comslán o'n comrac sin.

[1] *ciorram* is the form preserved in S. G. Cf. *na daoine ciurramach*, St. Luke xiv. 13.

soldiers closed with each other. They mutually pressed home their attack, they battered each other's heads and shields and helmets very fiercely, so that the whole of the four great provinces of Ireland heard the din. The men of Ireland turned their faces to gaze at them, and the chivalry of the Gamhanraidh who had joined in the pursuit watched the contest of these mighty men from their side, for they were firmly convinced that neither of the two would give way in that encounter, because of the ferocity of their swift blows, and the wariness of their defence, and the greatness of their enmity, and their overpowering strength. The two wielded their weapons against each other so furiously, viciously, venomously, threateningly, that shields were cleft, and mails hacked, and helmets twisted in that conflict. The fray did not cease until their hands got tired through (prolonged) exertion and their feet failed to support them. And great though the force was with which the battle-warriors smote each other, not a drop of blood was on the body of either. They observed that the men of Ireland were getting impatient as they looked on, and besides exhaustion and lassitude seized themselves, since neither of them was able to wound or maim the other. So they parted from that conflict skin-whole on either side.

(*To be continued.*)

MIDSUMMER EVE

L. M'Manus

On St. John's Eve this year I went with the old woman who lives in the cottage on the bog, to celebrate with the spirits of our ancestors, with Christian and pre-Christian Ireland, the Midsummer of the year. There was no night; darkness did not fall till one hour before the east had brightened again; only an all-pervading grey, blue light that was neither night nor day. A white star showed here and there, high, distant, unregarded in the twilight. A sickle moon, that seemed to have caught herself on the red-brown arm of one of the Scots firs standing by the bog, made no appreciable difference on the scene. We walked through a strange border-land unclaimed as yet by the night. Under every tree lay a black, pool-like shadow across which one might fancy moved the boats of the *Sidhe*. Near by rose their habitation, the steep, tree-crowned rath.

The fire had been lighted on the road where it slopes between two hedgerows—the road that leads to the old friary and St. Aodan's church. It burnt slowly, for the heavy rains had soaked the peat-sods and the logs of wood, holding in its heart the bone whose presence there formed the link with pagan Ireland. The dark smoke rose beaded with sparks, curling high above the hawthorns. Figures of young men and women moved in the shadows, dancing to the notes of the fiddle; children gathered in groups on the bank and their elders looked on at the merriment from under the hedge. We found a place on the crest of the hill, and while the old woman, who could remember sixty Midsummer Eves, began to nod by my side, I watched the 'fire of John's festival,' *teine féile Eoin*, as it is called in an Irish ninth-century manuscript, seizing slowly upon wood and sod. But that fire was older than 'John's festival,' older than the Christian religion. Fires had blazed at the summer solstice a thousand years before the Wise Men followed the star to

Bethlehem, kindled in honour of the sun-god Lugh when the Celts first planted themselves in these isles, and some dim memory of that past and its rites linger among us still.

A young man stood up and gave us a song in Irish in praise of 'a pretty girl milking a cow.' His sister sang one of Raftery's songs, the one he made about this place. Then more dancing followed, and the old woman awaking from her dream, seeing the dancers moving across red gleam and shadow, prayed for the souls of long dead women, recalling the lightness of their feet on Midsummer Eves when she was young. Down there at the end of the road, in narrow beds they were resting, within sound of our laughter and song. It may have been they had stolen up, lured forth by the joy of the night, and she had seen them in her dreams.

An old man, whose birthplace was east of the Shannon, came down the road from his cottage, led out into the summer night by our mirth. 'Connacht robbers,' he had called us when first his destiny had led him hither; but that was after fair or market when the uisgebeagth had touched his brain. We had long forgiven him, and he was loudly welcomed as his halting steps entered the circle of light. Soon his quavering voice rose as he sang a song, and later we gathered round him, as became good manners, when he told a tale. I think we showed more politeness than we would have done to one of our own story-tellers, because, in a measure, we were his hosts, the broad line of the Shannon dividing his province from ours. Then dance followed dance, and songs were sung—some in the traditional style, and stories told, and one rose and spoke of Raftery, the blind, wandering, unlettered poet who had been born amongst us, and had made a song in praise of our woods and fields and bogs, and who when an old man, far from his early home, had longed to be again lying on the sunny slope of our fairy rath. And after that we listened to the strange romance of the 'King of the Red Beard and the Sidhe,' told by *Murchad Beag* (little Murdoch), who was also a fine dancer, short as he was. Indeed when he rose again, and led out a fair-haired

girl to the jig, no other couple could keep up the steps so long, and not till all had been danced down did he release the panting girl, and vanish himself into the shadow of the bank.

At last the fire blazed forth, defeating the element that had claimed its fuel on this immemorial night. It leapt up from a heart of rose and gold in sheets of flame, whitening the hedgerows and throwing a rich glow upon the watchers beneath, suddenly revealing the soul in their eyes. For half in the past, half in the present the faces of the old men and women seemed to say they dwelt, and the burden of memories was upon them.

Into the night grew a feeling of glamour, of enchantment, overhead the stars were pale-gold in the deep, ultramarine sky, no wind stirred, and from east and west and north and south came the sounds of distant voices and music as the summer solstice was celebrated round the countryside. For it was the triumph of the primal life, of fire out of which worlds built themselves, and the sad, stern figure of the prophet who had met Herod without fear, grew dimmer, fading back into distant Palestine. All antique fires seemed gathered there, the sacred fire of the hearth, the light of the Vestals, that fire of Tara which, while it burnt, no other fire in dun or homestead might be kindled, the flame on altars. The dim forms of men with upraised hands thronged round, men in sacrificial robes, men who had been awed by the element, and saw fear in every force of nature, and those whose deeper gaze beheld in the flame the manifestation of a god, and again those who had attained a profounder insight, to whom the fire was but the symbol of the divinity.

The old woman by my side raised her face to the stars. 'Thank God for the night,' she said, 'there is no night in it to-night. It is the fine St. John's Eve, *buideacas le Dia.*' As her head drooped again an old man began to drone a song of many verses, an incantation it might have been, and he the druid waiting for the sun-god, while boys whispered, breaking into half-smothered laughter at their own jokes, and

young men and girls stood grouped in the shadows, and women spoke low in each other's ears. And so another hour passed, and the great fire sank. For a moment the golden sparks danced on the dark as the red logs fell, then the hedgerows blended into the darkness, the figures by the bank grew vague, and night curtained us around.

And, lo! before we had fully realised that the night had fallen there was the dawn. And as the stars were quenched, and the boys leapt over the embers of the fire,—as in far gone ages their forefathers had driven their cattle through—we rose and welcomed the shining face of Lugh.

WALES AND THE BRITONS OF THE NORTH

Professor Anwyl

The object of the present paper is not to attempt an exhaustive account of the Brythonic section of the ancient population of Scotland, but to gather together as many as possible of those scattered links which unite the history of Wales to that of the Ancient Britons of the North, so far as these links are discoverable in the literature of Wales and in documents related to it. It is the hope of the writer that a succinct and accessible account of this kind may be the means of awakening fresh interest in the subject, and be of service as a stimulus and basis to further investigation. In both districts there are questions of great interest, not only in the domain of pre-Roman archæology, but also in the important sphere of the relations of the Roman to the pre-Roman civilisation. The inter-relations of Late-Celtic and Roman culture are deserving of the closest study, if we are to have a true view of Britain in the Roman period, and not less important is research into the lines of 'Roman' trade which affected districts that were not technically within the bounds of the Empire. In both districts, again, there is a good field for study in a comparison of place-names, in spite of the complications produced by Gaelic and English influences in the

south of Scotland. The traces of Brythonic numerals, which have been ably investigated by Mr. David MacRitchie and others, also deserve attention. In so obscure a subject every ray of light may help to diminish the gloom. Nor is it possible to overlook the evidence that may accrue from the early ecclesiastical history of Wales and Scotland. The name of St. Kentigern alone links Glasgow and St. Asaph; and the students of Welsh hagiology know only too well that this is not by any means the only link between the Christians of Wales and their brethren of the North. In view of the distance between Wales and Southern Scotland, it seems strange that there should be such links, but nothing is clearer to the student of early Welsh literature and of the genealogies of the princely families of Wales than that they are very real. Certain Welsh families whose genealogies have been preserved (as, for example, the pre-Norman genealogies called the 'Harleian'), styled themselves even in the Middle Ages 'Gwyr y Gogledd' or 'The Men of the North,' and the early Welsh poetry which is based on their traditions make the North the chief scene of their exploits. A valuable genealogical document of the Middle Ages (Hengwrt MS. 536) is entitled 'Bonedd Gwyr y Gogledd yw hyn' ('This is the genealogy of the Men of the North'). It may be seen with a translation in Skene's *Four Ancient Books of Wales*, vol. ii. In the same manuscript is contained another document entitled 'Trioedd Arthur a'i wyr' ('The triads of Arthur and his men'), and in this there are the names of several members of the same northern families. There are not a few points of contact also between the oldest Welsh traces of the Arthurian legend and the genealogies in question.

Closely connected, again, with the genealogies are the two manuscripts (A and B) of the Annales Cambriæ, which contain a few references to the affairs of Northern Britain, similar in character to those found in the Irish Annals. For the sake of convenience these references will be given at the outset in chronological order. The portions enclosed in brackets are the additions of MS. B.

1. 573. Bellum Armterid [inter filios Elifer et Guendoleu filium Keidiau; in quo bello Guendoleu cecidit: Merlinus insanus effectus est].
2. 580. Guurci et Peretur [filii Elifer] moritur.
3. 626. Etguin baptizatus est, et Run filius Urbgen baptizavit eum. (This statement is a point of contact with Nennius.)
4. 630. Gueith Meiceren (a mistake for Meicen); et ibi interfectus est Etguin cum duobus filiis suis: Catguollaun autem victor fuit.
5. 644. Bellum Cocboy, in quo Oswald rex Nordorum et Eoba rex Merciorum corruerunt.
6. 866. Urbs Ebrauc vastata est: id est cat Dub gint (*i.e.* the battle of the black heathen, meaning the Scandinavians).
7. 870. Arx Alt Clut a gentilibus fracta est.
8. 946. Strat Clut vastata est a Saxonibus.

These annals also contain the following references to the Picts:—

1. 736. Ougen rex Pictorum obiit.
2. 750. Bellum inter Pictos et Brittones, id est, gueith Mocetauc, et rex eorum Talargan a Brittonibus occiditur. [Teudubr filius Beli moritur.]
3. 776. Cemoyd rex Pictorum obiit.
4. 856. Cemoyth rex Pictorum moritur, et Jonathan princeps Opergeleu moritur.

The references of these Annals to certain Irish personages, who also played a part in the history of Scotland, are of interest.

1. 521. Sanctus Columcille nascitur. Quies sanctae Brigidae.
2. 558. Gabran filius Dungart moritur.
3. 562. Columcille in Brittania exiit.
4. 595. Columcille moritur.
5. 607. [Aidan map Gabran moritur.]
6. 704. Dormitatio Adomnan.

MS. A of the Annales Cambriæ is in the Harleian collection

No. 3859. The Welsh chronicle called 'Brut y Tywysogion' ('The Chronicle of the Princes') also contains a few references which are practically identical with those of the Annales Cambriæ.

1. Ac yna y bu uar6 beli fab elfin (and then died Beli son of Elfin).
2. Ac yna y bu uar6 owein vrenhin y picteit (and then died Owen King of the Picts).
3. Deg mlyned a deugeint a seith cant oed oet crist pan vu y vr6ydyr r6g y brytanyeit ar picteit yg g6eith maes y da6c ac y llada6d y brytanyeit Talargan brenhin y picteit. (Seven hundred and fifty years was the age of Christ when the contest took place between the Britons and the Picts in the battle of 'maes y da6c,' and the Britons slew Talargan, King of the Picts.)
4. Deg ml. a thrugein ac 6yth cant oed oet crist pan vu kat kryn onnen ac y torret kaer alclut y gan y paganyeit. (Eight hundred and seventy was the age of Christ when the battle of 'Kryn onnen' took place, and the fortress of Alclut was destroyed by the pagans.)

With regard to the Annales Cambriæ, it is stated in the Rolls edition that MS. A is written on vellum in octavo. It belongs to the latter part of the tenth or the beginning of the eleventh century, and is found without a title or introduction in the body of a MS. of Nennius. It is followed immediately by the pedigree of Owain son of Howel the Good, who died in 948. MS. B is described in the Rolls edition as bearing the title 'Annales ab urbe condito ad usque A.D. 1286,' and as being a folio MS. written in triple columns in a hand of the thirteenth century without title or introduction. It is found on certain fly-leaves prefixed to an abridged copy of Domesday Book which is now in the Record Office.

In close conjunction with these references from Annals may be taken those furnished by such expanders of the annalistic framework then used for history as Gildas and Nennius. No attempt will be made in the present paper to deal with

any of the critical questions connected with these writers. The first of these, Gildas, is generally called in Welsh mediæval writings Gildas fab Caw, *i.e.* Gildas, son of Caw. Caw (whose name is sometimes Latinised as Caunus) is generally styled Caw o Brydyn, or Caw from Pictland. Caw is also represented as the father of the poet Aneirin, whose name is usually, though less correctly spelt, Aneurin. In Welsh hagiology several of the saints of Anglesey are represented as Caw's children. Sometimes he is said to have ruled over Cwm Cawlwyt, but this name appears only to mean 'the vale of the Blessed Caw,' the adjective 'llwyd,' grey, being frequently used in the older Welsh in the sense of 'blessed.' Returning now to Gildas we find that he tells us that after the departure of the Romans Britain was trodden underfoot by two strange nations, the Picts and the Scots. Against these, he says, the Britons could not hold their own. The combination of the names Picts and Scots is itself not unworthy of attention in the present connection. In consequence of these troubles the Britons are said to have sent messengers to Rome with letters begging with earnest supplications and tears for a host of soldiers to avenge their wrongs, and vowing, if the enemy were driven out of their country, that they would submit for ever afterwards with all their heart to the empire of Rome. Gildas also tells us that the Roman soldiers requested the inhabitants to raise a wall across the island from sea to sea, and to set upon it a sufficient number of soldiers for their protection, and to be a source of terror to the enemies whom they wanted to keep off. But the wall, he says, was made of turf and not of stones, and consequently for a people who were without skill or culture, and without a general to lead them, it was not of much service. It is rather remarkable that it seems to be implied here that the inroads of the Scots as well as the Picts were by land and not by sea. He further says that while that legion was returning home in great joy and jubilation, behold the old enemies again, like ravenous and open-mouthed wolves, grew frenzied with severe famine and leapt over into the fold without a shep-

herd to watch them. In the nineteenth chapter both the Picts and the Scots (apparently in combination) are represented as having rushed ravenously from the boats in which they had sailed over the deep ocean. These two nations, he says, differed to some extent in their habits, but they were both alike in their insatiable desire for the shedding of blood. When they understood that those who aided the Britons had left and refused to return, they took possession more confidently than ever of the whole of the north and of the furthest portions of the land as far as the wall in the place of the previous inhabitants. To oppose these attacks a garrison had been set on the rampart of the Britons, but it was as lacking in energy to fight as it was unfit for flight; it was feeble and cowardly of heart, and was wasting day and night in its foolish watch. The barbarians, too, according to Gildas, were lacking in the clothing of civilisation. He also depicts them as dragging with their hooked weapons the wretched barbarians from the walls and beating them against the ground. The result of the barbarian attacks, he informs us, was that the citizens of Britain were thrown into the utmost disorder and into internal conflicts, until the country lost its whole supply of sustenance. In the twenty-first chapter Gildas describes the Irish marauders as leaving Britain with the intention of again returning, while we are further told that it was then that the Picts first settled on the extreme corner of the island, where they remained plundering and devastating from time to time. Though Gildas does not enter into the detail that one could have wished for as to the relations between the Britons of Wales and those of the North, he evidently keeps his eyes open to events in Wales as well as in the North and names one prince of North Wales, Maglocunos (Maelgwn Gwynedd), the grandson of Cunedda Wledig, a Briton from the North, against whom he inveighs most bitterly. This is all the more remarkable since the Welsh tradition represents Maelgwn Gwynedd as having befriended the family of Caw by giving them land in North Wales.

The writer who next claims our attention is Nennius, whose work is found in several recensions based ultimately on a small work written by a certain 'filius Urbagen.' The name Urbagen appears to be a doublet (with the connecting vowel preserved, possibly as a neutral vowel, written as 'a') of the name Urbgen, the older form of Urien, a prominent member of one of the northern British families. The different recensions show distinctly different topographical interests, as, for example, the North Wales recension and that of Builth. It is highly probable that the older nuclei were written in the North, possibly at Dumbarton or Carlisle. In the work of Nennius there are clearly fragments of a life of St. Garmon (in Latin, Germanus), which incorporated certain local stories from Welsh parishes called after their saint Garmon. One of these churches still bears the name St. Harmons, and is situated in the ancient district of Gwrtheyrnion (or the territory of Gwrtheyrn). It is probably from the account of the association of the name Garmon with this district that the name Gwrtheyrn (Vortigern) came into the life of the saint, and through that channel into Nennius. The lives of the Welsh saints almost always described the relations between the saint and some royal personage, as, for instance, Arthur or Maelgwn. In Eifionydd in Carnarvonshire there is another church dedicated to Garmon, called Llanarmon, and a few miles away, and within the same zone of legend, is the valley called Nant Gwrtheyrn (or the vale of Vortigern). Another district which enters into the topography of Nennius is that of Ial (or Yale), where there is also a Llanarmon, commonly known as Llanarmon yn Ial (or Llanarmon in Yale), while further we have Mass Garmon (the plain of Garmon) near Mold. Very valuable work in the analysis of Nennius has been done by Professor Zimmer in his *Nennius Vindicatus*, and, with special reference to the original nucleus, by Mr. E. W. B. Nicholson.

The references in Nennius which bear upon the present topic are the following :—

1. A reference to the Scots and the Picts as being among

the four nations that inhabit the isle of Britain. The other two nations mentioned are the Saxons and the Britons.

2. A reference to an island on the extreme boundary of Britain, in addition to the Isle of Wight and the Isle of Man. This island is said to belong to the Picts and to bear the name Orcania. These three islands are said to constitute the 'three isles' of Britain, and reference to them under this name is found in the Welsh Triads.

3. Not less than eight hundred years after the arrival of the Latins (or the descendants of Æneas) in Britain, the Picts are said to have come and taken possession of the islands called 'Orcades'; then, rushing out from the islands they devastated many regions and took possession of the parts that are on the left side (*i.e.* on the North, designated in Celtic as 'the left') of Britain, and there, Nennius says, they remain to this day in possession of the third part of Britain. The Scots are represented by Nennius as arriving in Ireland at a later date from Spain. The Britons, he says, arrived in Britain in the third age of the world and the Scots in Ireland in the fourth.

4. The Scots 'who are in the West' are said to have united with the Picts from the North, and to have fought incessantly against the Britons, because the Britons were not accustomed to handle arms.

5. An eponymous ancestor of the men of Scotland (Albanus) is represented along with Francus, Romanus and Britto, as the son of Hessitio, son of Alanus, the first of the sons of Japheth to arrive in Europe.

6. There is a reference to the Wall of Severus, where he is said to have built a wall one hundred and thirty-two miles long from sea to sea across Britain. In the tongue of the Britons that wall, we are informed, was called 'Gwal' (generally given as Guaul). He (Severus) had ordered it to be built between the Britons and the Scots and Picts [the combination should here also be noted] because the Scots from the West and the Picts from the North used to unite to fight against the Britons, since they were at peace with each other.

7. Three times the generals of the Romans were slain by the Britons, but when the Picts and Scots began to interfere with them they sent to ask for help from the Romans.

8. During the reign of Vortigern the fear of the Picts and Scots, the onset of the Romans, and the terror of Emrys (Ambrosius) weighed heavily on them.

9. Hengist asks Vortigern to give to his son and his brother the districts in the North near the wall that is called Gwal in return for their aid in fighting against the Scots. The northern topography and colouring of the story is very remarkable. They (Octha and Ebissa) with their forty ships come at the invitation of Vortigern. The northern topography is seen further where we are told that Octha and Ebissa, after voyaging around the territory of the Picts, plundered the islands of the Orcades, and came and possessed many districts beyond the 'Frenessic' sea ('which is between us and the Scots') as far as the boundaries of the Picts. The wavering of the tradition between the North and the South suggests that we have in the narrative an amalgamation of two separate legends of the Saxon invasion of Britain emanating from North and South Britain respectively. Perhaps there may be some trace of such amalgamation in the reference to the two names of Thanet, the older of which is said to have been Ruoihin or Ruoihm. The name Octha is curiously like the Welsh name Oeth in the name found in Welsh legend as Caer Oeth or the Fort of Oeth.

10. There is a reference to Carlisle as Lugubalia (the Welsh derivative being Lliwelydd from Lugubalium). In one MS. Vortigern is said to have built near this place the fortress of Guasmoric, in English 'Palmcastre.'

11. In the section called 'the Mighty Deeds of Arthur' there is a further reference to Octha as having crossed from the eastern side of Britain to the kingdom of the men of Kent, and it is from him that the men of Kent are said to have sprung.

Without entering into the very difficult question of Arthurian topography, it may be stated that this section

on 'the Mighty Deeds of Arthur,' which is found in some MSS. of Nennius, contains undoubted references to North Britain; for example, Arthur's seventh battle is stated to have been fought in the 'Silva Celidonis,' a form equivalent to the Welsh 'Coed Celyddon,' or the wood of Caledonia. Similarly, it is not improbable that by 'Linnuis' is meant 'Lennox,' in the account of the sixth battle, which is said to have been fought near another river called the 'Dubglas' in that district. The river Tribruit (the Trywrwyd of the Arthurian poem in the Black Book of Carmarthen) is thought by the highest authority on Welsh topography, Mr. Egerton Phillimore, to be the Solway Firth, and the expression 'Tratheu' (for Traetheu) Trywruid (the shores of Trywruid) seems to be not inappropriate to that identification. In another MS. of Nennius there is an addition to the same section about Arthur, wherein it is stated that he brought with him from Jerusalem an image of the Virgin Mary, parts of which were kept in great respect in the narrator's day at Wedel (in English, Wedale), the Dale of Woe. Wedale, the narrator says, is a village in the province of Lodonesia (the Lothians) 'now under the authority of the Bishop of St. Andrews, in Scotland, six miles to the west of the ancient and famous monastery of Melrose.' The rivers Glein, Bassas and Guinnionn, given as sites of Arthur's battles, may also be in the North, as well as Mynydd Agned, but this is uncertain.

12. Nennius refers also in the 'Genealogies' to Echfrid, who made war against his cousin 'Birdei,' king of the Picts, but he fell together with all the mighty men of his army, and the Picts and their kings were victorious; and 'the plunder-loving Saxons never more demanded tribute from the Picts.' Since the time of this battle, it (the battle) is called 'Gweith Lin Garan,' a name, be it observed, which is in form Welsh.

13. In the genealogies of the kings of Deira (in Welsh Deifr), the following points may be noted: (*a*) That we have a reference to the fall of Etguin (Edwin) in the battle of Meigen, as in the Annales Cambriæ; (*b*) That the kingdom

was never restored from his stock, since none of his family escaped from that battle, but were all slain with their father by the army of Cadwallon, the king of the district of Gwynedd; (*c*) That in this genealogy one epithet, Glinmaur, or 'the large-kneed,' that of Aeta is in Welsh, or at any rate Brythonic. There are also two names of districts given in a Brythonic form, namely, Dinguayrdi (probably for Dinguaryoi or Dinguaruy) and Guurth Berneich. This makes it not improbable that the genealogy was compiled by some Briton of the North, who was interested in the history of the neighbouring Northumbrians.

14. In this part of the narrative are two other paragraphs, probably emanating from the same district. The first tells us that a certain Dutigirn was fighting valiantly against the race of the Angles. At that time, the writer informs us, Talhaern Tataguen (*i.e.* Tad Awen, the father of the Muse) flourished among the bards, and in the same period also lived Neirin, Taliesin, Bluchbard, and Cian, who was called 'Guenith Guaut,' the 'Wheat of Song.' These had all attained distinction in Welsh poetry. Neirin is undoubtedly Aneirin (usually known as Aneurin), Taliesin is certainly the Welsh poet of that name, but Bluchbard and Cian are unknown in the history of Welsh literature, unless the former name be, as some have supposed, a corruption for Llywarch. The second paragraph, which appears to emanate from the same Northern chronicler, is one which refers to the king of Gwynedd (part of North Wales), Maelgwn, the Maglocunus of Gildas. Of him we are told: 'The powerful King Maelgwn (Maglocunus) was reigning over the Britons, that is, in the region of Gwynedd, since one of his forefathers, Cunedag, with his eight sons, had come from the east of the country, that is, from the region called "Manau Guotodin," a hundred and forty-six years before the reign of Maelgwn, and had driven away the Scots (*i.e.* the Irish) with great slaughter from those parts, so that they never returned to dwell in them. In the Welsh genealogies Maelgwn appears as Cunedda's great-grandson. Manau (later Manaw) is doubtless the same name

as that which exists in the corresponding Goidelic form in Clackmannan and Slamannan, while the name Guotodin (later Gododin) seems beyond reasonable doubt to be identical with the tribal name Ὀταδῖνοι of Ptolemy.

15. In another portion of this section of the Chronicle we find references to other events in the history of the Britons of the North, which tend to gather round the person of Urien Rheged. A certain Hussa is said to have reigned for seven years; further we are told that against him there fought four kings—Urbgen, Riderch hen, Guallauc, and Morcant. It is further stated that Deodric fought valiantly against that Urien and his sons: 'And at that time the day was won, sometimes by the enemy, sometimes by our fellow-countrymen, but he blockaded them for three days and three nights in the Island of Metcaud.' When he was on one of his expeditions he was murdered at the instigation of Morcant, because Morcant was jealous of him, in that he excelled all kings in the power of renewing a contest. In this narrative, too, we have a reference to 'Dinguoaroy' under its English name Bebbanburth, which is said to have been so called because Eadfered gave it to his wife Bebbab. We have also a reference to the district of Elmet, which Eoguin possessed, and from which he expelled Certic (probably Ceretic) the king of that region.

16. The next paragraph reveals a curious relationship between Run (later Rhun), son of Urien, and the Angles of the North, for he is represented as a missioner of Christianity. The passage reads: 'At the end of twelve days after Pentecost there was baptized Eanfled his daughter—she and all her followers, both sons and daughters. The following Easter Eadguin also was baptized, and with him there were baptized twelve thousand people. And if any one wishes to know who baptized them, Run, son of Urbgen (Urien), did so, and he did not cease for the space of twelve days from baptizing the whole plunder-loving nation, and many believed in Christ through his work as a preacher.' In Bede, on the other hand, we are told that Eadguin was baptized by Paulinus.

17. In the next section are other allusions that show that their author was not only interested in Northern affairs, but was also familiar with Welsh. For instance, the epithet here given to Oswald is a Welsh one, namely, Lamnguin (that is, 'he of the bright blade,' mod. Welsh Llafnwyn). He is said to have slain Cadwallon, king of Gwynedd, in the battle of Catscaul, but to have lost at the same time many of his own men. It is difficult to be certain whether the 'Iudeu' mentioned in the same paragraph is in the North or not; but it appears to be identical in form with the name 'Iodeo' of the Book of Aneirin, and possibly with the 'Urbs Giudi' of Bede. The term 'Iodeo' or 'Iudeu' seems to be associated with the Welsh mediæval expression 'Mor Udd' for an older 'Mor Iud,' which was used for the North Sea, and which at an older stage may have been a mere local appellation for 'the Firth of Forth.' A frequent expression in mediæval Welsh to denote the breadth of the island is 'O For Udd hyd For Iwerddon,' which may have originated among the Britons of the North to express 'from the Firth of Forth to the Sea of Ireland.' In the next passage we are informed that Osguid gave back to Penda all the wealth that he had in the city, and that Penda divided it among the kings of the Britons: this distribution, we are further told, was called 'Atbret Iudeu' (the restoration of Iudeu). The term 'Atbret' does not actually occur in Welsh, but it is a perfectly regular Brythonic formation from ad + ber (Welsh adfer), to restore. Further, we are told 'But Catgabail (Cadafael) king of Gwynedd rose in the night, and he alone of his army escaped, and for this he was called Catgabail Catguommed (Cadafael Cadommedd). Ecgfrid, son of Osbiu, reigned for nine years. In his time the holy Bishop Cuthbert died in the island of Medcaut. He it is that made war against the Picts and fell therein.'

18. In the account of the 'Marvels of Britain,' Nennius's topography is mainly Welsh, and for the most part South Welsh, but there is one passage connected with the North, namely, that referring to Loch Lomond, known in Welsh as 'Llyn Llumonwy' (in Nennius spelt 'Lumonoy'). Of this

it is said, 'There are in it sixty islands with people living on them. It is surrounded by sixty rocks, and on each rock there is an eagle's nest. Sixty rivers flow into it, but there is only one, namely, the Lemn (Leven) that flows from it into the sea.'

It can hardly be doubted from these references that in Nennius there are materials derived from Brythonic tradition. It is greatly to be regretted that the most distinguished British historian of the pre-Norman period, Bede, did not take a more sympathetic interest in the northern Britons of his time and the form of Christianity which was associated with them. His references to the Britons of the North are extremely scanty. These are the references which seem relevant to the present question.

1. Bede distinguishes between the languages of the Picts, the Scots, and the Britons. He refers to a 'ciuitas Brettonum munitissima usque hodie, quæ vocatur Alcluith; ad cuius videlicet sinus partem septentrionalem Scotti quos diximus aduenientes sibi locum patriæ fecerunt.' The 'ciuitas' in question is Dumbarton on the Clyde (Irish, Dun Brettan, the fort of the Brittons). The form Alcluith which we have here is apparently derived from the Irish form of the name, but in another manuscript of Bede (of the eighth century) we have the genuine British form of the name Altclut (in modern Welsh Allt Clud, the height of the Clyde).

2. In Bk. I. c. xii., where Bede speaks of the Picts, he refers to an 'urbem Giudi.' His words are 'Orientalis habet in medio sui urbem Giudi, occidentalis supra se, hoc est ad dexteram sui, habet urbem Alcluith [alcluit C. cluit C.B.N.] quod lingua eorum significat petram Cluith.'

3. It is in this chapter, too, that Bede's well-known reference to Peanfahel, near Abber curnig, is found. 'In English,' he says, 'it was called Penneltun, and stretching towards the east it ends near the city of Alcluith [C. alcluit: N. altcluit].' This passage has given rise to no small controversy in relation to the Pictish question.

4. In Bk. II. c. v., Bede refers to the invitation of Hengist, who was invited by Vortigern and his son Oisc.

5. In Bk. II. c. xiv. Bede refers to the baptism of Edwin, which took place at Easter in 627. He was baptized, according to Bede, at York by Paulinus. On this head there is, as between Nennius and the Welsh Annals on the one hand and Bede on the other, a conflict of evidence, which probably represents a conflict of two church traditions. Paulinus is represented by Bede as baptizing at a river Glein and at a place called Maelmin. Further, he mentions a river in Deira called Sualua, which flows past the village of Cataracta.

6. In Bk. III. c. iv. Bede mentions the conversion of the Picts by Nynias (Ninian, Welsh Nynnyaw), and also the later mission of St. Columba in the reign of Brude, son of Meilochon (Mailchon).

7. In Bk. IV. c. xxiv. (xxvi.) Bede deals with the decline of Northumbria, 'Ex quo tempore spes cœpit et uirtus regni Anglorum "fluere ac retro sublapsa referri." Nam et Picti terram possessionis suæ, quam tenuerunt Angli, et Scotti, qui erant in Britannia, Brettonum quoque pars nonnulla libertatem receperunt: quam et hactenus habent per annos circiter xlvi.'

Among the kings of the Picts Bede (v. 21) mentions a certain Naiton. This name is of interest owing to its resemblance in form to the Welsh Nwython, which corresponds to the Gaelic Nechtan. It is one of several names of Picts to which there are parallels in Welsh, such as Gurgust (the Gorwst or Grwst of Llan Rwst), Bili (Welsh Beli) the father of Brude, Wit (a name found in the Gododin), Drost or Drosten (found in Welsh legend as Drystan, the Tristram of the Romances), Ougen (the Welsh Owein), Mailcon (Welsh Maelgwn), Alpin (Welsh Elphin), Constantin (Welsh Custennhin, now Cystenyn). The names of those who evangelised them, Ninian and Kentigern, who were undoubtedly Britons, bear names that were well known in Wales as Nynnyaw and Cyndeyrn.

The next body of literature from which we may cull certain allusions which link together the two Brythonic districts now in question are the lives of the saints. These are very far from being historical documents, but they have here and

there preserved traces of the older annalistic framework in which they were set as local religious legends. The *Lives of the Cambro-British Saints* contain scarcely any references to North Britain, but we are told that St. Cadoc, a saint of South Wales, undertook a journey to Albania, where he performed certain of his miracles. He is also said to have built a monastery of stone beyond the mount of Bannauc (a name thought to survive in Bannockburn), but the precise spot is uncertain. In the same narrative, too, there is a reference to the 'provincia Liutheami,' by which is possibly meant Lothian.

In the 'Pedigrees of the Saints' (in Welsh 'Achau'r Saint'), contained in the same volume, the mother of Cyndeyrn (St. Kentigern) is said to have been Deny, the daughter of Leudun Luydawc, from the fortress of Eidyn in the North. In another place her name is given as Tenoy; while the mother of St. Beuno of Clynnog in Carnarvonshire is said to have been Peren, a daughter of the same person. This name, Lleuddin, is the same as that of the Lleuddin from whom is derived the Welsh name Lleuddiniawn (the district of Lleuddin) for the Lothians. It is singularly like a Welsh derivative of a form 'Laudīnus.' Again, St. Tyssilio, the patron saint, for example, of Meifod in Powys is said to have been the son of a lady called 'Arddun,' the daughter of Pabo Post Prydain, a name which not improbably means 'the Bulwark of Pictland.' Another link with the North in the pedigrees of the saints is supplied by the reference to Brychan, whose grave is located on an island called 'Ynys Brachan,' said to be near Mannia. By Mannia is probably here meant the northern Mannia or Manaw. The same place seems also to be meant by Monia, when we are told that 'Dewyn filia Brachan est in Monia Anglis.' There was in all probability a district called Brecheiniauc in the North, and legends of two or more different Brychans (the name being fairly common) appear to have been here fused together.

The lives of the two chief Scottish saints that contain allusions to the Britons of the North are those of St. Ninian and St. Kentigern. Ninian was called by Bede Nynia, by

Alcuin Nynia, Ninia, and Nyniga; in Welsh he bears the name Nyniaw and in Irish Monenn, 'mo' being the usual prefix of endearment. The place of St. Ninian's birth seems to have been somewhere on the coast of the Solway Firth. The form 'Ninianus' shows the suffix -nus, for which the Britons seem to have had a liking when forming Latin derivatives of proper names. We find it, for example, in the form Caunus, the Latin name of Caw, and in all probability in the name Iaconus, found in the genitive Iaconi on an inscribed stone at Treflys near Portmadoc in North Wales. The life of St. Ninian (c. iv.) mentions the healing of a certain King Tudwal, a name familiar in Welsh genealogies and the basis of the parish-name Tudweiliog (the district of Tudwal) in the Lleyn peninsula of Carnarvonshire. This name in its Goidelic form was Tuathal or Tothal, from an original Touto-uallos. He is mentioned by Adamnan as the father of Roderc (the Welsh Rhydderch), King of Dumbarton. Among the Welsh names connected with Northern tradition it seems to be possible to distinguish two groups, one connected with the district round Caer Alclud (Dumbarton) on the West and the other connected with the district round Dineiddin (Edinburgh) on the East. In c. xv. reference is made to a son of Rhydderch called Totail, a form of the name modified from the Goidelic Tothal.

In the *Vita Kentigerni auctore Jocelino Monacho Furnesensi* there are a few references which link together North Wales and North Britain. The parish church of St. Asaph in Denbighshire is dedicated to SS. Asa (Asaph) and Cyndeyrn (Kentigern). It is generally believed that the Kentigern of St. Asaph and the Kentigern of Glasgow were one and the same person. St. Kentigern, according to his biographer, had another name, Mungo, or, as given in the biography, Munghu, thought to be the equivalent of 'mwyngu' (gentle and dear). The life as we have it appears to be based to some extent on Celtic documents, in part at least in Irish Gaelic. The narrator refers to material he had found 'in poeticis carminibus sive historiis non canonicis.'

St. Kentigern was associated with Dumpelder, a part of the Lammermuirs in the county of Haddington, now called Traprain Law. In the older life his birthplace is said to have been called Kepduff, now Kilduff. On the hill of Dunpilder, St. Monenna or Darerca is said to have founded one of her seven Scottish churches.

The name 'Cyndeyrn' is explained in the life as 'Capitalis Dominus,' 'capitalis' being used in the sense of 'prominent,' which 'cyn' as a prefix might well bear. Munghu, his other name, is explained as 'Karissimus amicus,' a free translation of the name regarded as the equivalent of the Welsh mwyngu. A Celtic place-name Carnock (Gaelic Cernach), mentioned in St. Kentigern's life as being in the parish of St. Ninian's in Stirlingshire, is probably Brythonic, being an adjective from carn (a cairn). The old name of Glasgow, too, is given in the following passage: 'Usque ad Cathures que nunc Glasgu vocatur, itinere recto, Kentigerno cum pluribus se comitantibus sequente pergebant; ibique juxta cemiterium quoddam a sancto Niniano quondam consecratum, cum sacrae glebæ sarcina superimposita, pulchro satis spectaculo, cum omni mansuetudine subsistebant.'

In c. xi. there is a specific reference to Kentigern's journey to Wales. As to what occurred there we are told 'Instinctu ergo divino rex et clerus regionis Cambrensis cum cæteris Christianis, licet perpauci essent, in unum convenerunt.' In this chapter also the country of the Northern Britons is called 'regio Cambrina.' 'Hæc autem regio Cambrina, cui jam Kentegernus episcopali præfuit honore, quondam tempore Eleutherii Papæ, principante rege Lucio, sicut et tota Britannia, fidem Christianam susceperat.' Some of the proper names are not easy of identification. The name Morken, mentioned in cc. xxi. and xxii., may be that of Morcant (mentioned by Nennius). The name of the river Clyde is given in a Brythonic form as Clud, and similarly that of Dewi (St. David). The writer also gives correctly the pre-Norman form of the name 'Nantcarfan' as Nantcarban in Glamorganshire, and the name Riderch is only slightly inaccurate as

Riderech. On the other hand, the spelling of the name Cadwallon as Cathwallan seems to show Goidelic influence, and the same may be the case with that of Cathen, a soldier of Morken. Its Brythonic form in the pre-Norman period would probably have been Catgen (later Cadyen and Cadien).

In the lives of the Breton saints there is scarcely anything that has a bearing on the relations of Wales and the North. Gildas is correctly stated to have been the son of Caunus (Caw), but he is said in one place to have been born in Cornwall, and in another to have been born in 493 at Arcluyd (Dumbarton). In the life of St. Hervé reference is made to a lady called Rivannone who was near a fountain. The resemblance between this name and that of Rhiannon deserves attention.

In the Middle Ages it was the practice to embody all history and a large body of legend in the form of pseudo-history in the annalistic framework that was transmitted from Eusebius and Jerome to later writers. British writers took special delight in expanding and developing those meagre references which the annalistic framework contained to Britain. The most notable expansions of these annalistic allusions on the Welsh side are the *Historia Regum Britanniæ* (written in Latin, and translated into Welsh) of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and the *Mabinogion*, which, in their present forms, imply a chronological framework of the same type. The proper names found in the allusions which the traditional annals contain to Britain and to the Celts, with the help of genealogies and local legends, became most useful nuclei for pseudo-history. Bran could be identified with Brennus, Beli with Belgius and (Cuno-)belinus, Caswallon with the Cassivellaunus of history, Elen Luyddawg with Helen the mother of Constantine, Macsen Wledig with Maximus, and names from the genealogies could be used without a careful regard for chronological or topographical exactitude to fill up the gaps of history. The methods of Geoffrey and of the *Mabinogion* are very much the same, except that the *Mabinogion* have drawn upon a richer store of Welsh local legend.

As might be expected, there are some Northern references in Geoffrey and in the *Mabinogion*, but, when these collections of legend were made, Wales had long since lost a living interest in the Britons of the North, and even Cunedda is given as the name of a prince of Cornwall. Similarly Dyfnwal Moelmut is represented as the son of Clutno, prince of Cornwall, though the very name Clutno is undoubtedly Northern, meaning, as it does, the man familiar with the Clyde (Clut + gno). It is a name of the same formation as Mochno (skilled in swine), Tudno (skilled in the land), Machno (skilled in hostages), Tangno (skilled in peace), and Gwyddno (skilled in wood). A certain Stater is styled 'King of the North,' and there is associated with Dumbarton a certain Elidyr, who leaves to Peredur 'the Earldom of the North.' In Geoffrey the name Nynnyaw is given as that of a son of Beli Mawr fab Manogan. Howel ap Emyr Llydaw is said in one place to have been left at Caer Alclud (Dumbarton) when ill and burdened with old age. In connection with the family of Kynvarch, one of the most famous of the Northern families of Wales, Lleu, son of Kynvarch, is represented as receiving for his domain Lodoneis (the Lothians), Uryen as obtaining Rheged (which Geoffrey in another passage says was called Mureif), and Arawn, as being lord of Ysgotlont, that is, the country of the Scots or the Goidels of Scotland. In one passage Arthur is said to have made an expedition from Dumbarton as far as Mureif, 'the land that was called by another name Rheged, against the Picts and the Scots, who before that had fought against Arthur.' These escaped to Llyn Llumonwy (Loch Lomond). Lleu of Lleuddiniawn (Lothian) was, according to Geoffrey, married to Arthur's sister and was the father of Medrawt and Gwalchmai (the Modred and Gawain of the Romances). Geoffrey tells us, too, that Medrawt obtained the help of the Picts and Scots against Arthur. Thus, in the Arthurian story of Geoffrey, there are distinct traces of northern elements.

In the other great Welsh expansion of the annalistic framework to which reference has been made, namely the

Mabinogion, the traces of Northern British elements are for the most part only slight and incidental. In the 'Four Branches' the legends are nearly all connected with place-names in Wales, but some of the names have analogues in the northern groups. For example, one of the warriors mentioned in the Gododin bears the name of Pwyll, and a Pryder (though not a Pryderi) seems to be mentioned in the Gododin in the expression Lliaws Pryder (the host of Pryder). In the mediæval triads there is a Pryder ab Dolor Deifyr a Bryneich (Pryder son of Dolor of Deira and Bernicia). With Arawn, King of Annwn, may be paralleled Arawn, son of Kynfarch, whom Geoffrey associates with the land of the Scots. Manawyddan fab Llyr is undoubtedly the same person as Manannan mac Lir, but in an Arthurian poem of the Black Book of Carmarthen he is associated with the North under the names Manawidan and Manauid. It would not be strange if, in the legends of the Northern Britons, he was regarded as connected with Manaw or Manann (cf. Clackmannan and Slamannan), a name surviving in Dalmeny, the ancient Dun Mannin. Again, the name Lleu (Llew Llaw-gyffes) is found in the genealogies as that of a brother of Uryen, and in another genealogy there is a Louhé (*i.e.* Lleu Hen) son of Guitgé (*i.e.* Guitgen, later Gwydyen), a name found in the Gododin. Possibly these two personages were later associated with the Lleu and Gwydion of Gwynedd local legend, whose names survive in Din-lleu, Nant-lleu, Bryn-gwydion and Moel-gwydion. Taliessin, whose name occurs in Nennius, is mentioned once only in the 'Four Branches.' The story of Macsen Wledig in its present form has no links with the North, but in the annalistic framework Helen was connected with York. Again there are no Northern elements in the present story of Lludd and Llevelys, but in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen Lludd's daughter Creurdilat (the Cordelia of Geoffrey) is distinctly connected with Northern legend. It is not impossible, too, that Llevelys is due to a palæographical error for Llevelyd (Lliwelydd), a name invented from Caer Liwelydd (Carlisle). A similar mistake

of 'Arderys' for 'Arderyd' occurs in the Red Book Triads.

In the story of Kulhwch and Olwen, which has received rather less recasting than the 'Four Branches,' the traces of Northern elements are more numerous. These may, for the sake of convenience, be enumerated as follows :—

1. The name of Kulhwch and that of his father Kilyd occur in the old poetry of the Red Book of Hergest in Northern associations.

2. The name of the father of Kilyd is given as Kelydon Wledic (Celyddon the Over-lord). This name Kelyddon appears to be invented from Coed Celyddon, the regular Welsh name for the Caledonian Forest.

3. Kulhwch is related to Arthur, who, in one form of his legend at any rate, has northern connections.

4. The names of Arthur's comrades, Kei and Bedwyr (Kay and Bedivere), are associated with the North in an Arthurian poem of the Black Book of Carmarthen.

5. The name Kyndilic (Cyuarwyd) occurs in one of the Llywarch Hen poems.

6. The name of Nudd, the father of Gwyn and Edern, is found in Northern groups: cf. Nudd Hael and Senyllt.

7. With the name of Bratwen and that of Moren Mynawc his father we may compare the Gododin names Bradwen and Moryen.

8. The name Annwas Adeinawc occurs in the Arthurian poem of the Black Book of Carmarthen in Northern associations.

9. With the names of Twrch mab Peris and Twrch mab Annwas we may compare the name of Twrch that occurs in Gorchan Kynvelyn and the poetry of the Red Book of Hergest in association with northern names.

10. The mention of Caw and his children may be noticed.

11. Reference is made to Dunart Urenhin y Gogled (King of the North).

12. The names of Run fab Nwython, Eidyol, Cyfwlch, Cludno Eidin and Uryen Reget generally occur in northern connections.

13. There is a passage in which reference is made to Creidylat (Cordelia), daughter of Lludd Llaw Ereint, 'the greatest maiden that ever was in the three islands of the mighty and their three adjacent isles.' 'And for her Gwythyr, son of Greidawl, and Gwynn, son of Nudd, fight every first of May for ever till the Day of Judgment.'

14. There is a reference to the two oxen called 'Deu ychen bannawc,' of which it is said that one is on this side of 'y Mynyd Banna6c,' and the other on the other side. 'And these are Nynnya6 and Peiba6 whom God turned into oxen for their sin.' In the *Life of St. Cadoc* 'Y mynyd banna6c' is said to be in the North.

15. There is a reference to the mead-horn of 'g6lga6t gogodin,' apparently the same person as 'g6lyget gododin' mentioned in the Gododin itself.

16. With the name Odgar, son of Aed, may be compared the Odgur mentioned in Gorchan Maelderw.

17. Allusion is made to a certain Cado o Prydein, under whom were the sixty 'cantrefydd' (hundreds) of Prydein (Pictland).

18. The name of Mabon vab Modron occurs in an Arthurian poem of the Black Book of Carmarthen in northern associations.

19. There is a further fragment of the Creidylat legend as follows: 'A little before that Creidylat, daughter of Lludd Law Ereint, went with Gwythyr, son of Greidawl. Gwynn, son of Nudd, came and took her by force. Gwythyr, son of Greidawl, collected a host and came to fight with Gwynn, son of Nudd. Gwynn was victorious. And Greit, son of Eri, and Glinneu, son of Taran (thunder), and G6rg6st Letlwm and Dyfnarth his son were taken. And he took "o penn," son of Nethawc, and Nwython and Cyledyr Wyllt (the Wild) his son. And he slew Nwython and took out his heart and compelled Kyledyr to eat his father's heart, and owing to that Kyledyr went into the wilds. Arthur heard that and went as far as the North, and he summoned to him Gwynn, son of Nudd, and set free his nobles with him from his prison

and made peace between Gwynn, son of Nudd, and Gwythyr, son of Greidawl. And peace was made on the understanding that the maiden should be left in her father's house after being the companion of both, and every first of May for ever until the Day of Judgment Gwynn and Gwythyr should fight from that day forth, and the one of them who should be victorious on the Day of Judgment could take the maiden.'

20. The name of 'Mabon ab melld' occurs in the Arthurian poem of the Black Book of Carmarthen in northern connections.

21. The connection between Arthur and the Cordelia story is further referred to, where it says that 'from thence Arthur went to the North and caught Kyledyr the Wild.'

22. There is a reference to Caw of Pictland in the following narrative: 'And Ka6 of Prydyn [Pictland] mounted Llamrei, Arthur's mare, and met it (the Twrch Trwyth) when he was at bay. Then Kaw of Prydein took a strong axe and vigorously and nimbly he came to the boar and clave its head into two halves. And Kaw took the tusk.'

23. A further reference to a similar legend occurs in the words, 'Arthur said, Are there any of the "anoetheu" [objects difficult of attainment] still unobtained?' One of his men answered, 'Yes, the blood of the exceeding black witch, daughter of the exceeding white witch from the head of the Valley of Pain in the wild land of Hell.' Arthur started towards the North, and came to the place where was the cave of the witch, and Gwynn, son of Nudd, and Gwythyr, son of Greidawl, advised that Kacmwri and Hygwyd, his brother, should be set free to fight with the witch.

24. There is a further allusion to Kaw of Pictland in the words, 'And Caw of Pictland took the blood of the witch and kept it with him.'

It is evident from these allusions that there are in this narrative traces of northern elements with which others have been in course of time incorporated. The narrative suggests that Caw of Pictland may have been far more prominent

in the legends of the Britons at one time than their later forms might lead us to suppose.

In the story called *The Dream of Rhonabwy*, which was probably written in its present form in the monastery of Ystrad Marchell (Strata Marcella), near Welshpool, in Montgomeryshire, some of the proper names mentioned are drawn from groups associated with the North. For example we have—(1) Iddawc Cordd Prydein (Iddawc the disturber of Pictland); (2) Gwarthegyt, son of Kaw; (3) Elphin, son of Gwyddno; (4) Owein, son of Uryen; (5) Gures, son of Reget; (6) Edyrn, son of Nud; (7) Mabon, son of Modron; (8) Peredur Paladyr Hir; (9) Dyrstan (Drystan), son of Tallwch; (10) Moryen mana6c; (11) Llacheu, son of Arthur; (12) Adaon, son of Taliessin; (13) Gildas, son of Kaw.

The Romances of Owain and Luned, Peredur and Geraint and Enid, which correspond to the Yvain, Perceval and Érec et Enide of Chrétien de Troyes, represent phases of the Arthurian legend in too developed and non-local a form to enable us to assign to any elements a Northern colouring. The only links are in some of the names, such as Owein ab Uryen, Cynon ab Cludno Eiddin and Peredur, whose father, Efrawc, is said to have possessed the earldom of the North. At the end of Owein and Lunet there is a reference (also found in Bonedd Gwyr y Gogledd) to the three hundred swords of the family of Cynvarch, who are sometimes known in Welsh collectively as 'Kynverching.' Cynon ab Cludno Eiddin's fame, like that of Caw of Pictland, was obscured in later Welsh literature, but in the earlier literature he has the distinction of being the chief hero of the Gododin, a poem commemorating the battle of Catraeth in the North.

The sediment of some of the older Brythonic legends has found its way, not only into the *Mabinogion*, but also into the Triads. These are allusions to famous incidents and personages arranged in groups of three. The oldest Triads that Welsh possesses in point of date are 'Trioedd y Meirch' (the Triads of the Horses) found in the Black Book of Carmarthen, but other Triads probably equally old are found in the MS.

called the Red Book of Hergest. In close association with the Triads in the latter MS. is a story entitled 'Pan aeth llu i Lychlyn' (when a host went to Scandinavia). This story has clear affinities with the Brut of Geoffrey of Monmouth, and in it we are told, 'And when Medrawt heard that Arthur's host was divided he returned against Arthur and joined Englishmen and Picts and Scots with him to keep this island from Arthur.' In the Triads Arthur is chiefly associated with members of the same groups as are found with him in Kulhwch and Olwen and the Arthurian poems of the Black Book of Carmarthen.

In one Triad we are told of the 'Three Horse-loads of the Isle of Britain,' one of which is said to have been that of 'Du y moroed, the horse of Elidyr Mwynvawr, which brought seven persons and a half on its back from Penn Llech Elidir in the North as far as Penn Llech Elidir in Anglesey. And these were the seven persons, Elidyr Mwynvaur and Eurgein, daughter of Maelgwn, his wife, and Gwynn Da Gyved (Gwynn of the excellent carousal), and G6yn Da reimat (probably a mistake for keimat, warrior), and Mynach Na6mon, his counsellor, and Petryle6, the attendant, his cup-bearer, and Aran Uagyl, his servant, and Albeinwyn, his cook, who swam with his hands on the hindquarters of his horse, and he was the half person.' It may be noted that the next horse-load was also connected with the North, 'And the second horse-load was borne by Coruann, the horse of the sons of Eliffer Gosgordua6r (Elifer of the Great Retinue), who carried upon him Gwrgi and Peredur and no one overtook him but Dinogat, son of Cynan Garwynn (the white-thighed), upon the fierce and swift horse, and Aruidiawt, and it won disgrace on account of that unto this day, and Dunawt Fwr, son of Pabo and Cynuelyn Drwsgl (the clumsy) to look upon the funeral pile of the host of Gwenddoleu at Arderyd.' The battle of Arderyd was a famous northern battle fought between the forces of Gwenddoleu and Rhydderch Hael.

Another Triad refers to the two famous battles of Catraeth and Arderydd as follows: 'The three gentle retinues of the Isle

of Britain, the Retinue of Mynyddog Mwynfawr at Catraeth, and the Retinue of Dreon Lew (the Valiant) in the battle of Arderys (a mistake for Arderyd).' To the same cycle belong the Triads that follow.

1. 'The three monarchs of Deira and Bernicia, and they were three bards, and the three sons of Dissyuyndaut who wrought the three excellent slaughters:—Diffeidell, son of Dissyuyndawt, who slew Gwrgi Gar6lwyt, and that man used to slay a Welshman daily and two every Saturday to avoid killing one on Sunday; Scafynell, son of Dissyuyndawt, who slew Edelfflet Ffleissa6c, King of England; G6all, son of Dissyuynda6t, who killed the two birds of G6endoleu which were keeping his gold and his silver, and they used to eat two men daily for their dinner and twice as many for their supper.

2. 'The three passionate men of the Isle of Britain who wrought the three evil slaughters: Llofuan Llaw diffro who slew Uryen, son of Kynuarch, Llongat Gr6m Uargot of Eiddin, who slew Auon (Auaon), son of Taliessin, and Heiden, son of Euengat, who slew Aneirin G6a6tryd (of fluent song), the king of bards. The man who used to place a hundred head of cattle every Saturday in a bathing vessel in Talhaearn struck him with an axe made for cutting fuel, and that was one of the three blows with an axe.'

3. 'The three battle-graved men of the Isle of Britain. Selyf, son of Cynan Garwyn, and Afaon, son of Talyessin, and G6alla6c, son of Lleena6c. And the reason why they were called "Battle-graved men" was that they avenged their wrong from their graves.'

4. 'The three bulwarks of battle of the Isle of Britain: Duna6t, son of Pabo, and Cynuelyn Drwsgl, and Uryen, son of Cynuarch.'

5. 'The three generous ones of the Isle of Britain, Rhydderch Hael, son of Tutwal Tutklyt, and Nudd Hael, son of Senyllt, and Mordaf Hael, son of Serwan.'

6. In the Triad entitled 'The Three Valiant Ones of the Isle of Britain' we have a reference to the three sons of a certain Gleissiar from the North.

7. The Triad of the three gentle kings of the Isle of Britain also mentions Northern characters, and along with them Mana6ydan, son of Llyr. The other two are Llywarch Hen, and G6gon G6ron, son of Peredur son of Eliffer.

8. In one Triad which names the 'Three Pure Households of the Isle of Britain,' there is named as one household that of the Scot Aedan, son of Gabran, and as another that of G6endoleu, son of Keidya6 (Ceidio) at Arderyd, who kept up the fighting for a fortnight, and a month after their lord was slain. And the number of each of the households was a hundred and twenty-one men.'

9. In addition to the foregoing Northern allusions the following may be given, 'Three kings sprang from serfs: Gwryat, son of Gwryan, in the North, and Cadauel, son of Kynued6, in Gwynedd, and Hyueid, son of Bleidic, in the Deheubarth (South Wales).'

(*To be continued.*)

TANNAISG NAN LÀITHEAN A DH'FHALBH

A bhana-charaid ionmhuinn,

Am faca sibhse riamh an rud sin ris an abair sinn tannasg? Theagamh nach 'eil sibh a' creidsinn 'na leithid. Cha mhò a bha mise uaireigin de'n t-saoghal, 's bha mi a' cur spleadhachas mu bhòcain, 's mu shithichean, 's mu ghnothaichean mì-chneasda mar sin an suarachas. A bhàrr air sin, bha mi, iomadh uair, 'gam chur fein as mo ghabhail, dìreach a leigeil ris cho beag suim 's a bh' agam de 'n bhathar shìth sin. Chrath daoine bu shine 's a bu ghlice na mi-fein an cinn, 's chuir iad air mhanadh gu 'n éireadh olc dhomh uaireigin. Ghabh mise mo rathad fein, mar is gnàth leis an òigridh a dheanamh; ach thig gliocas oirnn le aois ma thig e idir. Oidhche ghaothar gheamhraidh, 's neòil dhorcha, ghruamach, a' ruagadh a chéile air aghaidh na speur, 's a' doilleireachadh a bheagan a bh' ann de 'n ghealaich, dh'fhalbh mi a dh'fhaicinn caraid domh a bha mu thuaiream mìle gu leth a dh'astar uam.

Ghabh mi air mo thuras gu sunndach a' feadaireachd, 'Gabhaidh mise 'n rathad mór, olc air mhath le càch e.' Cha deach mi ro fhad' air m' aghairt 'nuair a thug tionndadh de 'n rathad an sealladh na mara mi, 's ciod a b'iongantaiche leam fhaicinn na cruth mór, iargalta, an riochd duine, eadar mi 's a' mhuir, agus dìreach anns an rathad a bha mi gabhail. Cha luaithe chunnaic e mi na thilg e chròigan an àird 'san adhar, 's mhaoidh is bhagair e, a réir coltais, nan rachainn ceum na b'fhaid' air m' aghaidh gu'n éireadh na bu mhiosa dhomh. Feumar aideachadh gu'n do chuir an sealladh-gun-iarraidh so giorag orm. Sheas mi mar a bha mi car tiota, a ghabhail a stigh suidheachadh an fhearainn. Bha 'n abhainn air an dara taobh dhiom 's i 'na tuil, 's bha balla cloiche, seachd no ochd traighean air àirde, air an taobh eile, 's bha 'n leòmhann beucach so 'san t-slighe 's e sireadh co dh' fhaodadh e shlugadh suas. Bha e soilleir nach robh e'n comas domh gabhail seachad air an taobh eile. Thill mi ceum no dhà air m' ais, cha 'n ann a chionn gu 'n robh eagal orm roimh 'n aog, ach a bhuidhinn beagan ùine airson cuimhneachadh air na daoin' o'n d'thainig mi, agus mi-fein uidheamachadh airson blàir. Chuimhnich mi air ni no dhà, ach cha bu chuimhne leam gu 'n d'rinn aon duine bhuineadh dhomh euchd mór sam bith am measg thannasg. Smuaintich mi 'n sin air Buidseach Endor, 's air Taillear na Manachainn, ach cha b'ionann an cor-san 's mo chor-sa. Bha Wallace is Bruce, Lachann Mór 's Dubh Sìth, math gu leòir, ach bha tuaghanna cogaidh 's biodagan 's rudan mar sin acasan, 's cha robh uidhir a bhiorain bhata agamsa. Cha robh so a dol a dheanamh feum 'sam bith, 's bha e gu buileach feumail rud-eigin a dheanamh. Smuaintich mi nach bu mhisd' an gnothach am balla cloiche bhi eadar mi 's am fear a bh' air tì mo mhillidh. Streap mi thar a' bhalla, 's shnàig mi air m'ais 'na dhubhar gus an d'rainig mi 'n t-àit' 'san d'fhàg mi taibhse Gholiath. Bha nis m' anail am uchd, 's m' fhallus 'gam dhalladh, 's—

'Chluinneadh mo chluas an fhuaim a bhitheadh
Aig luaths mo chridhe ri m' thaobh.'

Mu dheireadh ghabh mi cuid mo chunnairt 's thug mi sùil chaol fhaicilleach eadar clacha mullaich a bhalla, 's ciod a chunnaic mi, an àite 'n ni ris an robh fiughair agam, ach stoc craoibh sheilich 's dhà no trì mheanglain mu cheann, 's iad a' crathadh 's a' luasgadh 's a' ghaoith. Shuath mi 'm fallus bhàrr mo mhaildhean, 's lean mi air mo thurus, a smuainteachadh nam biodh gach sgeul taibhs' a thainig g'ar n-ionnsaidh air an dlùth-rannsachadh, math a dh'fhaoidte gu 'n gabhadh iad mìneachadh air dhoigh co-ionann ri so.

'S cuimhne leam 'nuair a bha mi 'm bhalach beag éisdeachd ri seana bhean chòir ag innseadh do 'm sheanamh'air mu bhàs a fir. Dh'aithris i gu mionaideach a h-uile car mu 'n trioblaid a thug a' chrìoch air. Cha chuimhne leam dad de na dh'fhuiling an duine còir an galar a bhàis, ach 's math a tha cuimhn' agam air crioch an sgeòil. 'An oidhche 'n déigh an tìodhlacaidh,' ars' ise, 'mu mheadhon oidhche, thainig e gu taobh mo leapa 's thuirt e rium gu 'n robh na "spéicean" air an do ghiùlaineadh do'n chladh e, 'nan seasamh aig ceann na bàthach, 's mi g'an cur a stigh as an t-sealladh. Theann mi ri bruidhinn ris, ach leagh e as mar neul. Cho luath 's a bu léir dhomh 's a' mhadainn, chaidh mi mach, 's fhuair mi an sin mar a thubhairt e, 's rinn mi mar a dh'iarr e.' Bha so air innseadh mar nach biodh an teagamh a bu lugha aice fein an dearbh chinnteachd a' ghnothaich, 's cha mhò a nochd am boirionnach eile gu 'n robh i cur ag 's a' chùis. Thachair so 'nar linn fein, ach cia iomadh linn bho'n a thoisich an duine air creidsinn 'san tannasg? Thainig an creideamh so a nuas g'ar n-ionnsaidh troimh linntean do-aireamh. Bha e d'ar prìomh aithrichean na fhìrinn shuidhichte. Anns na linntean dorcha céin sin anns nach b'fhearr an duine a bheag, a thaobh eòlais, na brùid na machrach, bha e 'g aoradh do spiorad, no do thannasg, aithrichean. A réir dhaoine fiosrach a rannsaich na cùisean sin le mór shaothair, s'e Aoradh Aithrichean (Ancestor Worship) no mar their Herbert Spencer ris, Aoradh Thannasg (Ghost Worship), an t-aoradh is sine air am bheil lorg againn. Bha 'n t-aoradh so an tùs a comh-sheasamh, anns a' mhór-chuid, ann a bhi 'g ullachadh lòin is nithean eile a

shaoileadh am bèo a bhiodh feumail no taitneach do spiorad a' mhairbh, 's 'gam fàgail mar thabhartas aig an uaigh. B'e chreud gu'n robh an tannasg comasach air math no cron a dheanamh do'n bheò a reir an tomhais anns an robh an beò a' coimhlionadh, no a'dearmad, a dhleasnais do'n mharbh. Mar so, cha robh teagamh fo'n ghréin aig an duin' allta ann am bith an tannaisg. Bha tannaisg a ghnàth maille ris air aon dòigh no dòigh eile. Chunnaic e le shùilean fein iad ag èaladh mu'n cuairt 'san odhar-dhorcha. Chual e'n guth an oiteag na gaoithe, 's an gearan an gaoir nan tonn. Thainig iad g'a ionnsaidh fo sgàil na h-oidhche, 's dh'fhàg iad teachd-aireachd nach faoidte dhearmad.

'O na nèoil tha dlùth mu'n cuairt
Chithear tannais nan sonn a dh'fhalbh,'

arsa bàrd na Feinn, 's e fein a faicinn cruth nan laoch a dh'fhalbh,

'A' leantainn tannais tuirc de cheò,
Air sgiathaibh nan gaoth mór 's a' chàrn';

's chual e 'n guth am borbhan sruth Laoire.

Ach cha 'n ann am bàrdachd a mhain a tha 'n tannasg a' faotainn àite, ach an litreachas an t-saoghail gu léir. Tha Carraighean Cuimhneachain na h-Eiphite, Clàir Chreadha Chaldea 's Bhabilònia, a' mhór-chuid de sheann sgrìobhaidhean na h-Airde n-ear, 's beul-aithris an t-sluaigh 's a' h-uile dùthaich fo'n ghréin, làn de 'n chreidimh so, 's thainig earrann nach beag dheth a nuas g'ar n-ionnsaidh fein.

Bho chionn bheagan bhliadhnachan thug mi cuairt 'sa' Ghaidhealtachd, 's air mo thurus thaghail mi 's a' 'Ghleann 's an robh mi òg.' Bha'n gleann mar a bha e riamh; na beanntan àrda, creagach, corrach, air gach taobh dheth, a' mhuir mhór a' slachdraich air a' chladach, 's na h-eòin mhara sgiathlaich mu na sgeirean 's air feadh nan tonn, direach mar a b'àbhaist, 's bha ùrlar a' ghlinne ceart mar a dh'fhàg mi e:

Bha 'n t-allt mar bha a'ruith gu tràigh,
'S na flùir a fàs mu bhruachan,

Bha eòin na speur am bàrr nan geug
A' seinn gu h-eutrom guanach;
Ach dhòmhsa cha robh nì mar bha,
Bha'n là a b'àille gruamach;
Bha maise 'n t-sléibh is glòir a' Chéit,
'S gach nì fo'n ghréin leam suarach.

Cha robh aon de chompanaich no de bhana-chompanaich m' òige air làr a' ghlinne. Sheall mi mu'n cuairt 's mi a' faireachduinn cho aonaranach 's ged a bhithinn am choigreach an tìr chéin. C'àit an diugh am bheil companaich nan làithean sin a chaidh seachad cho luath? Sgapt' air aghaidh an t-saoghail, 's cuid dhiubh, mo chreach, 'nan dachaidh bhuan. Shuidh mi air bruach an uillt, far am b'àbhaist duinn a bhi cluich air 'Crìoch a' bhodaich', 's cha robh mi ach glé ghoirid an sin, a' smuainteachadh mo smuaintean fein, 's a' cuimhneachadh air nì no dhà, 'nuair a dh'iadh grunnan diùbhsan air an robh m' inntinn a' tighinn mu'm thimchioll,—balachain is caileagan boidheach, laidir, fallan, a thainig 'nan àm gu inbhe fhear is bhan cho eireachdail 'sa chìteadh eadar dà cheann na Siorramachd. Bha iad an sin ceann-ruisgte, cas-ruisgte, mar a b'àbhaist, cho beothail 's cho riochdail 's ged a bhiodh iad a làthair 'san fheòil. Dh'fhan mi greis a' gabhail iolla ri cluicheachd na cloinne so—tannaisg nan làithean a dh'fhalbh—gus an d'fhàs mi mothachail air ceò a bhi tighinn mu'm léirsinn, 's bha fhios agam gu'n robh na faileasan a bha air sgàthan na h-inntinn buailteach gu iad fein a nochdadh 's a' cheò a bha mu'n t-sùil. Dh'éirich mi, 's le cridhe trom thug mi mo chùl ris an Eden so, ach lean mo chompanaich bheaga mi, 's anns gach ceum de'n t-slighe, iad a' comharrachadh a mach dhomh gach ionad 'san do thachair sud no so, nithean nach deachaidh air dhi-chuimhn' fathast, gus mu dheireadh nach robh leud nam bonn, an àrd no'n ìosal, ris nach robh cuimhneachan àraidh naisgte. So, arsa mise rium feun, am fìor thannasg, 's cha'n e 'n sgleò a thig air sùil na sgaoimireachd. 'Se mar a tha, nach 'eil annainn fein ach tannaisg, 's gach aon againn le a ghrunnan fein de thannaisg 'g a leantainn, agus na tannaisg sin math no olc

'nan gnè, dìreach mar a nithear iad, 's e sin ri ràdh, tha iad a réir ar giùlain fein, ma tha ar gnìomh olc, tha tannasg an uilc sin 'g ar leantainn. 'Co agaibh a rinn so?' dh'fharraid *MacBeth* d'a mhaithean 's d'a mhór-uaislean 'nuair a nochd tannasg *Bhanco* e-fein, a cheann sgoilte 's fhuil m'a chluasan. Cha ruigeadh an slaightir a leas fheòraich co rinn so, bha deagh fhios aige co d'an d'thug e 'n t-ùghdarras so a dheanamh, 's bha nis a chogais chiontach fein a' toirt toradh a dhroch-bheairt fa chomhair a shùl. 'Coinneachaidh sinn aig Philippi,' arsa tannasg Cheasair ri Brutus an oidhche roimh 'n bhlàr 'san do thuit Brutus. Bha làmh aig Brutus am bàs an Ròmanaich ainmeil so, 's bha nis tannasg a dhroch ghnìomh 'g a leantainn. Co dhiù, 's e so a' bhrìgh a thug Shakspeare as na taibhsean sin.

B'e beachd an duine 'sna linntean dorcha céin sin, gu'n robh spioraid nan càirdean a dh'eug a ghnàth mu thimchioll aite-còmhnaidh an dilsean, 's gu sonraichte mu na h-uaighean 'san robh na cuirp 'san do thuinnich iad re an turuis troimh'n bheatha so, a nis a' gabhail taimh. Cha 'n 'eil, mar sin, mór-iongantas ged a bhiodh am beachd suidhichte so iomadh uair a toirt air an t-sùil a bhi faicinn cruth nan daimheach a dh'fhalbh air neòil chaochlaideach na h-oidhche. Bha'm beachd eile bh'aig an duine gu'n robh na spioradan so comasach air math no cron a dheanamh dha, g'a chomh-éigneachadh gu oidheirp a thoirt air an deagh-ghean a tharruing g'a ionnsaidh fein. Is ann o'n bheachd so a dh'éirich an t-aoradh ris an abrar Aoradh Aithrichean, no Aoradh Thannasg. Tha mi 'g ràdh nach cuir so a bheag a dh'ioghnadh oirnn, ach 's e an nì a tha na aobhar ioghnaidh, nach 'eil aon ghnè aoraidh is aithne dhuinn anns nach 'eil, an aon seadh no'n seadh eile, roinn mhath de'n phrìomh stéidh so. Tha 'n smuain amhaidh, anabaich so a thainig an ceann an allamharraich, math a dh'fhaoidte ceud mile bliadhna roimh 'n àm so, mar ghràinne de shìol mustaird a chinn gu bhi 'na chraoibh cho mór 's gu'n do chomhdaich i an talamh, 's gu 'n d'fhuair gach aidmheil chreidimh fo'n ghréin neadachadh 'na geugan. Theagamh gur ni-eigin co-ionann ri

so a bha air a chiallachadh an sgeul spleadhach nan Loch-lunnach le Craobh mhór na Cruinne (Yggdrasil), aig an robh a freumh an Slochd an dubh-aigein (Niflheim), a bàrr 'sna nèamhan, 's a geugan a' comhdach na talmhainn uile. Biodh sin mar dh'fhaodas e, tha sinn a faicinn gu soilleir mar a thainig o'n ghràinne shìl so bàrr saibhir de gach seòrsa spiorad, math is olc, oir thainig an duine gu bhi sealltainn air gach creutair mar aite-còmhnaidh spioraid àraidh air an robh e fein a' buileachadh buaidhean àraidh a b'airidh, 'na bheachd-san, air aoradh fhaotainn. Bhàtar ag aoradh do'n nathair anns gach cearn de 'n t-saoghal, 's bha creutairean cho suarach ris an daol a' faotainn àrd-urram. Mar so thainig an tannasg, ceum air cheum, gu bhi air àrdachadh 's air a mheudachadh gu mór. Rinneadh spioradan de gach seòrsa dheth; spioradan math is olc, glan is neò-ghlan; aingil, àrd is ìosal; dée is deamhain, dìreach mar bha freagarrach do shuidheachadh na cùise, gus nach 'eil an diugh, ach beag, eaglais 'san tìr nach 'eil fo thearmunn tannaisg Naoimh a thaobh-eigin, agus móran diubh le cuimhneachain àraidh, mar a tha cnaimh, no cnàmhan, an Naoimh air am bheil i air a h-ainmeachadh, fo'n altair. Ach buinidh so do mheur eile de'n chraoibh Yggdrasil, 's cha cheadaich ùine dhomh iomradh dheanamh air aig an àm. Tha mi 'g ainmeachadh nan nithe sin, cha'n ann an dùil ri dad a chur r'ur n-eòlas fein air na cùisean sin, ach a dhaighneachadh an ni a thuirt mi cheana, nach eil eachdraidh an tannaisg cho faoin 's a shaoileas cuid, 's a chomharrachadh a mach dhuibh aig a cheart àm, cho tràth an eachdraidh na daonnachd 's a thainig an taisbean so a chum an duine. Bu mhór Diana nan Ephésianach, ach's motha na sin tannasg an Allamharraich! Dh'fhaodainn tuilleadh a ràdh mu'n tannasg, ach theagamh gu'm foghainn na dh'fhóghnas aig an àm.

Slàn leibh. Is mise bhur caraid sgaoimeach,

DOMHNULL MACEACHARN.

OLD WORLD STORIES

ARTHUR HUGHES, B.A.

I.—THE SMALL MAN OF DARK ASPECT

MANY, very many, long years ago, when the world was young, and men dwelt on the face of the earth scattered and far between, a small man of dark aspect was standing on the shore by the great sea, wondering and thinking to himself. For many a year he had now been wandering, having come from his own warm country whence the dawn of light arose, left his all, and journeyed far, far away over the mountains and through the rivers and along the plains towards the regions where him-thought the sun fell from his sight into the darkness when the wings of the Night-gloom overshadowed the earth, and all places grew dark. But not yet had he reached thither; and he had come to the sea, and was standing on the shore thereof, and was thinking. So strange to him seemed all things; at all times he would be thinking, thinking, and albeit of body he was but slender and weak, yet was his mind greater than eternity. He looked away over the mighty water that was before him, his black eyes glittering in his head like the drops of the sparkling dew on a fair day in spring, his long hair over his shoulders falling down in locks,—which, too, was black as the feathers of the raven. He thought what the sea was, as it rose and fell before him, reaching away, away for ever, for all he knew, and the fiery, strange ball sinking into the depths thereof amid the hot, blazing, molten gold and silver in the far-away distance beyond. In time before also he had beheld a sea, but not a sea like this, a sea as mighty as his own mind, a sea for ever. And he saw the fine sand beneath his feet, and the rocks round about him; he saw the clouds flying across the sky through the air; and he thought what such things were, and why it should happen that some were

white and some were black, that some were little and some great. So had he ever been since the first beginning, reflecting and musing, and thinking on matters whereon none other of men ever thought. The voice of the wind was his delight, the song and the tune of birds his rapture; and full of ecstasy to his soul were the fair hues of beauty he beheld about him in all places—the blue of the heaven, the white of the swift, thin clouds, the green of the earth at the time when the herbs and the trees were growing, and all such pure tints as a man may behold benights when the sun is departed, and the gentle moon risen in his stead to cast her rays of enchantment over the land and the sea. Strangely fearful things were the white lights slow-moving in the sky. Mightily would he wonder when he gazed up at the shining stars, and little could he think what they were, far away, so high-set in the great, bluish black darkness above him, twinkling ever brilliantly, as living eyes of fire.

At last, when he had long gazed over the sea, as he stood upon the sand, him-seemed he beheld as it were a dark somewhat that arose far beyond the water, plainer and plainer; and he thought it was land, and desire grew within him that he might have power to journey over thither. He loved to wander and to behold such places as it had not been his to see in time that had been; his mind, restless as of yore, ever reaching toward the new, yet still forgetting not the old. It might be that it was there, in the far region beyond, the land beyond the water, that the sun fell into the darkness, and was lost from sight. And so, with his tools of hewn stones, the small man made a boat of the wood of trees and the skins of animals, to sail on the water, and to cross thereover, that he might learn the secret of the distant shore. Nor iron nor brass had he; he knew not to work them. But he knew the manner to build a boat; in the far time now gone by he had been building one before. And so he went over the sea, on a bright day when the water rested calm, and came even to our island, where then lived no man, but beasts and wild creatures that filled the forests in every

place. And here he found his heart's delight; yet were the seasons colder than they used to be of old, in his own warm country, whence the day-dawn uprose. Little by little, he wended his way across the island, and came to the water again. And there he stayed, by the mountain, by the sea, with none save his own small self, living at times in the vale, at times on the great mountain, musing ever and again on the wonderful things that he saw and in time past had seen. He would think of the lands he had come through, of those lands we name Italy, France, Spain, of the North of Africa, and the shores of the Mediterranean Sea; he knew about them all. But it was here he made his home at last, here in our Cymric land; it was in her mountains he delighted, and in her fair meadows were his places of joy. The mountain cave was his dwelling; the mountain cave his tomb. In later time he learnt to build himself a dwelling and a tomb, yet ever they bore the image of his ancient cave. At times they are even yet to be seen. Here lived he, and here unto this day hath his mark remained. To-day the languages of Europe show the influence of his speech, and still in Cymru is he himself to be seen, thinking, thinking ever, and musing on all that he beholds, as was his custom ever of old time, the small man of dark aspect, with black hair and bright eyes. Look about for him; mayhap you yourself are he: men name him The Iberian.

II.—THE MAN WITH THE BRAZEN SPEAR

Again, in the long ages of old, ere the waters had overcome the land, and multiplied the kingdoms, and when the breeze was ever gentle and the sky was ever clear, before the smoke and fog of hordes of men had come to darken God's fair heaven, strode a large and powerful man along across the moors and over the mountains of Middle Europe, his journey from the East unto the West, from the rising of the sun unto the setting thereof. Swung behind him a strong shield; firm grasped in his right hand was a long brazen spear.

His head was round, and over his shoulders in ample plaits fell his coarse, red hair; his blue eyes had in them the look of the eagle when he is most enraged. Great was he of body and strong; his muscles on arm and leg were seen in knotty welts, like bands of iron. A giant of the world was he; and his mind was upon Union and Order. He went on in his power and his glory, and rejoiced in the might of his strength. And after long and weary journeying, he came to the vale of a river, where the place was fair, and the green leaves beautiful to look upon, a shelter from heat and from shower. There the soft wind was alluring to be heard, playing on the strings of the leaves, and blowing gently to itself beneath the tops of the meadow groves. And there above a hollow in the ground, on the bank of the river, the man built his round hut, and rested when the trouble of the day had ceased, when he was aweary. With him were his dog, his ox, and his goat; and carefully he tended them, and watched constantly lest harm should come to them. Long, however, he would not stay in the same place; he arose, and left the little round hut and the pretty valley, and passed by over the hillside. For him it was not to make his home in peace; it was for none at that time. The world was free, and each took his journey whither he would. From Asia along the Danube River, through the genial valley of Rhine, he came; bringing the shield and the brazen spear; and with him the dog, the ox, and the goat. Whithersoever he went, he set order on the countries; he faced his enemy a giant, and his valour knew no end, yet often would he lose the day, and bitter was the sorrow in his heart. Though many were the battles he won, more were those he lost. And when many years were come and gone, journeying through the wildernesses of the world, and over desert mountains, with proud step came he to the foot of a high hill that rose from an open and level plain, watered by two smooth and limpid rivers. He clomb step after step, often gazing behind him from longing for the old fields of contention and joy of yore. After long fatigue and effort, he trod the summit of the hill, and

lay there on the green grass, meditating on what had been, was, and would be. He looked in front; a level plain lay before him, of the fairest lands that man ever yet beheld, and large and mighty rivers he saw descending from the land to the sea. There, on the genial green mead, was neither grief nor plague, the breeze soft and light, the heaven bright and clear. There, Dream and Hope were, hand in hand, and Happiness danced on the bank of the slow and bright blue water. There was the uprising of every high purpose, and there was rest for every weary. Beyond the mead he saw a wildness of trees, and the track of men or of beasts he saw not, but bushes and herbs and flowers. It was a Palace of the Great King, a temple not the work of men's hands; and the man with the brazen spear fell down and worshipped.

He arose up on his feet; far, far away, over the fair lands, he saw many another pleasant sight; the sea like a second sky, and the light of the heaven starred throughout the blue thereof, like gems on the crest of every little water-wave that ever swelled to shore. The man watched them, each one a flow and ebb, a flow and ebb, a living image of the mighty sea itself; his mind reached away to the distance beyond, and it came to his mind and to his thought to go thither. He would understand the secret he saw not, and behold the course of the world that lay far before him.

Adown the hill he went his way with brooding mind, and his heart was heavy as he walked; yet go he would. A glance he threw over his shoulder; stood, looked before toward the bright, bejewelled blue sea, and started down in haste, with his face turned thereto.

Having journeyed late over the pleasant green mead, and spent much time merrily and joyously on the banks of the mighty rivers, and crossed through the wildness of the trees, he walked to the estuaries on the rivers, and came unto the seashore, down to the beach. Forward he would go; leaving behind him the happiness he had seen, and reaching forward to the happiness he had not seen. Yet many a time and oft he looked back; would have the whole had he the power.

To his thought all happiness lay forward and beyond, or behind him and gone by; he lived the future and the past.

Without a boat was there no means of crossing over the water; and the man made there his ship on the beach, and hoisted a sail on her, and along the sea and the ocean was she borne, with swift and gliding motion, he still having the shield and the brazen spear, and with him his dog, his ox, and his goat. Anon he saw himself come to an island, the fairest in all the world; and yet, in despite of all, backward would he look, and think of the places wherein he had been aforetime. He landed; leaving his ship on the margin of the sea, and journeying with firm strides far into the land, where he saw the clouds, away on the crests of the hills. And he made him also a coracle, to cross over the rivers, and with his coracle on his back, or it may be rowing noiselessly along the broad rivers, so he went ever, his mind and eyes oft and again on what had been. Sometimes he tired of rowing, despite the strong, muscular arms, and would turn back ere landing, with regret that he had started. Year after year he journeyed and rowed, until he came to the furthest bound of the island, where the sea was ever rolling below the mountain, and the mountain ever silent above the sea. And there, living all by himself, was a small man of dark aspect, with black eyes. And he was standing among the trees. He saw the mighty stranger, and the mighty stranger saw him, as he stood there under a tree of green leaves; for the heat was great.

And he of the powerful arms began to pride himself of his strength, so weak and feeble he saw the small man of dark aspect, with the black, bright eyes, compared with his own might.

'Ha, thou small man of dark aspect, with black eyes,' said he, 'what dost thou here?'

'I am standing under a shady tree, to avoid the heat and the rays of the sun. And wherefore is thy journey, and who art thou?'

'I seek adventures and go where I list,' said the man of might.

'From too frequent going where thou listest, thou mayest at last arrive where thou listest not.'

'Yea, come thou with me. And my servant shalt thou be, and I will be master over thee.'

'Lord, thou canst do as thou listest with me, but hence wilt thou not move me except it be of thy strength and power.'

And the man with the brazen spear wondered greatly that the soul of the small man of dark aspect should be so bold, and he began to relent in his heart toward him, and grew more gentle in his speech.

'Yea, thou small man of dark aspect, with black eyes,' said he, 'and brave of spirit art thou too, though feeble be thy body. Why should not we dwell together? And neither shall it be worse on thee though I live here in thy habitation. Live we together. And the brazen spear shall be thy protection.'

'Mighty man, God repay it thee. And my mind and spirit shall be thy protection. For my thought is not thy thought, and thou goest not the way it runneth. Thou shalt never have my mind, neither shall the might of thine arm be to me. Live we together.'

So there they remained, and still remain, by the margin of the sea at the foot of the mountain. His own language did the man with the brazen spear teach to the small man of dark aspect, but the small man of dark aspect yet forgat not utterly his own idioms of the past time, and some thereof he taught to the mighty man. And the mighty man set union and order there.

Discoursing together would they be many a long summer's day, many a long winter's night, and in his merry mood the mighty man of the brazen spear gave unto the small man of dark aspect with the black eyes, the name of 'the Fairy.' There they were, there they are, there shall they be, where the sea is by the mountains, the mountains by the sea,

until the Sun is at the end of his path in the heaven, until Night cometh eternal and the light is no more.

And the mighty man with the brazen spear—who then is he, and of what nation?

'Tis the Celt—says ancient story:
Say the mountains—It is man.'

SEA-POEMS

(*Continued from p.* 30.)

KENNETH MACLEOD

V

TÀLADH AN LEINIBH HEARAICH[1]

[A Macleod of Harris lullaby. The version given here was got from a Skye lady, the late Miss Janet Macleod, the Schoolhouse, Island of Eigg.]

A chagarain gaoil, hăo rāo lēo
Hāo lĕo ĭrŏ, hāo lēo.

'S fhada bh' uam a chì mi 'n ceò,
Cha 'n 'eil deò an caol no 'n cuan.

Chì mi 'n iùbhrach anns an òb,
Leannan òg nan sian 's nan stuadh.

Giomach, rionnach, agus ròn,
'S tric a gheill na seòid do m' luaidh.

Nuair a thog iad mach gu sàil,
Cha 'n fhacas lacha snàmh mu 'n cuairt;

Ach fitheach dubh a chaoidh 'nan lorg—
Is eòl da rosad is an-uair.

Teine 's uisge air do sgéith,
'S mollachd Dhé ad ghuib 's ad chuairt.

Chluinn mi an glaodh-bàis am chluais,
O gu 'n cuartaich Dia mo luaidh.

[1] See *Review*, vol. iii. p. 244.

'S grinn an iùbhrach chaidh fo thuinn,
Cha robh bìrlinn Chuinn cho luath.

Cha b'e sid a rinn mo leòn,[1]
Ach chaill mi mo thriuir bhràithrean òg.

Chaill mi Ruairi 's Raonull òg,
'S Aonus Bàn a' chuailein òir

Ach 'se dh' fhàg mi 'n diugh fo bhròn,
Sgeul-beò air t' athair nach tig oirnn

Fois d' a anam 's àit' an glòir,
'S éisdeachd mhaith o 'n Righ 's o 'n Oigh.

Bà mo leinibh, bà a luaidh,
'S barrachd fàs dhuit anns an t-suain,

Gheibh mo leanabh sealbh gach buaidh
Tha 'n diugh fo lic uain' a' chuain.

'S nì mo leanabh reubadh nuar
Eadar Baile-Cliath 's an t-Suain.

'S gheibh mo leanabh leannan shuas,
'S gu'm faigh is' a cuid de 'n bhruaill.

Mo thruaighe, cha bhi sonas buan,
'S olc an céile céile-cuain.

A chagarain gaoil, hao rao leo
Hao leo iro, hao leo.

SCOTTISH GAELIC DIALECTS

Charles M. Robertson

(*Continued from p.* 80)

In other dialects liquid changes occur but are not a prominent feature. It may not be amiss, however, to give some of the examples and also a few of the instances of the insertion of liquids.

[1] The following nine verses are also associated with at least two other songs. Here they are at any rate in place, and there is no good reason for omitting them. The change of rhyme decides nothing, as any one acquainted with this class of songs knows.

M

Initially, *m* sometimes takes the place of *b*. Binid, calf's stomach, is minid in Glenlyon and North Argyll. In the latter district moile, impatience, seems to be for boile, madness, rage. Nèarachd, happiness, in Argyll meurachd according to MacAlpine, is miarachd in Skye, (Early Irish, mogenar); Is nearachd an duine a smachdaicheas Dia, happy is the man whom God correcteth.

Màm, ulcer in the arm-pit, is màn in North Argyll and in Maceachen's Dictionary.

L

Meilich, become numb, is meinich in Gairloch and Lochbroom, and capal-coille is capar-coille in Perth.

Taibhse is taillse in Perth, and foidhidinn is foidhildinn in West Ross.

Apparently, on the analogy of words like iarmailt, *l* has been introduced into one or two words. Faoghaid, better faghaid, chase, hunt, hunting party, from Latin agitatio, is met with as faoghailt and faodhailt. Compare also a' Ghearmailt (the) Germany, which may have influenced or been influenced by an Eadailt (the) Italy.

Burmaill occurs for burmaid, from wormwood.

N

Eilear-nis is sometimes heard in Skye for Inbhir-nis (Inverness). Mionchuileag (or meanbhchuileag), a gnat, midge, is milchuileag in Arran and Kintyre; in Kintyre also mìchuileag. Lunnainn, London, is Lumainn in Perth. Daonnan or daondan, always, is daolant and daonalt in Perth and daornan in Kintyre. Braonan, earth nut, is braolan in Arran and braoran in Glenlyon. Mèanan, yawn, is miaran in Ardnamurchan and in Skye. In Arran comanaich, communicate, is comaraich, and feamnach, sea weed, in Kintyre feamanach, is feamrach.

N is changed to *l* in several words like iarmailt, from

firmamentum, susbailteach (in West Ross) for susbainteach, from susbainn—substantia.

Eanchainn is 'eanchaill' in North Argyll and West Ross, sgùlan, 'sgùlar' at Blair Atholl, and mugharn 'mughairl' in Arran. Muilichinn for muinichill is muilchir in Perth, and we may note Muireall, from Marion, and mairseal in Arran from merchant.

R

'Cha leig e leas' is common in Argyll for 'cha ruig e leas.' Airean, ploughman, is ailean at Shiskine in Arran. In West Ross Griogarach, MacGregor, is Griogalach; seamrag trefoil, in one pronunciation, silmeag, and ciùrach, small rain, ciùlach. In Kintyre rùdhrach, searching, is rùdhlach.

An earar, day after to-morrow, is an eanar in Kintyre, and MacArtair is MacArtain in Skye.

Àbhairst for àbhaist has been noticed already. Crobhsag, gooseberry, in West Ross, is crobhrsag in East Ross. Tort for tota or tobhta, a piece of turf, is heard at Shiskine in Arran, and tuarnalaich for tuanalaich, dizziness, in Gairloch. Uaigneach, lonesome, is uairgneach in Perth, Strathspey, West Ross, Skye, and Lewis. Eireannach, ivy, apparently for eidheannach, occurs in Arran.

M

M being liquid, nasal, and labial, shares characteristics belonging to all three classes of consonants, When unaspirated and long it follows the other liquids, *l*, *n*, and *r*, in diphthongising or lengthening preceding short accented vowels. It nasalises a neighbouring vowel, but on the whole perhaps not so generally as *n* does. Marbh, mór, muir, mèag, beum, ceum, feum, geum, leum, teum, com, lom, tom, for example, generally, and less generally fuaim, gruaim, gruamach, uam are exceptions to the rule of nasalisation.

A loss of initial *M* in patronymics is characteristic of the speech of South Argyll and of Arran. In Kintyre and Arran

M is usually retained in formal or guarded speech. It is in colloquial and familiar talk, though not always even then, that it is dropped. For example, in Arran MacNeacail, Englished Nicol, may be heard as Ac Riocail, Mac Cùga, Englished Cook, as Ac Cùga, and Mac Lothaidh (Mac Clothaidh ?), Englished Fullarton, as Ac Lothaidh. We may note also Gleann Ac Lothaidh or Glen Cloy, in 1472 Glenklowy, meaning Glen of Mac Loy or Fullarton, in which the family of Fullarton of Kilmichael has owned lands from the days of King Robert the Bruce. Similarly, in Kintyre, Mac Dougall is Ac 'ùghaill, Mac Ionmhuinn, Englished Mac Kinven, is Ac Ionmhuinn, and Mac Naomhain, Mac Niven, exemplifying the local change of *ao* in certain cases to nasal *ì*, is pronounced Ac Rìomhainn. Mac Ionmhuinn, which is distinct from Mackinnon in Arran and Kintyre Mac Eanain, is a Gaelic rendering of the imported Lowland name Love, which is its English equivalent in Arran, just as Mac bradain and Mac sporain are Gaelic renderings respectively of the imported names Salmon and Purcell. In at least one instance the patronymic has passed into English in its decapitated form, viz., Mac Mhuirich, pronounced Ac uirigh and known in English as Currie. This peculiarity, which is quite unknown in the North Highlands, is met with in Ireland, and is prominent in the Isle of Man. Many Manx names, owing to it, begin with *C* or *K*, and have done so for over three centuries ; *e.g.* Callister for Mac Alister, is on record in 1606, and Kermod for Mac Dermid in 1586, and both are still in use. The corresponding Welsh word Map, son, has suffered in the same way, and so many Welsh names begin with *P*, as Parry, son of Harry, Pritchard, son of Richard.

This ac for mac has been given by Shaw in both parts of his Dictionary as a Gaelic word for son, and has been adopted by other dictionaries.

Mh

Non-initial *mh* nasalises an accented flanking vowel as a rule. There are exceptions, such as cliamhuinn, son-in-law, riamh, ever, in some dialects.

Otherwise the variations of *mh* appear to arise solely from its labial quality, and have a very close resemblance to those of *bh*. Like this consonant it is sounded variously as *v*, *f*, *u*, *w*, *h* or not at all.

v

Except after Mac in a few patronymics in Kintyre and Arran, *mh* as the aspirated form of initial *m* invariably gets the full sound of *v* like *v* in English vast, eve.

Medially *mh* has this sound almost everywhere in a small number of words as clamhan, a buzzard, deimhinn, certain, dìomhain, idle, ìomhaigh, image, leamhan, elm, ainmhidh, animal, ionmhas, treasure, ionmhuinn, beloved, etc. Dìomhain, ìomhaigh may be heard with *w* as well as with *v* in Sutherland, where, on the other hand, nàmhaid, enemy, and sometimes sàmhach, quiet, with one or two others retain the *v* sound that they lose in many dialects.

In Arran and Kintyre, and, as appears from MacAlpine's *Dictionary*, in Islay medial and final *mh* as a rule sounds *v*. In all three places it has this sound in amharc, amharus, caomhain, cliamhuinn, deimhinn, dìomhair (secret, not diamhair here), dìomhain or rather here dìomhanach (idle), gamhainn and genitive gamhna, nàmhaid and plural nàimhdean, reamhar, sàmhach, Samhuinn and genitive Samhna, sgiamhail (squealing), sleamhainn, àmhghair, geamhradh, ionmhuinn, samhladh, etc. MacAlpine sometimes gives *v*, *e.g.* in umha, where Arran and Kintyre have *mh* silent, and on the other hand those districts have *v* where MacAlpine gives *mh* as silent, *e.g.* in gainmheach (sand), ionmhas, ruamhair. MacAlpine gives the *v* sound in gaineamh, sand, but writes 'gaineach' for gainmheach.

In all three districts final *mh* is *v* in words like caomh, cnàimh (bone), cnàmh (digest), damh, dàimh, fiamh (aspect), freumh, gnìomh, làmh, naomh, neamh, ràmh (oar), riamh (ever), sgiamh (squeal), snàmh, snìomh, tàmh, and also in claidheamh, ealamh, falamh, talamh. In addition, àireamh, aiteamh, annamh, seasamh, ullamh, breitheamh, coinneamh,

teagamh, and the ordinal numerals ceithreamh, coigeamh, etc., are sounded with *v* by MacAlpine, and the first five also in Kintyre. 'Mh sounds v, never *u*,' MacAlpine tells us, and again 'mh serves very often only to give a nasal sound to a or o; not so in ràmh, tàmh, ràv, tàv, an oar, rest; it is silent always in the prefix *comh*, but giving the nasal sound; also in dhomh, ghó, etc.' Apart from words like comhairle, coimhearsnach, into which the prefix comh, coimh, enters, the instances in which the sound of *v* is not given where *mh* is written are very few in number in those southern districts. A tendency indeed to introduce the *v* sound mistakenly is discoverable in the case of *mh*, and also, as we shall see, in the case of *bh*. MacAlpine maintains explicitly that the true orthography of words like mothar (loud sound, mòthar Mac Bain), when the vowel is nasalised, is momhar, and accordingly writes momha and momhaide for motha and mothaid, greater. Coinnseas, conscience, also, which is pronounced coiseas with *oi* nasal, in Arran and the North Highlands he writes coimhseas. Damhsa, dance, in which he gives *mh* the *v* sound, has that sound also in Kintyre and in Arran. 'Dausa,' *au* diphthong and nasal, is the pronunciation in East Perthshire, where *damhsa* but not dannsa would be so pronounced, and in Northern Gaelic, where *dannsa* with *a* diphthongised *au* before long *nn*, and *nn* assimilated to *s* as in 'rausaich' for rannsaich, would be so pronounced. Dannsa, the original form of the word, from English dance, might very readily be written damhsa, therefore, in the northern dialect, but how it could become either 'dausa' or 'davsa' in the southern dialect is not clear. In Arran and Kintyre the noun indeed is damhasa, and the verb is damhais there and with MacAlpine. Shaw gives damhasam, to dance, and damhasaire dubh an uisge, water-spider, literally, black dancer of the water.

The *v* sound is equally prominent in the case of final *mh* in North Argyll, and occurs in at least a number of the examples in Skye. In West Ross it is found after broad vowels in monosyllables, as damh, gnìomh, etc., but not dàimh, aireamh, talamh, etc.

f

In a few cases *mh* has taken the sound of *f*. Naturally it has done so most readily where the tendency to keep the *v* sound is strongest in the most southern dialects. Mac Mhuirich, Englished Currie, is Mac Fuirigh or Ac Fuirigh, and Mac Mhurchaidh, Englished Macmurchy and Murchie, Mac Furchaidh both in Kintyre and at Shiskine in Arran; at the south end of Arran Mac uirigh and Mac urchaidh. So in Kintyre Mac Mhaoilein, MacMillan, is Mac Faoileinn.

Medially *f* takes the place of *mh* in Mac Creamhain, 'Crawford,' in Arran, and both there and in Kintyre in fomhair for famhair. MacAlpine pronounces aimheal, Irish aithmheal, effal or evval (*e* nasal), where the lost *th* may be held to have induced the *f* (*ff*) from *v* (*vv*); in other words he gives *vf*, as amhach, neck, 'avfach,' so amhaidh, sour, raw (of weather), amhain, entanglement by the neck. etc.

Famhair, a giant, in the *Book of the Dean of Lismore*, fowir, Manx fowar, Irish fomhor, is fohfair rather than fofair in Arran; in MacAlpine, Perth and Lewis it is favair, in Strathspey fawair, in North Inverness and North Argyll fo-air, in West Ross fohair, in East Ross fu-air at least in the place-name Novar 'Tigh an fhumhair,' in Skye fu-aire. Possibly fuamhair, quoted in dictionaries from the margin of Genesis, represents the pronunciation fu-air. The Lewis pronunciation may have been adopted from literature; the word seemingly is unfamiliar in Sutherland. The vowels are nasalised in all the pronunciations.

In final position *f* is heard in caomh and naomh in Arran, and in amh, nèamh, and samh in West Ross.

u

This sound is heard medially mostly where it has coloured or superseded a following *a*. In North Argyll amhach, neck, is 'e-uch,' and so amhaltach, amharc, amharus, deamhan, glamhas for glomhas, cleft, and glamhadh for sglamhadh, a snap, snatch, and also diamhair, gamhainn, namhaid, reamhar.

The spelling of other words, such as àmhuinn, cliamhuinn, Samhuinn, sleamhuinn, shows *u* in place of *a* after *mh* owing to the *u* sound of *mh*. In West Ross this *u* is heard in a few instances, *e.g.* dàmhair, làmhadh (a hatchet), miamhail (mewing), reamhar, while amhaich (for amhach) is there 'ahuich.' Sàmhach, quiet, which may be heard as 'sà-ach' in Rannoch and Skye, is 'sà-uch' in West Ross and Sutherland and 's'è-uch' in North Argyll. In East Perth 'sà-uch' and 'sòch' are both current; the latter is the pronunciation also in Strathspey. The accented vowel always and the other usually are nasalised in those pronunciations.

Mh final in monosyllables with long vowels is often *u* in Perth, Strathspey, and Sutherland, *e.g.* in cnàmh, freumh, gniomh, làmh, naomh, nèamh, pràmh, ràmh, riamh (ever), snàmh, snìomh, tàmh, and others.

In words of more than one syllable *amh* or *eamh* final is sounded *u* more or less frequently throughout Northern Gaelic and almost invariably in East Perth and in Sutherland, as in àireamh, aiteamh, caitheamh, claidheamh, ordinal numerals ceithreamh, coigeamh, etc. The only exceptions observed in the former of the two districts named out of about two dozen instances are caitheamh, claidheamh, one pronunciation of falamh, soitheamh, ullamh, and in the latter district claidheamh and falamh. In West Ross, on the other hand, in this class of words *u* is heard only in breitheamh, deanamh, ealamh, talamh, teagamh, and the ordinal numerals. In Arran this pronunciation is heard in àireamh, breitheamh, and in Kintyre in breitheamh, teagamh, and ordinal numerals with the exception of ceithreamh.

w

In Perth, Strathspey, and Sutherland especially the sound after short accented *a* or *e* sounds is *w* rather than *u*, as in amhairc, amhuil, gamhainn, Samhuinn, and genitive Samhua, sleamhuinn; amh, damh, creamh, leamh, samh (smell). *W* occurs sometimes before a liquid or other consonant, as in amhlair, samhladh, gamhnach (farrow cow),

geamhradh, samhradh, geamhta; and sometimes after a long vowel or dipthong, as àmhuinn, cliamhuinn, sgiamhuil. The same pronunciation is heard in West Ross in most of those words, with the exception of the monosyllables, and also in nàmhaid, glamhadh (for sglamhadh), and tamhasg. It is heard in Sutherland additionally in dìomhain and in alternative pronunciations of ìomhaigh and sámhach. Reamhar, fat, which is 'revar' in Arran and Kintyre and 'r'avar' with MacAlpine, and 're-ur' in North Argyll and West Ross, is 're-ur' and 'rewar' in Perth and 'r'awar' in Sutherland. The word for a song, which is óran in Arran and Kintyre and MacAlpine, and òran in North Argyll, Skye, and (with *ò* nasalised) Perth, is amhran, 'awran' (or 'auran'), with *aw* (or *au*) nasalised in Strathspey, West Ross, Sutherland, and Lewis. In Irish the word is written amhrán and abhrán and, as usual reversing the relations as they are in Scotland, is pronounced 'óran' in the north of Ireland and 'auran' in the south.

h

Instances of this have been given from West Ross, where it is found, in 'ahuich' for amhaich (amhach) and 'fohair' for famhair.

nil

Besides instances referred to already—the prefix comh, etc.—a few of the words in which *mh* is silent apparently in all dialects are cumhang, tomhas, umhail, umhal, romham, romhad, tromham, tromhad, etc., cuimhne, Domhnach, cloimh, roimh, troimh. In Domhnall, Donald, *mhn* are all usually silent. In ùmhlachd (obedience), where *mh* is silent, *u* owes its length (*ù*) to the contraction of the syllable from umhal, obedient, and has caused this adjective sometimes to be written erroneously ùmhal.

The sound of short open *o* is given in Arran to the termination *amh* or *eamh* in the ordinal numerals and in the word teagamh. Shaw, in his Dictionary, writes ceathro, fourth; coigo, fifth; fithchiodo, twentieth, etc.; also teaga, perhaps.

Ceithreamh only has this *o* in Kintyre, the other ordinals having *u* there.

In coinneamh and ullamh the sound is short *ao* in Arran, and in the former in Kintyre. The former represents an old conne, but is dealt with in some dialects as coinneamh.

Caitheamh, wearing, càramh, repairing, creideamh, and deanamh end with *dh* in lieu of *mh* in Arran, Kintyre, and Islay, as do also feitheamh and seasamh in Arran and with MacAlpine. Seasamh, however, is given as well by MacAlpine. In the literature of South Argyll and Arran *dh* is often found in place of *mh* in most or all of those words.

The sound of slender *gh* appears to be given by MacAlpine to final *mh* after a slender vowel in one or two instances. In cloimh, scab, and cnoimh, maggot, for example, *mh* is represented by him by *yh*, by which *dh* in déidh and *gh* in brìgh, etc., are represented.

P

In some dialects, such as that of East Perth, *p* in medial or final positions sometimes is hardly, if at all, distinguishable from *b*, as in apa, capull, ceapaire, leapa, genitive of leabaidh, tapaidh, cnap, ceap, etc. In most dialects *p* in such positions sounds as with an aspirate before it. In Rannoch and in Strathspey this aspirate, if it has not altogether become *ch*, has come to sound very like that guttural. Thus tapaidh in both those districts strikes the observer as being sounded 'tachpaidh,' and so with apa, etc. A similar peculiarity in those two districts is observable in the case of broad *t*.

B

Gaelic *b* is commonly said to sound like English *p*, but is described more accurately as a surd or voiceless *b* and may be produced by trying to sound *b* without voice. Sonant or voiced *b*, i.e. *b* as in English, is occasionally heard in Sutherland, *e.g.* in beag, lèabag.

A change of *b* to *p* occurs in buinne, tide, current, which is puinn and pinn in West Ross and, according to the Rev.

Adam Gunn, puinne in the Reay country (North Sutherland); Tha puinn air, or Tha pinn air (lit. there is a current on it) is said at Stromeferry when the tide flows swiftly through the narrows. The same change to *p* is found in West Ross also in bruith 'prih' and in briste.

Bh

As has been said under *mh, bh* is sounded *v, f, u, w, h,* or not at all.

v

Initially *bh* always, except in one or two instances in which it sounds *f*, has the sound of *v*.

Medially it has the sound of *v* almost as regularly as *mh* has, in Arran, Kintyre, and MacAlpine, as in aobhar, cràbhach, dòbhaidh, fabhra (eyelid), faobhar, gàbhadh, labhair, rabhadh, riabhag, saoibhir, slabhag, treubhach and treubhantas, uabhar, aoibhneach and aoibhneas, arbhar, cabhruich, cuilbheart, gealbhan, inbhe, sealbhag, slabhraidh, treibhdhireach, uabhrach (proud), etc., and in loan words as fàbhar, sàbhail, sabhal, searbhanta, seirbheis, sìobhalta, etc. From MacAlpine may be quoted also abhacas, abharsair, abhcaid, craobhaidh (tender, nervous), diobhail, éibheall, rabhairt, tàbhachd, trobhad, abhras, asbhuain, cuibhrionn, siabhrach, brabhd (a bandy leg), rabhd, sabhd, etc., in all of which he sounds *bh* as *v*.

Aoibhneach, aoibhneas, cuilbheart, gealbhan, saoibhir, sealbhag, sàbhail, seirbheis, sìobhalta have *v* apparently in all dialects, and gàbhadh in all except that of West Ross where it is 'gà-ug.'

In North Argyll, in addition, aobhar, asbhuain, cràbhach, fàbhar, rabhadh, riabhag, saoibhir of the words above have *v*; in Perth aobhar, cràbhach, fabhar, gàbhadh, saoibhir; in Skye asbhuain, cràbhach, fàbhar, saoibhir; in West Ross asbhuain, craobhaidh, dìobhail, saoibhir, uabhar; and in Sutherland aobhar (South Sutherland), arbhar, fàbhar, faobhar, and saoibhir all have *v*.

In final position *bh* sounds as *v* as a rule in Arran, the three Argyll dialects, and in Skye. In West Ross the *v* sound is confined generally to monosyllables. Divergences from the *v* sound occur mostly where the nearest vowel is slender, and are rarest in the three southernmost dialects, more frequent in North Argyll, and extend to a few words with broad adjacent vowels in West Ross. Baobh, cliabh, dèabh, eubh, gabh, leubh, saobh, sgriobh, sibh, sliabh, with words like balbh, falbh, dealbh, deilbh, seilbh, meanbh, dearbh, garbh, doirbh, soirbh, have *v* in Arran, Kintyre, Islay, and North Argyll, as have also craobh, taobh in Kintyre and Islay, and dèabh in Islay and North Argyll. Baobh, cliabh, eubh (cry), leubh (read), sgriobh, sliabh have *v* in West Ross, as have also balbh, dealbh, and most others with the nearest vowel broad, and one or two such as seilbh, where that vowel is slender. Ciabh, a lock of hair, in Arran a whisker, has *v* with MacAlpine, and in Arran, North Argyll, Skye, and West Ross, but is ciabhag (with *v*) in the last three districts and (with *w*) also in Sutherland. The *v* sound prevails in Skye also, at least in many of the words as baobh, cliabh, craobh, eubh, gabh, leubh, sàbh, sibh, sliabh, balbh, falbh, marbh, tarbh, mairbh, etc. Gheibh, which is 'gheo' with MacAlpine and in North Argyll, Perth, and West Ross, may be heard as 'gheo' in Arran and in Skye. MacAlpine says of gabh 'gav (murdered by some gow and gaw).'

Aitreabh, beulaobh, cùlaobh, leanabh, have *v* with MacAlpine and in North Argyll. Beulaobh and cùlaobh have *v* in Kintyre, and leanabh in Arran and Kintyre. Beulaobh, cùlaobh, which are properly old datives plural, beulaibh, culaibh, and other datives plural, beothaibh, fearaibh, geallanaibh, linnibh, etc., have the *v* sound in Skye.

The termination of the second person plural in prepositional pronouns and in imperatives agrees as a rule in the different dialects with the local pronunciation of sibh. Where *bh* is sounded *v* in sibh as it is in Arran, Kintyre, Islay, North Argyll, and Skye, it is sounded as *v* also in agaibh, with you, oirbh, on you, annaibh, in you, asaibh, out of you, dhibh,

of you, and so on, and in brisibh, break ye, dèanaibh, do ye, ithibh, eat ye, òlaibh, drink ye, togaibh, lift ye, etc. In Arran 'shu' is heard, but more rarely than 'shiv,' for sibh, and has not affected the forms in question. In Perth and Badenoch *bh* is simply silent in sibh, and so also in all the forms. In Sutherland sibh is 'shu,' and correspondingly the others are agu, annu, brisu, deanu, etc. In West Ross, though *bh* is silent in sibh, it is sounded as *b* in the related forms annaib, ichib (eat ye), òlaib. Probably this has arisen from the pronunciation there of sibh fhéin frequently (not always) as sip fhéin (si péin?), though it has to be observed that sip fhéin in Skye and siu pé, which is heard in Arran and in Sutherland, have not had such an effect in those districts.

MacAlpine writes comhstri, but pronounces it comhstriobh. Stri, strive, strife, he calls a 'corruption of striobh, which is used in Knapdale and Sutherlandshire,' and he writes strìobh and strì. In Arran strìobh is heard, but more frequently strì.

In several instances *u* or *w* in borrowed words has become *v* in the most southern dialects. MacAlpine not only writes *bh*, which was, of course, the correct thing to do, but pronounces it as *v* in cabhsaidh, cosy, cabhsair, causeway, cabhtair, cauter, fabhd, Scot. faut, fault, gabhd, Scot. gaud, a trick, sàbh, saw, and sàbhadair, sawyer, sabhs, sauce, sabhsair, sausage, tobha, 'tow,' rope. Cabhsair is 'cavasa'r' in Arran. Sàbh, saw, is 'sàv' in Arran, North Argyll, and Skye. The noun is sàbha, 's'èva' in Arran; in West Ross it is 'sàv,' but the verb is sàbhaig, pronounced sàwaig. In Rannoch both sàv and sàu or sàw are heard.

f

Initially *bh* is *f* with MacAlpine and in Skye, etc., in bharr for a bharr, from off, used prepositionally, and in West Ross, etc., in bho, from, and bhos, on this side. The latter, however, is for a(n) bh-fos. A height at Little Loch Broom, with a few boulders that look from a distance like men standing or

squatting on the top, is called Carn nam fir fréig (bhréig), Cairn of the False Men. MacBride, in Kintyre Mac Ille Bhrìde, is Mac Bhrìdeinn and occasionally Mac Frìdeinn at Shiskine in Arran. Mac Figeinn, which is the Gaelic in Kintyre for the surname Littleson, is obviously for Mac Bhigein, from beag, little.

Medially, *f* occurs in Arran in cabhag, siabhrach, 'sìofrag,' siobhag; with MacAlpine in siobhag, tabhann, etc.; in West Ross in creubhag, daobhaidh, inbhe; in Skye in sìobhalta. Cabhag, which is 'cavag' in Kintyre, North Argyll, Perth, and Skye, and 'cavaig' in Sutherland, is 'cafaig' in West Ross, and 'cavfag' with MacAlpine. Siobhag, which is 'siofag' in Kintyre and North Argyll also, is siofhag ('sihag') in West Ross.

Finally, *f* is heard in Arran in craobh, dèabh, and taobh, and in West Ross in faobh.

MacAlpine gives *vf* for *bh* in several instances, as abh, bark, abhag, terrier, cabhlaiche, an admiral, etc.

u

For *bh* before *a* and *e* sounds *u* is heard, especially in North Argyll and West Ross, *e.g.* abhag, 'a-ug,' arbhar, 'ara-ur' (first *r* long), faobhar 'fao-ur' in Argyll and 'fû-ur' in Ross, labhair, slabhag. So diubhair, 'di-u'r,' leabhair, rabhairt, 're-u'rt,' sàbhadh (sawing), sàbhaidh (will saw), 'sa-ui,' sabhal, siubhal, tabhann, ubhall, in North Argyll; and cràbhach, dabhach, dubhach, fàbhar, tàbhachd, a few infinities like leubhadh, 'lia-ug,' craobh, 'crûu,' dèabh, 'dèu' (taobh is 'tù'), and dearbh, 'derahu' (long *r*), and one or two others in West Ross. It is heard sometimes in Sutherland, *e.g.* in treabhair, treabh, sgrìobh, etc., and in Perth, *e.g.* in abhag, rabhadh, slabhag, tabhann, craobh, leubh, sgrìobh, taobh, treabh. The place-name Fìobh, Fife, which in Rannoch is Fìou and Fìv, is in East Perth Fìu. Fìu and Fìou indeed sound like two syllables Fì-u and Fì-ou, as do also leubh, 'lè-u,' sgriobh, 'sgrì-u,' and some other words with a long vowel in Perth.

In all words like balbh, meanbh, dearbh, *bh* is *u* in East Perth and Sutherland, where the nearest vowel is broad, and, in Sutherland also in a few instances where the vowel is slender, as deilbh, seilbh, mairbh. Words like aitreabh, leanabh, beulaobh, cùlaobh, fhearaibh, all have *u* 'aitru,' 'leanu,' etc. in Perth and Sutherland, as have also the prepositional pronouns agaibh, etc., and imperatives brisibh, etc., in Sutherland, as already noted.

w

This sound may be heard in Perth, *e.g.* in asbhuain, cabhruich, cobhair, cobhar, gobha, gobhal, gobhar, labhair, labhar, leabhar (book), leabhar (long), sabhal, slabhruidh, cliabh, sliabh, etc.; in West Ross in abhras, fabhra (eyelid), aobhar, cabhraich, cobhair, gobha, gobhal, gobhar, rabhairt 'rowirt,' sabhal, slabhruidh, etc.; in Sutherland in aobhar (North Sutherland), ciabhag (lock of hair), cliabh, sliabh, etc. Abhainn, river, which has *v* in Arran, Kintyre, and Mac-Alpine, and is 'a-u'n' in North Argyll and 'o-inn' (open *o*), in Strathspey, is 'awinn' in Perth, Badenoch, Skye, West Ross, and 'awarn' in Sutherland.

h

Instances of *h* are characteristic of West Ross, *e.g.* in cobhar, foam, 'cohar,' diubhair, difference 'dihu'r.' Bailbh is there bailahi, meinbhe (comparative of neanbh), menahi, gairhh, gairahi, meirbh merahi, and sometimes dearbh, derahi, and garbh garahu, with the liquids long in all cases.

nil

At the south end of Arran, Mac Bhrìdein (Mac Bride) may be heard as Ac rìdeinn. *Bh* is silent generally in some words, as cuibheas, dubhan, siubhal, thubhairt, ubhal, luibh; in the three southern dialects in cobhair, cobhar, gobha, gobhal, gobhar, riabhach, etc. In a few instances like feabhas, leabhar (book), leabhar (long), treabh, *bh*, though silent, may

have been the cause of the change generally of *ea* into *eo* in those words. Gheibh also in most dialects is pronounced as if it were gheobh, with *bh* silent.

Bh is silent with MacAlpine in cubhaidh, cuibhrionn, gheibh, but sounds *v* in those words in Arran. On the other hand it is *v* with MacAlpine in inbhir and easbhuidh, but silent in Arran. MacAlpine gives two pronunciations of eanbhruich, inbhe, and taibhse, one with *bh* as *v* and one with *bh* silent, Àbhaist is àvist (àvisht) in Arran, Kintyre, MacAlpine, and Sutherland; àvist, àst, and àist (àsht) in Perth; à-u'rst in North Argyle, and fà-uist in West Ross. Éubh (in Kintyre Èubh) is rendered by MacAlpine 'Eve, first woman; aspen tree'; Eabha, Eve, and eabhadh, aspen tree, are given in O'Reilly's Irish Dictionary. Shaw has Eabha for both. In Scottish Gaelic the aspen is eibheadh and eadha and Eve in Arran Gaelic is Eobha or Eodha 'yo-a,' a dialect form of eadha. Clearly the Gaelic for Eve has somehow been influenced by the name for the aspen tree.

The pronunciations, as far as known, of cathadh, drift, point to cabhadh as being the correct form of the word, viz., cavfadh, with MacAlpine; cawa, Perth; ca-udh, North Argyll; cahudh, Skye; cahug, West Ross; ca-u, Sutherland; cafa, Lewis. Armstrong has cathadh and cathamh; the latter occurring also in Eng.-Gael. is evidently his own form. The regular verb cabh, 'kavf,' is given by MacAlpine, and is in use in Perthshire. In Arran the word is càthadh, like the Irish cáthadh, and either has been influenced by, or is identical with càthadh, winnowing.

Words like deilbh, seilbh, mairbh, tairbh are in Perthshire deli, seli, maori, taori (East Perth, mari, tari in Rannoch). In Rannoch dealbh is 'deala-ah,' meanbh 'meana-ah,' dearbh 'deara-ah.' In some dialects deala-u, deara-u, etc., may be heard. In East Perth this glide *a* may be heard sometimes after the *u* sound, which is then apt to become *w*, as balbh, balua, or balwa. The Dean of Lismore writes dalwyth

(dealbh), Bano (Banbh), garo, garrowe, and gerve (garbh). Manx forms are marroo (marbh), tarroo (tarbh). Compare Welsh marw, Cornish marow, Breton maro (Gaelic marbh).

MacAlpine gives *bh* the sound of broad *gh* in one or two instances, and dubh, black, which is one of his instances is pronounced dugh in North Argyll. He, however, makes guth voice 'gugh.'

GAELIC IN NEW ZEALAND

DEAR EDITOR,—Some time ago I sent you an article on a 'Gaelic Class in New Zealand,' which you were good enough to insert in the *Celtic Review*. This article awakened some interest both at home and in America, as witness a letter written in Welsh which I send you with some other enclosures. For the past two years I have been conducting a Gaelic class in Dunedin, which is in more respects than in name the Modern Athens of the Antipodes. I started with an attendance of about one hundred, most of them being young Colonials without a word of Gaelic in their heads. The Gaelic class 'caught on' wonderfully, and I felt somewhat embarrassed by the numbers and by the fact that we had only a very few books. We sent for Whyte's *How to Learn Gaelic*, but three months would pass ere we could get a supply of this book. Meantime the Christmas holidays arrived, and we had a notable 'basket' *Céilidh* to which everybody brought a *fàd* or a *fòid*. When we resumed after the holidays the crowd was perplexing, and I began to think that the Gaelic Revival had actually set the Pacific Ocean on fire (there being no heather here to burn). But in order to make any progress we had to settle down to sober work, and that soon sobers a Colonial crowd. So long as the lessons consisted in pronouncing familiar sentences or tackling uncouth sounds by the whole crowd, or by the ladies and gentlemen alternately, they were immensely popular. Gaelic sayings, correctly spelt on the blackboard, were greedily transferred to note-books. Gaelic translations of all kinds of complimentary, not to say amatory, expressions were asked for; and I feel sure that more Gaelic passed through the post-office of Dunedin on postcards and such missives that Christmas than during the whole previous history of the Colony.

However, in process of time, the principle of the survival of the fittest operated, and there remained a fairly good working class whose attendance and attention could be depended on. By the end of the fourth term we had a written examination in Gaelic grammar and spelling, in which about a dozen, chiefly of those who had begun Gaelic with me for the first time, took

part. They acquitted themselves very creditably, the best making 95 per cent. in a fairly stiff paper. One of the questions was to render into Gaelic the various ways in which 'I did it,' 'I did not do it,' can be expressed, giving the emphatic forms. This question was answered very fully, indicating some progress in the knowledge of Gaelic idiom. The prizes awarded consisted of copies of Macfarlane's *Gaelic and English Dictionary*, which have since proved useful for the work of the class. These prizes were presented by Highland gentlemen in Dunedin, who have not only shown a great interest in the Gaelic class, but have attended the meetings and taken part in the work. At the close of the first year a public exhibition of the work done during the year was held, which created considerable interest. At this meeting the tale of *Murachag agus Míneachag* was recited by members of the class, one person giving the narrative readings and the others the different parts of the dialogue in character. This was considered a unique event in Dunedin. The class continues to meet regularly every Monday night, and a good deal of Gaelic poetry has been read by the more advanced members, while the others are making fairly good progress. A suitable Gaelic learning book is, however, a great desideratum. We found that we had practically to make our own grammatical lessons—one or two of the senior members of the class assisting me by useful suggestions. I have heard that the same is true of a Gaelic class taught in Melbourne. What seems to me to be wanted is a book based on Hugo's system of learning foreign languages, in which the subject is arranged in a series of lessons, each lesson being complete in itself. Dr. Bourke did something of this kind for Irish Gaelic so long ago as 1859, in his *Easy Lessons in Irish*, anticipating Hugo. Everybody who knows Dr. Stewart's *Gaelic Grammar* knows that it is a masterpiece of which Highlanders are justly proud; but it is a work for the student, and not for the beginner. It is of very little use to those who do not know Latin, because of the nomenclature of the cases and the general arrangement of the subject, based as it is on Latin grammars which themselves are now antiquated. In Dr. Bourke's work declension of nouns is not treated until the forty-seventh lesson, or the 260th page in a book of 390 pages. In my class I did not give a lesson in the case-changes until the third term, as I had found by experience that the difficulties presented by case in Gaelic, especially to those who knew no language but English, were such as to discourage and drive away even the earnest pupil. I found that the case lesson was more intelligible by adopting the terms used in English grammar as far as possible. The dative case in Gaelic (which is no more dative that it is ablative in meaning) I called the prepositional case, because it is always preceded by a governing preposition. The numeral *dà*, two, is said in some grammars to take the dative case, whereas it is really a separate indeclinable number, and ought to be so treated, thus avoiding confusion.

I enclose a few scraps consisting of occasional exercises done by members

of the Gaelic class, and should be glad if you would insert any which you may consider of sufficient interest or merit for the *Celtic Review*.—Yours, etc.,

DUNCAN MACLENNAN.

Highland Manse, Dunedin, New Zealand.

Efrog Newydd, Talaethau Unedig,
York New, States United,

Gogledd Amerig, 13 Ebrill 1907.
North America, April

Y Parch D. S. MACLENNAN,
The Rev.
Waipu, New Zealand.

ANWYL SYR,—Mi a ddarllenais efor ddyddordeb mwyaf hanes eich
DEAR SIR,— I read with pleasure great (hi)story your
dosbarth yn yr Alaeg yn Zealand Newydd bell yn y *Celtic Review* amser
class in the Gaelic in Zealand New distant in the Celtic Review *time*
yn ol. Maddeuwch i mi am anfon atoch (attoch) y llinellau hyn gan fy
back. Forgive to me for sending you these lines here as I
mod yn hoff iawn or ieithoedd Celtaidd. Teimlaf bod yn ddyledus arnaf
am fond very of languages Celtic. I feel that it is owing of me
mewn rhyw modd i chwanegu bach fel hyn o gymmeradwaeth o'ch gwaith
in some way to add (some) little like this of commendation of your work
nobl a godidog yn wir. Yr ydych yn haeddu clod fawr am eich
noble and praiseworthy indeed. You are deserving praise great for your
urddasrwydd o feddwl a'ch gwaithgarwch iaith yr Alban a'r Iwerddon.
intense thought and labour language of Scotland and Ireland.

Dywedwch wrthyf os bydd hyny yn unol a'ch ewyllys chwaneg
You tell me if be this in agreeable with your will to add
am eich dosbarth yn yr Alaeg a sut y bydd o yn myned ymlaen a'r hyn
about your class in the Gaelic, and how is it in going on at this
o bryd. Pellder o ffordd sydd yr unig beth a rwystra fi rhag eich gweled
time. Distance of way is the only thing that hinders me from seeing
chwi yn bersonol ach gwaith yma, felly fe gymmeraf arnaf y rhyddid
you in person and your work there, so I take upon myself this freedom
och anerch mewn ysgrif. Yr ydwyf wedi treulio dipyn o amser efo
of addressing you in writing. I have spent some little of time with
astudiaeth yr ieithoedd Celtaidd gan gyrhaedd o honof dipyn o arferiad yn
studying the languages Celtic by reaching of me some use of
y Gymraeg. Mae'n ddrwg genyf ddweyd nad ydwyf wedi cyrhaedd mor
the Welsh. I regret to say that I have not reached so

bell eto efoch iaith chwi. Felly gobeithio na fydd y llinellau hyn yn
far yet with language your. So I hope not will be lines these
anghymmeradwy neu yn anhawdd iw deall i chwi gan eu bod mewn
acceptable nor difficult to understand to you as they are in
iaith gydryw. Ydwyf wedi treulio tipyn o amser efo'r Wyddelaeg.
language of the same kind. I have spent little of time with Irish.
Buasai yn dda iawn genyf ichwi ysgrifenu yn yr Alaeg. Caniatewch
It would be (regarded) good right by me if you wrote in the Gaelic. Permit
i mi anfon y dymuniadau hyn efo'm calondid mwyaf.
to me to send requests these with my heartiness greatest.

Dywedwch dipyn am yr ardal a fyddwch chwi yn gweithio ynddi, a
Tell to me a little about the locality will be you to work in, and
beth yw galwedigaeth y trigolion gan fwyaf. Yr ydwyf wedi clywed
what is the calling of the dwellers in great part. I have heard
llawer am New Zealand, eto nis gwn i ond ychydig iawn am dani.
much about New Zealand, yet know not I but little indeed about it (she or her).
Os Albanwyr sel yr ydych cymmeraf yn ganiataol mai bugeiliaid ydych
If Scotchmen zealous you are I will take for granted that shepherds you are
bron i gyd, a chan eich bod chwithau yn fugail ysbrydol, dywedwch am
nearly all, and because you are a shepherd spiritual, tell to me about
eich Eglwys yna, ac anfonweh gopi o'r adroddiad blynyddol os ydyw
your church there, and send copy of report yearly if it
wedi cael ei argraffu. Byddaf fi yn cymmeryd dyddordeb mawr iawn mewn
has been printed. do I take interest great very in
gwaith eglwysig. Yr ydwyf fi yn aelod efo'r Trefnyddion Calfinaidd
work churchly am I in membership with the Methodists Calvinistic
—Capel Ebenezer (Cymraeg). Mae'n ddrwg genyf ddweyd nad oes yr
—Chapel Ebenezer (Welsh). It is bad by me to say that there is not
un addoldy yn y dre fawr hon lle a gynnelir gwasanaethau Galaeg.
one place of worship in city great this a place where is being held services Gaelic.
Y mae eich lle yn cymmeryd ymaith y wobr o'r un o'r prif ddinasoedd
is your place taking off the reward from one of the chief cities
y byd. —Yr eiddoch yn gywir, H. WENNESTROM.
of the world.—I am, yours truly,

Os byddo i chwi unrhyw anhawsder i ddeall y llythyr hwn i gyd
If there be to you any difficulty to understand letter this all
ymofynwch a unrhyw Gymro a fyddo mewn eich cyrhaedd. Os ydwyf
you ask with any Welshman who is there within your reach. If I am
yn fy lle y mae hen ddywediad Cymreig ag sydd yn dweyd
in my place [i.e. *right*] *there is old saying Welsh which is to saying*

rhywbeth fel hyn,— fod Cymro i'w gael hyd y nod mewn pellderoedd
something like this,—there is Welshman to be found even in distant places
eithaf y byd. Ysgrifenwch yn ol ataf yn yr Alaeg os dewisweh.
most of world. Write back to me in the Gaelic if you wish.

H. W.

Names of preparations of oatmeal or in which oatmeal is used as a principal ingredient.

Three members of my class, belonging to Caithness, Sutherland, and Lewis respectively, amused themselves one night by jotting down the following:—

Lit, porridge.
Brochan, thick gruel.
Brochan bàn, thin gruel.
Brochan beag, infants' porridge.
Stiùrag, oatmeal drink, hot.
Ròmag, oatmeal drink, cold but with whisky added.
Bròs, *Bruthaisd*, } brose.
Càbhruich, *Làgan*, } sowens or flummery, *làgan* being usually applied to *boiled* sowens, although Càbhruich (càth-bhruich) according to etymology would seem to imply that the preparation was boiled.
Aran-coirce, oaten-bread.
Gradan, a cake of parched corn bruised into meal and baked quickly before the fire.
Deàrnagan, *Bonnach-boise*, *Foileagan*, } a thick oat-cake prepared in the palm of the hand and baked in the embers.
Ullag, freshly bruised meal worked into a handful with water, milk, or whisky, and eaten unbaked.
Glòmag, a handful of oatmeal eaten dry. In most parts of the Highlands this is *ullag*, but in the three districts mentioned *ullag* is as above.
Marag, pudding (in the Scots sense).
Isbean, white pudding („ „) or sausage.
Lùb dhubh, black pudding („ „).
Goileachan Éisg, stomach of fish stuffed with livers of fish minced with oatmeal and spices.
Ceann-propaig or Ceann-cnapaig, } a fish's head stuffed with oatmeal, etc.
Bainne-briste, whipped cream with oatmeal.
Fuarag, cream whipped with the *loinid* or frothing-stick to which new oatmeal is added.
Stapag, a common mixture of oatmeal and cream.

JOHN STRACHAN, LL.D.

THIRTY years ago, in this month of October, the competitors for bursaries assembled in King's College, Aberdeen, and heard the late Rev. Dr. Milligan read out early in the list the name of John Strachan, Keith. He was just fifteen; pale and studious-looking even then. All of us were students, more or less: 'the flower of the North Countrie' came up year by year with a feverish interest in the First Bursary. Of those who sat there that day, some have settled here and there at home, and some have followed their fortunes far—one at least, well known to the writer, has made his home 'by the long wash of Australasian seas'; some—and these not the least brilliant—are no longer with us. John Strachan, Keith, is the latest to join the majority. It came upon one like a shock to read that in the midst of his successful activities he had passed away at the early age of forty-five.

In a large class of varied ability he took a distinguished, though not the most distinguished, place at the outset. By the end of the curriculum, however, he reigned in the classical side without a rival, carrying off the Simpson Greek Prize and the Seafield Gold Medal for English. Graduating with first-class honours in classics in 1881, he won the Ferguson Scholarship in classics. Proceeding to Cambridge University, he carried on there his conquests. He was Porson Scholar; he was first-class in Classical Tripos, part i., in 1883; he was second Chancellor's Medallist and first-class in the Classical Tripos, part ii., in 1885; and he was elected a Fellow of Pembroke College. Immediately after leaving Cambridge, and while only twenty-three years of age, he was appointed to the chair of Greek in the Victoria University—then Owens College—Manchester. He continued till his death to occupy that chair, and in connection with it published, in 1891, an edition of Herodotus, book vi., which is said to contain the most scientific account of the author's dialect yet published. While still a student at Aberdeen, he paid some attention to Sanskrit, in which he subsequently became an acknowledged authority, so that on the death of Dr. Wilkins, in 1889, he combined the chair of Comparative Philology with that of Greek.

It is, however, in connection with Celtic research that the extraordinary grasp and acuteness of his mind are most clearly perceived. He was at an early period attracted to Celtic subjects, probably from some occasional remarks dropped by the late Principal Sir W. D. Geddes, whose interest in learning was unfailing and cosmopolitan. At all events, Professor Strachan lived during the summer vacations in the Highlands—one summer he spent at Arisaig—in Wales, and in parts of Ireland. Probably the strongest impulse of all he received from Professor Rudolf Thurneysen, in a summer course at Jena. He would learn there German scientific method as con-

trasted with unsupported assertion and guessing, from which fault, unhappily, some of even the best native Irish scholars were not altogether free. The severity and thoroughness of his inductive method can only be adequately comprehended by one who has made some study of his works. Before me at this moment, having Professor Strachan's 'with the author's compliments' written in the corner, lie the following laborious monographs: 'The Deponent Verb in Irish' (1894), 'The Verbal System of the Saltair na Rann' (1895), 'The Particle Ro- in Irish' (1896), 'The Subjunctive Mood in Irish' (1897), 'Substantive Verb in Old Irish Glosses' (1899), 'Contributions to the History of Middle Irish Declension' (1905), all which, together with the very important 'Sigmatic Future,' and other papers, appeared in the *Transactions of the Philological Society of London.* I have besides before me, with the same 'compliments' or 'best new year's wishes,' numerous Sonderabdrücke from the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, and other periodicals. The last issue of the *Revue Celtique* contains 'Anecdota,' or articles, setting forth fresh discoveries of isolated facts in grammar or structure similar to others which are found in many of the leading Celtic periodicals, extending over the last ten years or more. In *Eriu*, of which five parts have been published, and of which he was joint editor along with Professor Meyer, he contributes two articles to each part. Here also he began, in conjunction with Mr. J. G. O'Keefe, an unfinished edition of the *Táin Bó Cúailnge*, from the Yellow Book of Lecan and the Lebor na Huidre. These contributions gave great impetus to the cause of Celtic scholarship.

The greatest work in which he has borne a part is the monumental *Thesaurus Palaeohibernicus* in two volumes, of which he was joint editor with Dr. Stokes. That work is a collection of all the old Irish documents previous to 1000 A.D. Many of them had been already edited by Dr. Stokes with scholarly care. In the new volumes Dr. Strachan's rare critical acumen is also in evidence. It was his ambition to add another volume to form a Glossarial Index or Dictionary of Old Irish. In a letter to me, dated May 19, 1905, he says: 'Ascoli's *Glossarium* is in various ways unsatisfactory, and I should like some day to do the third volume of the *Thesaurus.* Whether it will be possible I do not know. I must first finish my Grammar of Old and Middle Irish.' Alas for unfulfilled ambitions. Some other hand must write the more perfect Glossarium Palaeohibernicum; and of the Old and Middle Irish Grammar, of which the foundations were laid deep and wide and sure, the only visible outcome is found in two small volumes, *Selections from the Old Irish Glosses* and *Old Irish Paradigms*, of which it may be said that they embody the most recent results of scholarship in the least possible space. One might almost say the same thing of his 'Stories from the Tain,' beginning in the November number of *Irisleabhar na Gaedhilge*, 1903, and running on till August 1904.

Concurrently with his Irish studies he took up Welsh, and used to say that when he grew fatigued with Irish he found relaxation in Welsh, then

'back to his studies fresher than at first.' And he was actually seeing a Grammar of Middle Welsh through the press when

> 'This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
> Dies ere he knows it.'

The cause of Celtic studies has lately sustained great losses. What with the severe illnesses of Atkinson and Zimmer, the deaths of Ascoli, Nigra, and Macbain, the older race of scholars have had their ranks weakened. But Strachan almost belonged to a younger generation. Though he and Macbain were students at the University of Aberdeen about the same time—and surely it is no small boast to the northern University that they were both her sons—Strachan, besides being younger, had greater opportunities. But even his shoulders could not support the Atlantean labours he undertook. In obscure corners one stumbles on acknowledgments for help in proof-reading which must have cost much toil. When he was doing that service for the *Irish Æneid* he was wont to excuse delays by saying that he was 'both busy and tired.' His work in connection with the summer classes in the School of Irish Learning in Dublin, which I attended for ten days two or three years ago, was very considerable; and perhaps his services to Irish scholarship may be more convincingly seen and felt in the lives of the Irishmen and Welshmen whom he gathered round him to study more thoroughly their respective languages than in his published works, great though they be. In the same letter which I have already quoted from he says: 'The work in Dublin goes on. I have arranged to give a six weeks' course this summer, beginning on July 10th. And now the University of Manchester has taken up the subject, I have been drawing up the programme of an Honours School in Celtic. Next session I hope to offer courses in Irish and in Welsh. I only wish I could get some men of ability to teach.' It is gratifying to be able to add that in his Honours School the first student graduated last year with first-class honours in Celtic.

Strachan was essentially a grammarian. Browning's poem, without its ludicrous and repulsive features, well describes the nature of his work as well as the enthusiasm of his friends and pupils while he lived, and their chastened pride in him when he lived no longer: 'This is our master, famous, calm, and dead.' He laboured at the derivations of words and their primary meanings, the origin and exact significance of set phrases. Above all, he bore a great part in elucidating the structure of the verb; and he was about to do the same service for the declension of the noun. He was perhaps unrivalled as a textual critic and emendator. The first to establish the clear line between Old and Middle Irish, he thereby laid the foundation for determining from internal evidence the age of a text. While he has left behind him none greater in this field, he was at home also in the modern language, and frequently illustrated his point by quotations therefrom.

Personally Dr. Strachan appeared to be shy and reserved, but in the company of those who loved him and sympathised with his subjects and

aspirations he became frank, open, and enthusiastic. Meeting him again after an interval of more than twenty years, I was struck by the almost absurd identity of this scholar of European fame with the John Strachan, Keith, we all knew as boys in Aberdeen. The university which gave him his degree of LL.D. in 1900 has lost a most distinguished alumnus; and Ireland and the Celtic movement have lost one who, disregarding politics and matters on which Celts may differ, devoted his life to the elucidation of a language wherein lie buried the hidden treasures of a great past.

GEORGE CALDER.

LEAVING CERTIFICATE EXAMINATION, 1907: GAELIC

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[N.B.—*Candidates who took Gaelic in* 1906, *and who now desire to get additional marks* (within the maximum of 80) *for the King's Scholarship Examination of* 1907 *should omit Questions* I. *and* II. *in this paper, and should take instead Questions* VIII. *and* IX.]

I. Translate into English:

Bidh mi a nis, mata, a' fàgail mo bheannachd agaibh, agus tha mi 'nur comain air son na thug sibh dhomh d'ur seanachas. Agus ged bha mise labhairt mar rinn mi, cha ruig sibh a leas 'ur barail a bhi na 's mios' orm. Tha fhios aig a h-uile duine d'an aithne mi gu'm bi moran de chainnt fhaoin a' ruith air mo theangaidh. Cha'n 'eil fios agam co-dhiù rugadh an fhàilinn so leam no dh' òl mi i le bainne cìoch mo mhàthar, ach is eagal leam nach dealaich i rium gus an teid mi fo'n talamh. Is duilich an car a theid 's an t-seana mhaide thoirt as. Ach ged tha sin a muigh, tha dòchas agam nach 'eil e stigh; ged tha gòraiche 's an teangaidh, tha mi an dòchas nach 'eil moran lochd 's a' chridhe. 'S e Eachann Gorm a their iad rium, agus nach i a' Bheurla air sin *True Blue*? Agus a dh' aindeoin na thuirt mi a nochd, is luaithe gu mòr a dhùraichdinn fasgadh mo thighe agus blàths mo theine do choigrich bhochda ann an cruaidh-chàs, na shìninn làmh eucorach gu ni sam bith a bhuineadh dhaibh a ghlacadh le foill no le fòirneart.

II. Translate into English *one* of the following:—

(*a*) Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhealtachd, is toigh leam gach gleann,
Gach eas agus coire an dùthaich nam beann;
Is toigh leam na gillean 'n an éideadh glan, ùr,
Is boineid Ghlinn-garaidh mu'n camagan dlùth.

Is toigh leam a' Ghàidhlig, a bàrdachd 's a ceòl,
'S tric thog i a nios sinn 'nuair bhiomaid fo leòn;
'S i dh'ionnsuich sinn tràth ann an làithean ar n-òig'.
'S nach fàg sinn gu bràth gus an luidh sinn fo'n fhòid.

(*b*) Tha gach beinn, gach cnoc, 's gach sliabh,
Air am faca sinn thu triall,
Nis air call an dreach 's am fiamh
O nach tig thu chaoidh nan cian.

Bha 'n t-àl òg nach fac' thu riamh,
'G altrum gràidh dhuit agus miadh;
Ach thuit an cridhe nis 'n an cliabh,
O'n a chaidil thu gu sìor.

III. Reproduce, in *Gaelic*, the following story read out (*vide* 'The Shepherd's Dog'):—

IV. Translate into Gaelic:—

The Highlanders returned, weary and disheartened, to their former position about seven o'clock in the morning, when some of them immediately lay down to sleep and others went away in search of something to eat. So scarce was food at this time that the Prince himself, on retiring to Culloden House, could obtain no better refreshment than a little bread and whisky. He felt the utmost anxiety regarding his men, whose strength was being rapidly reduced by hunger and cold; and he therefore gave orders, before seeking repose, that the whole country

should be thoroughly searched for provisions. His orders were not without effect. A large quantity of barley was found and at once ground into meal, but the poor famished soldiers never had a chance of tasting the bread, for the hour of battle came before it could be baked.

V. Combine the following Prepositions with the Personal Pronouns, Singular and Plural:—*air, do, re, ri.*

VI. Translate *any three* of the following sentences into idiomatic Gaelic:—What do you wish me to do? I care not whether he goes or stays. My brother wrote to me last week. The sooner he comes the better. I shall call in passing.

VII. Express, in English, the meaning of *any three* of the following sentences (mere translation of the words will not suffice): Is fhada ghabh e bhuam. Cha b'fhiach leis sin a dheanamh. Tha beul an anmoich ann. Ruigidh each mall muileann. 'S e farmad a ni treabhadh.

[*To be substituted for Questions* I. *and* II. *by those Candidates only who took Gaelic in* 1906, *and who now wish to obtain additional marks for the King's Scholarship Examination of* 1907. *See note* N.B. *at the head of this paper.*]

VIII. Translate into English:—

Na smaointich gur Cùilteach[1] bochd, gearanach, mise. Bha mi am latha fhéin cho déidheil cridhealas ri aon Ghàidheal ad dhùthaich. Bha mi meamnach, sunndach, àrd-thogarrach. Cha do chuireadh riamh sprochd no dubhachas as mo leth. Ach tha mi nis a' fàs sean. Tha mo chiabhan air glasadh, agus ged nach faodar a ràdh gur seann duine mi, cha'n ann a' dìreadh na beinne tha mi. Tha beachd ùr agam 'ga fhaotainn gach latha air an t-saoghal chaoch-laideach so. Tha cridhealas m'òige fuaighte am chuimhne ri companaich m'òige, agus iadsan cha'n 'eil ann. Is iomadh tìr anns a bheil iad 'n an luidhe, agus is fad' o chéile gach uaigh anns a bheil iad air an càramh. Tha mo dhùthaich air faotainn, ach cha'n 'eil mo dhaoine. Iarram iad, ach 's e am fòid gorm a chomharraicheas a mach iad. Dh' fhalbh iadsan, agus falbhaidh sinne ann an latha no dhà. Cha'n àm gu cridhealas, agus an saoghal a' sleamhnachadh as; cha'n fhearas-chuideachd a bhi seasamh air stairsnich a' bhàis.

IX. Translate into English *one* of the two following quatrains:—

(*a*) Tha Cabar-féidh[2] an dlùths do réir dhuit,
Nach biodh éisleineach 's an strì,
Fir nach obadh leis 'g an togail,
Dol a chogadh 'n aghaidh Righ;
Bu cholgail, faiceant', an stoirm feachdaidh,
Armach, breacanach, air thì
Dol 's an iomairt, gun bhonn gioraig,
'S iad nach tilleadh chaoidh fo chìs.

(*b*) Cia mar a dheanadh e òran,
Gun eòlas, gun tuigse nàduir?
O nach deanadh e air dòigh e,
'S ann bu chòir dha fuireach sàmhach:
Bruidhinn ghlugach 's cuid di mabach,
Moran stadaich ann am pàirt di;
Na ni e phlabartaich chòmhraidh,
Cha bheò na thuigeas a Ghàidhlig.

THE SHEPHERD'S DOG.

A really good collie is worth a great deal to his master: in fact, the dog is the true shepherd, for he does most of the man's work for him. A North Country shepherd once bought some sheep in Edinburgh, and on the way home lost two of them. This was not only a misfortune and a reproach to him, but a slur upon his dog.

Several days after, the shepherd, whose name was John, learned that a farmer who lived near the highway had found two sheep. He set off at once with the dog to see if they were his. The farmer asked him how they were marked.

As John had bought sheep from many sellers, he could not inform the farmer; who said:—

'Very well; then it is only right that I should keep the sheep.'

'It 's a fact,' replied John, 'that I cannot tell the sheep; but if my dog can, will you let me have them?'

The farmer, though hard, was honest, and having little fear of the trial, had all the sheep upon his farm turned into a large park. John's dog also was turned into the park, and it immediately singled out first one and then the other of the strays.

That afternoon John was offered forty pounds for his collie, but he refused it, saying, 'He is a good dog, and he 's worth more than that to me. He 's a far better shepherd than I am.'

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[1] Culdees. [2] The Chief of the Mackenzies

THE CELTIC REVIEW

JANUARY 15, 1908

THE WELSH AND THE EARLY MUNICIPALITIES

HOWELL T. EVANS, B.A.

THE relations of the early municipalities to the native population lack uniformity, and this feature may be traced to the peculiar nature of the conquest of the country. Broadly speaking, it was only in the royal towns that there existed any general prohibition against the Welsh becoming burgesses; in the rest of Wales there is evidence to show that there were Welsh burgesses from the very origin of the municipalities. In the royal towns, particularly in North Wales, it was the deliberate intention of Edward I. to make the towns English. Elsewhere their English or foreign character was an accident of the method of conquest pursued, or the fleeting result of abortive rebellions.

The charters of the North Wales towns contain no hostile reference to the Welsh with the exception of the little town of Newborough; but the minutes of Ordinances of Record declare that no Welshman should acquire any lands or tenements in the walled English towns on pain of forfeiture of the same. In spite of this, some of the members of the leading tribes of North Wales soon became fellow-burgesses with the Chester, Doncaster, and Bradford merchants who had settled there at first. The process received a stimulus from the partiality of Edward II. to the native Welsh; and in the time of Edward III. the burgesses are not all English. The

same may be said of the townsmen of Dynevor and Dryslwyn in the valley of the Towy in 1343. The majority were English but a few were not. The statement that none but Englishmen are to accuse Englishmen, which occurs so frequently in Welsh municipal charters and documents, is liable to misinterpretation. Thus the charter of Richard II. to Carmarthen in 1386 declares that burgesses are not to be convicted or indicted by any Welshmen but by English burgesses and true Englishmen. A similar strain runs through the charters of Cardigan (1390), St. Clears (1393), and Aberystwyth; whereas the charter of Richard II. to Denbigh (1378-9) states that only English burgesses were to have common of pasture and monopoly of trade of the district, and no officer of Wales was to concern himself with anything done in the borough. Hostile as these references appear to be, they nevertheless necessarily presuppose the existence of Welsh burgesses within these royal towns; otherwise no such legislation would have been necessary.

There is no question that the earliest towns of South Wales were little more than military settlements, and that the burgesses who congregated around the Norman castles were foreigners. It is known that in 1115, for instance, the burgesses of Kidwelly were a mixture of English, Normans, and Flemings, the latter element being probably due to the large body of mercenaries introduced into the country at this time. In the Inquisition of Tenby in the reign of Edward II. all the names appear to be non-Welsh. The English appellations given to the boundaries of the liberties of Cardiff in its charter of 1340 are also an echo of its first foreign masters. They are Appledore, Broadstream, Payne's Cross and Crockherbtown. The foreign character of place-names in the Laughane charter of Guy de Brian (*temp.* Edward I.) are also noticeable. Such are Greneslade's Heved, Moldehulle, Loreston; and such phrases as 'coran his heved.' And the witnesses of what early charters are available are for the most part foreign. But these facts do not preclude the possibility that from the earliest times some of the burgesses were

Welsh. The Cardiff Records bear ample evidence that at the granting of its charter of 1340 there were many Welshmen as burgesses there, and not many years afterwards, in 1376, Welshmen held the office of provost both at Cardiff and at Llantrissant. When de Braos granted a charter to Swansea in 1305, that town presumably had its native element on the burgess list, for the charter declares that no burgess shall be indicted by Welshmen; and as, according to this same charter, only burgesses could indict burgesses, it is difficult to see what other interpretation the prohibition can bear. At Neath in 1341 'no Welsh nor any other shall have any liberty by reason of a certain burgage in the borough unless he pays lot and scot with the inhabitants,' a provision which obviously suggests the existence of Welshmen amongst the burgesses. Further, the signatures to the charter of Thomas d'Avan to Aberavan show a fair proportion of Welsh names as well as those to the Charter of Thomas Despenser in 1373, although it must be allowed that the original grant was nominally to English burgesses and chencers. Signatures to Welsh municipal documents must, however, be treated with caution, for we are not without proof that some of the Welsh endeavoured to cloak their native names with a Norman or English garb; and in consequence the number of distinctively Welsh names found does not accurately represent the proportion of Welsh burgesses. Turning to those municipalities of North Wales which were not in royal demesne we find that in Gruffydd ab Llywelyn's charter to Welshpool there were only three English witnesses. This was probably some time before 1279. The position was more than reversed when Welshpool passed to the Charlton family, for in his charter (*circa* 1330) all the witnesses were English. Similarly Denbigh had a strong native element under its native Welsh prince who had there his court, hall, chapel and apartments; but English influence became predominant when the town and the lands attached thereto passed to William Montacute, who also granted additional municipal privileges in 1330.

It will thus be seen that in the fourteenth century, the period when most of the towns of Wales obtained municipal self-government, the available evidence leads to the conclusion that, apart from the few restrictions imposed on the towns in royal demesne, the Welsh were not handicapped to the extent that is usually supposed, and that on the whole they were not forbidden to become burgesses. Neither the municipal charters of Pembroke nor the records of Cardiff contain any hostile reference whatever to the native population as regards their eligibility to become burgesses, and the reasonable inference is that they laboured under no serious disabilities. Several circumstances would tend to increase the numbers of the native population in the towns in this century. There was, firstly, the general enactment of Edward III. in 1335 that the towns should be free. This might have led the native Welsh to settle more freely in the neighbouring towns, for English law was gradually displacing Welsh custom, and with it came the tendency to consider the heads of families as the freeholders, which meant dispossessing all the other male members of that share which they could rightfully claim. Many of these latter must have settled in the towns. Thousands of native Welsh also fought on the battlefields of France in the early years of the Hundred Years' War. Many of these probably returned after the death of the Black Prince and increased the town population. The Black Death wrought a change in the system of agriculture which had similar results. The town population thus considerably increased. They found occupation in plying various crafts. Carmarthen and Cardiff, as well as Shrewsbury on the borders, were important enough to become staple towns in 1353.

The fifteenth century opened disastrously for Wales. In 1400 Owain Glyndwr raised his standard at Glyndyfrdwy against the perfidy of Lord Grey of Ruthin. There had been many previous insurrections since the settlement of Wales by Edward I., but none operated with such unfortunate results. The most formidable was that of Llywelyn Bren (1314), in

Glamorgan; and this insurrection seems to confirm the opinion that has already been advanced as to the Welsh element in the early towns. For from Cardiff, Llantrissant, and other neighbouring towns, Llywelyn Bren seems to have obtained very material assistance, presumably from the native element there. Even Glyndwr's rebellion did not produce a general exclusion of Welshmen from the privileges of burgess-ship. That they were put under serious disadvantages must, however, be allowed. From Prince Henry's Council at Chester came very serious ordinances, amongst them being that all Welshmen were to be expelled from the border towns. But they were temporary in character, if indeed they came into operation at all with any force. It was decreed at Welshpool in 1406 that no stranger should carry on any trade in the town without the consent of the burgesses. But this was a decree which was common to all municipalities, and arose from the nature of the municipal government of the period. At this very date Edward Charlton granted a charter to the town, and one of its provisions declared that no Englishman nor Welshman should plead within the court of the town unless in French or English, and that only Welshmen 'who were with us in the rebellion shall be taken into the liberty.' The same revolt appears to have deprived the burgesses of Brecon of all their liberties, from which it may be reasonably inferred that a large proportion of them were Welsh. When the Duke of Buckingham in 1448 restored to them their privileges, of which they had been deprived by his mother, the burgess list certainly shows a marked partiality in favour of Englishmen. Even the charter is suggestive of a native element when it says 'whom we esteem to be English people.' As a matter of fact they were not, for it is here we find the most glaring attempts to conceal distinctively Welsh names. Perhaps the most sweeping of all anti-Welsh decrees was that of Henry VI. (1446-7) by which all grants of franchise, markets, fairs, and other liberties to buy or to sell within the towns of North Wales made to any Welshman before this time shall be void and of no effect.

But this again was confined to the royal towns of the north, and could not affect the majority and the most important of the towns of Wales.

The probable explanation for this decree was the rapid headway the native population were making within the towns. Some years later (*temp.* Henry VII.) the English inhabitants of Conway complained that Welshmen had 'usurped upon' the commercial advantages conferred by Edward I. on the English burgesses exclusively, and they proposed a series of regulations obnoxious to Welsh competitors. But nothing came of the petition; and though for a long time the chief municipal offices continued to be in the hands of English nominees, the lists show that the Welsh were rapidly coming to the front. In 1601 there was a Welsh mayor for the first time, and henceforth municipal honours seem to have been divided fairly evenly, and irrespective of nationality. Similar struggles occurred in the other castellated towns of the north. There were Welsh bailiffs of Tenby as early as 1402, and also in 1406 and 1412. A charter of the Mortimers to Usk about the same time declares that the Corporation 'having obtained our licence may freely make any Welshman a burgess of our town.' A Thomas ab Owen was a bailiff of Cardiff in 1547, but if the lists were complete we should in all probability find some at a much earlier date. During the fifteenth century, and the beginning of the sixteenth, the Welsh appear to have swamped some of the towns of Pembroke. Some of the burgesses of Tenby in 1523-24 sent a most pathetic letter to Cardinal Wolsey, declaring that 'the King's town of Tenbye is almost cleane Irisshe (probably Welsh is meant) as well the heddemen and rulers as the comyns of the said Towne.' Other sources of information for this and other municipal matters are the Ordinances and Laws of the Towns, drawn up for the most part in the sixteenth century, but representing a state of affairs which must have existed at a much earlier period. In the Ordinances of Kenfig (1572) new burgages were granted to those who had lost theirs by the overblow

of the sand. The signatures are all Welsh as well as the names of the allotters. In a later survey and presentment of the town and manor similar conditions prevail. The Orders and Laws of Neath (1542) have some distinctive features. They declare that if any burgess have a Welsh woman to his wife that threateneth her neighbour with her friends or kindred, he shall lose his status. This may be a veiled allusion to an old Welsh tribal custom, and if it can be substantiated it may lead us to additional proof of the existence of tribesmen in the boroughs at this and an earlier date. Many of the early burgesses of Welshpool, and perhaps of Denbigh, were representatives of Welsh tribal families, and tribesmen were not long in settling in some of the other towns of the north after their incorporation.

To sum up, it may be asserted with a fair degree of probability that the early towns of Wales were not so exclusively foreign as they are sometimes represented to have been; that, apart from the ordinances of Edward I. and Henry VI. relative to the towns of the north, there appears to be no general prohibition against the Welsh becoming burgesses, on the part of the Lords Marchers in whose demesne most of the towns of Wales came into existence; that the unfortunate results of Glyndwr's rebellion were temporary, and not general throughout the country, and did not operate so as to totally exclude Welshmen from enjoying the privileges of burgess-ship even in the border towns, much less in the rest of Wales. A final word may be said with reference to the charters granted by Welsh princes.

Their interest lies mainly in their scarcity. Both the princes of Gwynedd and the Welsh princes of the rest of Wales granted charters of various kinds, the former of their own right, the latter in virtue of a right obtained from their superior lords. In 1198 Llywelyn ab Iorwerth granted to the monks of Aberconway freedom from the Welsh customary provision of food and drink and entertainment to the prince and his retinue when on progress (cylch); as well as freedom from tolls, from suit in any lay court, and various other

grants. The abbots of Cymmer, Bardsey, the prior of Beddgelert and the bishop of Bangor had also at some time or other received unusual privileges from Welsh princes. Probably before 1279 Gruffydd ab Wenwynwyn, Lord of Cyfeiliog granted its first charter to Welshpool with the usual privileges based on the model of Hereford. Since that date also Welshpool had three annual fairs and a weekly market, the grant of Edward I. to Gruffydd, while his son Owen received a similar right at Llanidloes. In fact such grants appear to have been fairly general. In the south Lleison ab Morgan gave a Charter to Aberavon, but whether in his own right or as a grant from the Earl of Gloucester does not appear. Probably it was the latter. However, they are all in the nature of preliminary grants and there appears to be no charter by a Welsh prince granting municipal self-government. Those princes who granted charters were generally under English influence, and nothing could better illustrate the difference between early English and Welsh social conditions. The Welsh were pastoral and did not congregate in townships and villages, and the origin of municipalities in Wales must be traced to the castles of the Normans.

A DREAM

GWYNETH VAUGHAN

I.

I dreamed that thou wert with me still,
To fill with gladness all my days,
To charm me with thy lyric lays,
As hand in hand we climbed the hill.

II.

I heard thee whisper in my ear
A faith so true, a love so great
To me, thy one beloved mate,
And found my Heaven with thee, my dear.

III.

I woke; alas, I found thee not,
My love, my light, my ALL was gone,
And I in darkness am alone;
I weep, I cry, 'Am I forgot?'

IV.

I see thee not, yet still I grope
After thy presence, in the gloom;
And in the shadows of my room
I see the angel face of Hope.

V.

Hope lifts the curtains of the dawn,
Past is the dark and dreary night,
All paths that lead to thee are light,
Thou art my sun, I am thine own.

VI.

The promise ever is my stay,
For though I weep the livelong night,
I 'm waiting for the morning light;
'Joy cometh at the break of day.'

VII.

Such bliss, my Israfil,[1] is mine,
With singing I joy over thee,
And in thy love my rest shall be;
O Paradise! O dream divine!

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[1] The angel of song.

THE GLENMASAN MANUSCRIPT

Professor Mackinnon

GAELIC TEXT

Ro gabh ingantus adbal mór fir Erenn ann sin fa'n dias tren-fer sin do dealugud re ceili. Agus do ghluaisetar rompa gan furech do slíab Dúine Engain agus do Glenn Cruaichi, agus an Gamannrad uili in a n-díaigh ag an n-dian-márbadh, co tucatar ár adhbal ortha. Is ámlaid so do uidh[1] an Gamannrad .i. a marbdáis d'feraibh Erenn, a cinn d' imchur agus a colla d'fagbail, no co rangatar an gleann ar gabatar fir Erenn longport. Agus nír luaithi iadsom and ina in tóir rompa agus 'n a n-deagaid ic a n-dí(a)n-airlech, co n-der(n)sat cruach do cennaib fer n-Erenn ann, conad uadh ainmuigter Crúach na Ceann. Agus do badar ann an adaigh [sin] co h-anbúainech.

Do eirgeatar rompo co moch ar na márach, agus rucustar Merán mílidh ortha ann sin. Agus do cumaisg séin co
Column 95. lut(h)gáirech ar na láochaibh, no co n-dorchair leis moran d'a mileduib im Leagan mac Lusg . . .[2] .i. oglaoch maith do muinntir Oilella agus Meadba, conadh uadh Sruth Leagain. Do imgetar a séin co h-anbu(ain)ech co slis Sleibe Find, agus rugustar Caillderg mac Lilaigh órtha ann sin. Agus do saith sein co h-ainfethach inntib, mar nach beith do tóir órtha acht é fein 'n a aonar, uair ni tarrla d'feraib Erenn chuigi t*ren triath* nach teighed. Agus ro éirigh Buinne Béimendach, fer coml*ainn* catha do muinntir Oilella agus Medba, d'á frestal agus d'a (f)ritolam. Agus do fersat comlonn a fiadnuise fer n-Erenn ar an urlaind sin co n-dorchair Buinde Beimennach do laim[3] mic Lilaich ar an lathar sin.

Do imgedar fir Eirenn as sein, agus nír ansat do'n uidhe sin no gur gabsad [longport] an Glind da Arand an adaig

[1] *uidh* is used as a verb but rarely. I do not remember another instance.

[2] The MS. is indistinct, and I have not met with this name elsewhere.

(*Continued from pp.* 120, 121.)

ENGLISH TRANSLATION

Great vast wonder seized the men of Ireland on seeing those two mighty men parting (in this manner). They moved forward without delay to the hill of Dun Engan and to Glen Cruach, with all the Gamhanraidh in pursuit and committing great slaughter upon them. Thus the Gamhanraidh acted on their march: they carried with them the heads of all the men of Ireland whom they slew, leaving their bodies behind, until they reached the glen in which the men of Ireland camped. And no sooner were they there than the pursuers were upon them in front and rear, fiercely attacking them. They made a heap of the men of Ireland's heads there, whence the name (of the place), Heap of the Heads. That night was passed there in great anxiety.

They fared forth early on the morrow, and Meran the warrior overtook them. He engaged the heroes with zest, and slew many soldiers, among them Legan, son of Lusg . . ., a worthy warrior of Oilill and Meave's army, whence the name the Stream of Legan. They marched from that place in great anxiety to the slope of the hill of Finn, where Caillderg son of Lilach overtook them. This man attacked them with great violence, as if he were the only one who engaged in the pursuit, for not a mighty chief of Ireland's men met him but fled before him. And Buinne Beimennach (Blow-dealer), a battle warrior of Oilill and Meave's people, went forth to withstand and engage him. The two fought in the view of the men of Ireland on that field until Buinne Beimennach fell by the hand of the son of Lilach on that spot.

The men of Ireland left that place, and they did not halt on that march until they encamped in Glen-da-Aran on that

[3] MS. repeats *do laim.*

sin. Ro ba crechtach, cró-linntech, combrúite, forgla fer n-Erenn an adaig sin o gliáidh na Gamhanraide, co nac(h) raibe nert na árrachtus a n-en duine d'feraib Eirenn acht madh Fergus a aonar. Do badar amlaid sin an adaig sin. Agus do[1] eirgedar go moch ar na marach, ar cengal agus ar corugadh a crecht agus a cned go leir d'a legaib. Agus do gluaisedar a fednacha rompa go foill, agus siad fein i n-a cathaib córaighte 'n a n-degaidh 'g a n-diden. Uair gach tulach tar a teighdís, ar tinol agus ar timsugadh do maithib na Gamhanraide as gach aird d' a n-innsaig*id* ar n-gabhail báidhe agus borrfaid agus aithrechais doib, co nach raibe fer codach ain fir[2] d'a sochraide o Inbir Luimnigh go Drobais[3] nách do[4] inntó a craide d' aithi agus d' fír-dígail Oilella Finn ar fheraib Erenn.

Do cualatar fir Erenn sin agus do gab faitches agus imecla uili iat. Agus is becc n-aister na n-imtechta ránic leu an la sin, re med in gnima do gabsat an Gamunrad dib, cor gabsut longport a cenn tuaiscert Conlacha an adaigh sin. Agus do cuiretar Cormac Conloinges agus Lugaid mac Conraei agus moran do maithibh Erenn do cuartugud na conari tar a tancutar as tír, agus da fisrugud an raibi tinol no toichestal ar a cenn uar tar*achta* and.[5] Do cuired do gnim forra an adhaig sin gur b'egin doib an Mael Flidaise do cengal do cairthi an dorus pupaill Meadba an adhaig sin. Agus tancutar an lucht fisraigthi d' a n-indsuige go moch ar na
Column 96. maruch, agus do indesiter gleri na Gamunraidi uili ar grianan[6] cinn Connlocha, agus ro cuir sin a soc(h)t uili iad.

Do cuatar a comairli; agus do h-ordaighed aca aigthi a crech agus a coraighthed ar a conair i raibi coimed oc na curadaibh, ar daig go m-bad and do beith a cruinniugud agus a comtinol uili re an aigid sin, co fagdaeis ath[7] agus uaicnes

[1] MS. repeats *do.*

[2] *lit.* 'one man's portioner.' Evidently a technical phrase to indicate the amount of property, or the social status, of an individual.

[3] 'From the Estuary of Luimnech to the river Drowes.' For a detailed description of the boundaries of the territory of the Gamhanraidh, cf vol. iii. p. 136.

[4] MS. indistinct.

[5] The idiom is doubtful to me.

night. Full of wounds, streaming with blood, and sorely bruised were the best of the men of Ireland that night after the charge of the Gamhanraidh, so that not one among them save Fergus only had any strength or valour left in him. Thus they were on that night. They rose up early on the morrow, after their physicians had bound up and dressed all their wounds and sores. Their non-combatants slowly went in front, while they themselves were in the rear drawn up in ranked battalions for the defence of these. For there was not a knoll they passed (but they had to face) the Gamhanraidh, whose chiefs had mustered and collected from all quarters to attack them, for affection and anger and contrition took hold of them, so that there was not a freeman of their people from Inver Luimnech to Drowes whose heart was not (now) bent on punishing the men of Ireland and thoroughly avenging (the death of) Oilill the Fair.

The men of Ireland heard this, and dread and great fear took hold of them all. They made little progress on that day, the Gamhanraidh harassed them so, and they encamped at the north end of Conloch that night. They sent Cormac Conloinges and Lugaid son of Curoi with a number of the Irish warriors to explore the road on which they marched out of the country, and to find out whether there was a mustering or gathering in pursuit of them from that quarter. They were so sorely pressed that night that they were obliged to tie the Maol Flidais to a pillar by the door of Meave's tent. The scouts returned early on the morrow, and informed them that the whole force of the Gamhanraidh were on the level ground at the head of Conloch, and the news reduced them all to silence.

They held counsel, and resolved to keep the front of their booty and battalions towards the path which the champions guarded, as if to show (the enemy) that the whole of their assembled force were to march in that direction (but mean-

[6] *grianan*, 'a sunny spot.' Hence in mansions 'a bower,' and in rural landscape a green, dry plot,' on which *e.g.* to spread peats for drying, 'a bleaching green,' and so forth. *Grianan Deirdri* is still preserved as a local name on Loch Etive side.

[7] *ath* for *fàth*, 'cause,' 'occasion,' 'opportunity.'

ar imthecht a conair eili uatha sin. Do batar fed an caem-laei c' aidci ar an corugud sin agus debaid agus imresuin acusum orra, co nar legsit sligi na conair ar a comus, ar techt do na maithib uile a n-aon inadh re a n-agaid. Is amlaid do badur agus siad comullamh ar cenn na h-oidhche aile do chum elóid ar a cul go crích m-Breis as in m-báogal sin. Do shuidhedar mar nach bíadh dail imtechta aca; agus gabadar an Gamhanrad longport[1] a n-inadh aile an conair mar dóig le a triathaib a toighecht. Agus ro badar leth ar leth a coimfhethem a ceile ar an corugud sin no go tainic an adaigh d'á n-indsaige. Amar do éirigh an adaig ar feraib Eirenn ro fhagaibsit an longport[1] sin acht madh Fergus agus na furaireda do an ag diden an deiridh and, no go rangadar a n-annrai agus a n-edala agus a lucht othrais leosan go léir. Do gluais Fergus go foill feithmech con a deg-buidnib i n-a n-degaidh.

Ní cian rangadar ar an reim sin an uair[2] tugsat an Gamanrad aithne ar an ordugud sin, agus do cuirset a lucht feithme os aird an elodh-san. Ro eirgetar an Gamanrad go gaibtech a n-iarmóracht fer n-Erenn and sin. Agus ni rucsat a beg ar a m-buidnib re a m-baeglugadh-san go rancatar go Mag m-Broin. Agus rucsat moran d'á maithib ann sin ortha, gur cuirsed ár adbal ar féraib Erenn in neoch dorad bron agus tursi d'a triathaib, conad uadh ainmnigter an t-inad sin .i. Mag m-Broin.

Dala fer n-Erenn: Do cuatar d'innsoige Srotha Deirg i n-a dirmadaib. Agus nír furgedar re deriud a muinntire gan leim a n-ainfhecht is an abainn, gur baidheg agus gur baeglaigedh uimer anba d'á mnaib agus d'á min-da(i)nib, conac(h) rainic acu gan fostad do'n abainn acht mad a treoin
Column 97. agus a tuaircne[3] catha, a n-ard-churada agus a n-echrada. Agus nir airmedar na h-esbada sin o ranic an Maél Fhlidaise leó.

Dala Fergusa: Do éirig a n-deagaidh an t-sluaig, agus an Dubloinges 'n a timcell. Agus tarla a fír-dered an atha íat a

[1] MS. *loggport.* [2] R (in large capital) on margin of MS.

[3] *tuairgne* and *tuairgneach* are still in use in the sense of 'commander,' 'champion' (cf. O' R. Dinneen.)

while) they would endeavour to find opportunity to march secretly by another route. Such was their disposition during the whole of that fair day until night, while the enemy were hustling and harassing them. They had the command of neither road nor path, the warriors having all come together to one place to oppose them. Thus they were ready when next night came to march secretly back to the land of Breas, and thus get out of that danger. They sat down as though there was no way open for them; while the Gamhanraidh encamped in another place on the road on which, as they thought, the chiefs meant to travel. They were in that position, each watching the other, until night came. When night fell on the men of Ireland they all left the camp, save Fergus and the sentinels who remained to guard the rear until their fighting force along with the booty and sick people should all pass on. Fergus with his stout troops followed slowly and warily.

They had not proceeded far on that march when the Gamhanraidh became aware of this manœuvre, and their scouts made known their escape. The Gamhanraidh then furiously pursued the men of Ireland. But they hardly made up with the troops until they reached Mag Bron, because of the deception practised upon them. Many of their warriors overtook them there, and inflicted great slaughter on the men of Ireland, which was a cause of grief and sorrow to their chiefs, whence the name of the place—'Field of Sorrow.'

As to the men of Ireland: they proceeded in vast numbers to Red Stream. And they did not wait for the rear to come up, but plunged forthwith into the river, so that a vast number of their women and children were drowned and lost. Only their strong men and battle chiefs and principal champions and cavalry were able to ford the river. And their losses since the time they carried the Maol Flidais away cannot be reckoned.

As to Fergus: he marched in the rear of the host, accompanied by the Dubloinges. The last of them were

gabail ris in n-Gamhanraid, no go facatar trómlach in tinoil i n-a coirigtib cucu. Agus nir leged d'Fercus fuirech 'g a fairc-sin gan gluasacht reme a n-degaid fer n-Erenn tar in ath. Rancutar fir Erenn tar bel an átha, agus is bec ar ar luaithi iad ina in Gamunrad do leith eli. Tucsat leth ar leth gair mor maidmech d'aroli timchell in atha, or do batar fir Erenn oc maidim techta d'a n-aindeoin uathasum, agus do batar-sum ag maidhim ar marbsat d'feruib Erenn. Do airmetar fir Erenn a sluag agus a socraidi and sin, agus ni rainic acht secht catha do na curadhaib leu tar Ath Lecon is in lo sin a cend crichi Bres ris in m-broscur sin. Agus nir gluais deridh a laech do'n laithir sin, an uair do gabutar in Gamanrad an greim cetna do na curadhaib re h-aithmela a techta tar bernaib baegail o m-buidnib.

Agus ro gabastar Meadb mesnech anbail uirthe o t'conairc rian conni reide oc na rigib. Agus do gab ag conngbail derid ar na deg-feraib. Do gabatar an Gamunrad ac tennad na tora go talchur do rochtain Meadba d'a mughucudh. Agus ni dechaid sin ar metacht na ar midlachas do Meidb, acht do congaib lorg go setrech ar na sluagaib no gor cuiretar-san feidm anbail uirthi, co nach fuair d'aitim[1] no d'uaicnes o na h-ogaibh fedh a fuail do tabairt do tairisim, no gur guidestar Meadb maithi fer n-Erenn fa anumain aici no co tucais a fual. Agus tucatar maithi fer n-Erenn a n-aighti orthasan agus do fostatar tre cleth catha iad. Agus do toirling Medb gan furech ann sin; agus dorad a fual go fercach foregnech gur uó leca lomma lan-redi an laithir, agus gor dibr*aic* a fer agus a tuind do'n talmain gach conair dar cuart*aig*, gor uó Lecan ainm an feraind agus in inaid d'a ési. Agus do chuaidh si i n-a carpat go h-at(h)lamh ann sin, agus do indsaigh go sonairt a mesc na miled, agus do cuir illorc go cobs*aidh* in a h-inadh.

Do gluaisetar fir Erenn gan fuirech and sin, agus do
Column 98. gabutar an Gamanrad go dicrai i n-a n-degaid. Rucastar Domnall Dualbuide ortha and sin. Agus do gabastar faitches

[1] *aitim*, with the meaning of 'race,' 'people,' is found in S. G., especially in the Psalms. Cf. also *Mar bu dual o t'aiteam dhuit* (W. Ross, p. 6). Dinneen has *áiteamh*, 'act of persuading,' 'evidence,' 'proof.'

at the ford opposing the Gamhanraidh when they saw the main body of the force approaching them in fighting order. They did not allow Fergus time to view them, but made him follow the men of Ireland across the ford. The Irishmen crossed the mouth of the ford, but they were hardly over sooner than the Gamanraidh at another crossing. Both parties raised a loud exulting shout at the ford, the Irishmen boasting that they escaped the Gamhanraidh in spite of them, the Gamhanraidh vaunting about the number of Irishmen slain by them. The men of Ireland counted their host and troops there, and only seven battalions of the champions were found to have crossed the Ford of Lecon on that day, and to have made for Bres territory after that onslaught. The rear were not able to march from that spot before the Gamhanraidh held up the champions as formerly, being chagrined at their having escaped their troops through the dangerous traps (laid for them).

Meave summoned marvellous courage when she perceived the confused state of matters under the chiefs. She kept in the rear of the stout warriors. The Gamhanraidh were vigorously pressing the pursuit with the view to reach and to crush Meave. She did not blench or shrink from the situation, but kept her place valiantly in front of the hosts who needed her help so much that she did not find opportunity

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so that Lecan became the name of that ground and spot thereafter. She then quickly entered her chariot, took her place gallantly among the warriors, and firmly kept step in the line.

The men of Ireland therupon marched without delay, the Gamhanraidh fiercely pursuing them. Donald Yellow-

mór maithi fer n-Erenn ac a faircsin, uair do iadatar an Gamannrad uile uime ar na fagbail i n-inaid imshlaidi agus imbuailti doibh. Agus mar do conncatar fir Erenn Domnall ac dluthugadh na deabtha, ro batar uile ag aithfir imaitbir ar Fergus fá'n comrac do rinne roime ris. Agus o d' cuala Fergus na fuigli sin ro gabh naire mór h-e fa gan Domnall do dingbadh do na deig-feraib, agus do guidh Fergus in Dubloinges go dícra imchalma do denam do dingbadh Domnaill. Agus ro cenglatar uili en comarle i n-a agaid, agus do badar ar ti atha[1] d' fagbail air. Do luathaig Domnall in deabaid ac dol tar Ath na Feinned, agus do leic Fergus 'n a coinne sin h-e. Agus do feradar comloind re 'roile ar ur an Atha, co nach ruc aon duine d'feraib Erenn ar a n-edrain no go rabadar ag tuargain sciath[2] a ceile san comrac. Agus do indsaig teglach Domnaill agus teglach Fergusa d'foiridhin a triath agus a tigerna. Agus do dinginadar na teglaigh sin fein a ceile sin comruc no go n-drochair cach dib comthoitim is in cath-irgal. Do gab Fergus agus Domnall ag furr*ach* a ceile sa comloind a fiadnaise fer n-Erenn, co nar cuimgedar a charaid fedhm no fóiridhin le fer dib, go n-drochair Domnall do beimmenaib fortamla Fergusa. Agus ni mo ana do cum láir rainig an milidh an uair do b'eigin d' Fergus agus d' feraib Erenn a fhagbail gan fhad*badh*[3] is in inad ar thuit.

Agus do gluaisedar ar lorg na tana d'a toraigecht, agus ni uaradar an sluag riam roime eigen bud aidble ana in t-eigen fuaradar o'n tóraidh a tr*aigh* Ruis airgid uaith*ib*. Agus gid eadh do fuilngetar gach echt agus gech esbaid do fuarutar no go tainic ur-dhubadh na h-oidchi d' a n-innsoige. Agus do gabsat longport a tuaiscert crichi Corainn go h-anbuainech an adaig sin, cor egen doib an Mael Flidaise do cengal do coirthi cloichi, gurab Tulach na Maili ainm na tulcha[4] sin o soin ille. Do batar an Gamunrad 'n a timcell go tainic la

[1] *atha* for *fatha*, *v.* note 9, *supra*. In S. G. we say *fàth a ghabhail air*, rather than *fàth fhaghail* or *fhaotainn air*.

[2] MS. *scc*.

[3] *fadb*, I. G. *fadhbh*, S. G. *faobh*, 'spoil,' 'booty,' is common. The verb, as here, *fadbaim*, in S. G. *faobhaich*, 'to despoil,' 'to strip off armour,' is also in use. Cf.

locks overtook them there. The chiefs of the men of Ireland were greatly alarmed at his approach, for all the Gamhanraidh gathered round him, having left the place where they had hitherto been hewing and hacking. When the men of Ireland saw Donald pressing the charge home, they all bitterly reproached Fergus for (the issue of) his former duel with Donald. When Fergus heard these accusations great shame seized him for not having protected the stalwart men from Donald. He beseeched the Dubloinges vehemently to display great courage and to check Donald's attack. They all resolved to oppose him, and they sought opportunity (to slay him). Donald hurried the attack after crossing the Ford of the Champions. And Fergus met him there. They fought on the brink of the ford, and none of the men of Ireland were able to intervene until they were battering each others' shields in conflict. Donald's men and Fergus's men joined in the fight, each to aid his lord and chief. These households pounded each other in the conflict until they fell side by side in the battle-fight. Fergus and Donald fought that combat in the view of the men of Ireland so furiously that his friend could not render aid or assistance to either, until Donald (at last) fell under the powerful blows of Fergus. And no sooner did the warrior reach the ground than Fergus and the men of Ireland were obliged to leave him where he fell, without stripping him of his armour.

They proceeded in the track of the retreating party closely pursuing them, and the host never experienced greater hardships than in the retreat from the strand of Ros *airgid* (silvern). Nevertheless they endured every calamity and loss that befel them until the darkness of night came to them. They encamped that night in great anxiety in the north of the land of Corann, and were obliged to tie the Maol Flidais to a pillar of stone, the knoll being called 'Maol's Knoll' ever after. The Gamhanraidh surrounded

1 Chron. x. 8, 9: *a dh'fhaobhachadh nam marbh; an uair a dh'fhaobhaich iad e;* and Uist Bards, p. 127:—

A chinn aobhair a' chonais,
'S tric a dh'fhaobhaich na sporain.

[4] MS. *tulk.*

con a lan soillsi ar na sluagaib, gur uó comcumusc catha d'a
Column 99. curadaib ar techt an laei con a lán soillsi, gor bo suaill nar[1] bo reim madhma d'a mor-sluagaib is in maighin sin, co nach rainic leo an Mael do taifnech do'n cairthi d'ar cengl*ad* h-i.

Agus tuc Muireadach Mend mac Oilella aircis ar tossach na tren-sluag, gu fuair boegal ar Flidais con a banntracht and. Agus tocbais les h-i gan fuirech. Agus do leg na sluaigh seocha no co rainic go lar longpuirt fer n-Erenn no go fuair an Mael Flidaise a cengal do'n chairthi. Agus scaeiles gan fuirech di. Agus do cuir fesa d'innsoige na Gamunraidi d' a scur do'n scaindir agus d'a toirmesc do'n toruigecht. Agus da indis doib amail fuair Flidais agus in Mael Flidaise con a tan*aidh*. Do anadar an Gamunrad d'a n-oirlech ann sin, agus do toirnetar do'n tograim. Agus do imgidetar maithi fer n-Erenn agus Medb go Cruachain.

Do impo Muiredach Mend agus maithi na Gamunraidi agus Flidais con a bandtracht agus gon a bo-taintib siar rompo a fritheing na conaire cetna, no go rancatar go h-airm a n-dorchar Domnall Dualbuidi. Is amlaid fuaratar é agus drem d'a tairisib agus d'a fhir-muinntir 'n a fochair 'g a imcoimet. Agus do gabutar longport in a uir-timcell uili an adhaig sin. Agus do claeidhedar fert fodbaidh os a cinn go moch ar na maruch. Agus do rindi Muiredach Mend marbna do co n-dubairt :—

Truag toisc Domnaill Dualbuide
O Dun Tuaithi *gan trei*si ;
As i a toraidhécht ar tain
Darat a dail *gan* desi.

Nir dligh Domnall dánug*ud*,
Ar Dubloinges mor M*edba* ;
A thoitim as garb an gnim,
Is m*est*e a dil a n-d*er*na.

Nir an rinn Triath trén Irruis,
Go tucmaeis les la baga ;
Mairc righ nar an re a fhedh*naibh*,
Re n-dol a n-debaid dana.

[1] The MS. becomes very indistinct here, and difficult to read. Both text and translation are so far uncertain.

them until full daylight came to the hosts, when, upon full daylight coming, their champions were engaged in promiscuous fighting; and the march of the hosts from that spot was almost a rout, so that they were not able to loose the Maol from the pillar to which she was tied.

Muiredach the Stutterer son of Oilill made a rush in front of the mighty host, and found by chance Flidais and her female attendants there. He carried her away with him forthwith. And he let the hosts past until he reached the centre of the men of Ireland's camp, where he found the Maol Flidais tied to the pillar. He instantly loosed. He then sent word to the Gamhanraidh to cease fighting, and forbidding further pursuit. He told them how he found Flidais and the Maol Flidais with the booty. The Gamhanraidh thereupon ceased their attack, and the pursuit came to an end. And the chiefs of the men of Ireland proceeded with Meave to Cruachan.

Muiredach the Stutterer and the chiefs of the Gamhanraidh, with Flidais and her women-folk and her herds, turned back west on the same road on which they came, until they reached the place where Donald Yellowlocks fell. And thus they found him, with a band of his attached people and devoted friends arouud him keeping guard over him. They all encamped around him there that night. They built a turf grave over him early on the morrow. And Muiredach the Stutterer composed an elegy upon him and said:—

Sad the fate of Donald Yellowlocks,
From Dun Tuaith without his forces,
His pursuit of the foray, unsupported,
Caused his speedy death.

Donald ought not to have braved
The great Dubloinges of Meave;
His death was a cruel deed,
A loss to those who loved him.

The mighty lord of Erris delayed not,
Until we could have joined him in the strife;
Woe to the king who waits not for his troops,
Before engaging in stern warfare.

T . . . de Ailill re a ath*air*,
Ar na eguib tarfas . . .
G*o* fuigb*ed* bas . . .
Gan tlas re h-occ*aibh*.

Oilill Find fer Flidaise,
Ge fuair bas tre re(i)m n-uaban,
Mo ar s indsa Domnall do dit(h),
Tre fich ocus tre uab*ar*;

Mairc da tarla in turas sin,
Da n-dorchar mil*id* muaidi;
A b*eth gan anmain* sin ar,
Nocha n-e an tain gan truaighe.

Truag.

Column 100. Mar tairnic doib fert an cathmilidh do claeide agus a cairthe . . . do tocbail, do gluaisiter rompa co h-athlam ann sein co rangatar co h-Ath Leac*an* is in lo sin. Ro gabsat longport go h-ath-scith ann sin. Agus tancutar tar an echtuib agus tar an esbadaib, agus tar sgel*aib* na tana agus na toraigechta, conad air do raid an fili na roinn-si[1]:—

Sunn tuc*ad* an debaid donn,
Ro ba glonn os grenuic grinn;
Ro ba ger grinn gibhis gann,
Im tain bo flann Flidaise finn.

Maith an Mael, fa mor a bann,
Ba lor a lann os gach linn;
Biat*adh* caoga mac madh n-glond,
La tri cet laech lond dia linn.

Ar tri do rannsat an sluagh;
Sgaeilsit im an m-buar na mal;
Trian im Laignib con a li;
T*rian Ulad* do bi re h-agh.

Trian im Connachtaib ar sin,
Do bo trom ar tuil na fir;
Ge do luaidhetar luadh fer
Fuarutar sluagh mer ag muir.

[1] The following lay is, if possible, still more obscure. A later scribe made a very helpless attempt on the margin of column 101 to give a legible version.

Ailill (fell) before his father,
Of the death revealed to him,
That he would die . . .
Without aid from his warriors.

Though Oilill the Fair, the husband of Flidais,
Met his death in his dread career,
Greater to us the loss of Donald
Through enmity and pride;

Woe to those who went on that quest,
Where fell the noble warrior;
To be lifeless in the slaughter,
The foray was indeed a disastrous one.

Sad.

When they had completed the grave of the battle-soldier, and raised a . . . pillar (in his memory), they moved forward quickly until they reached the Ford of Lecan that day. They encamped there quite worn out. And they went over their exploits and their sufferings, and the story of the raid and the pursuit, upon which the poet composed the following quatrains :—

Here was fought a valorous fight,
It was featful, above the fair . . .
Fierce and dexterous . . . it was,
Over the raid of fair Flidais's red cows.

Goodly the Maol, great her . . .
Her produce exceeded that of every other,
Fifty boys, with three hundred valorous heroes,
Would be fed by her milk.

The host was divided in three,
(The chiefs surrounded the cattle),
A third of brilliant Leinstermen,
A third of fighting Ulstermen.

The remaining third were Connaught men,
Powerful like a flood the warriors;
Although the roll of praise were closed,
(Still) would be found fiery warriors by the sea.

There is a half quatrain awanting, while several words, such as *grenuic*, *drol* (in the sense evidently meant here) and others, are unknown to me.

Tarlaic an m-bo h-i *for*lar;
Do tuit mor mal im an m-buar;
Tarcatar di cuma tri;
Nir erigh si f*a* an sluagh.

Ann sin tainic Fergus fein,
Dregan nem bras fa mor aibh;
Do orrd*er*c tes agus thuaith,
Ro ses mar do buail an Maeil.

Buailes Fergus an m-boin maeil,
Cuma tri a fiadnaise in t-sluaigh,
Gur clos a geminn sa g*eis*,
An er, tes, ocus thuaidh.

Rigt*ech* conglann is lam treu,
Ro b*a* ger an f*or*land fial;
Cerbsat col*na* fa c*ra* ruad
Do'n t-sluagh tar abuinn a n-iar.

Da rith cu Domnaill do a dun,
Go caoga con dur 'n a diaid;
Brisis carbat ran in righ;
Marbais a ara fir fial.

Gonais Fergas an soidh seing,
Do'n ga grinn do luid tre cenn;
Ar in ach*ad* os in glinn,
Marbais eich Mic Róaigh ann.

Ann sin tanic Domnall drol,
Ocus ba f*or*lonn an rail;
Tucsat-san ar aein n*ert* sin,
Cet urcar a n-oeinfhecht air.

Dobert Fergus oll-gl*onn* úais,
Re Domnall n-glonnmar n-gris;
'Coiscet na sluaigh g*an* bres beim as;
Tabraim gan tlas tres 'n ar n-dis.'

Do cumruicsitar ar in rai,
Ar ba cumnart a n-gal n-ga(i);
Ingnad gan fuil ar a clí,
Ni frit guin ar cechtar n-aei.

Amar do rub*adh* go trom,
Agus do tub*adh* go tenn,
Agus do budh luath, dar linn,
Is in glinn a Cru(a)ich na Cenn.

The cow was lying on the ground;
A great chief found the herd;
Thrice were efforts made to rouse her,
The host could not accomplish it.

Then came Fergus himself,
A fierce impetuous dragon of goodly presence;
He looked south, he looked north,
He stood up when he struck the Maol.

Fergus struck the hummel cow
Thrice in the presence of the host;
Her low and moan were heard
East, south, and north.

Strenuous arm and mighty hand,
Keen in vigorous onslaught;
Hacked carcases under red clay,
Beyond a river of the west.

Donald's hound sped from his castle,
With fifty relentless hounds following;
She destroyed the prince's stately chariot,
She slew his truly generous charioteer.

Fergus killed the slim hound,
With the polished spear that pierced her head
On the field above the glen,
The son of Roich's horses were slaughtered.

Then came the . . . Donald,
Tough and strong as an oak was he;
There with matchless strength he discharged
A hundred deadly shots in quick succession.

Fergus made a mighty, powerful thrust
At the featful . . . Donald;
'Let the hosts be restrained from impetuous blow
Let us two fight it out ruthlessly.'

They fought where they stood,
Equal in valour, equal in arms;
A marvel it was, no blood on their body,
No wound was found on either.

As they thrust vigorously,
And charged strenuously;
And soon (it ended), as we judged,
In the glen by Heap-of-heads.

Do rith Meran tres in cath,
Tanic sr*uth*án tre n-a cruth;
Do cluith cléth caeil, garb in crith,
Do marb Leghan ar in sruth.

Dorochair Bóinni do beinn,
Agus nochar foil a gluinn;
Ar slis sleibi fid*aig* Finn
Taet do laim mic Liluich (luinn).

Do luaidset luag n-agha n-aill,
Os . . . . . l ara luind;
Gabsat longport n-gl*an* oll
Is in glinn os Aruind uill.

Column 101.

Gabsat longport ar n-a fios,
Ar in slis os tonn-port des;
Cuirsit slogh ba fuigiull fis
Re slis Locha Cuil*idh* cais.

Robsat echt*ach* na tuir triuin,
Robsat crecht*ach* uir an uaigh;
B'uathmar an gnim do Mac Roich,
Ba coir, ba cruthmar, ba cruaidh.

. . . . .
. . . . .

Ar aen mag fa rit ar aen,
Bedh 'n a aenar d'eis an t-sluaigh.

Lotar ar n-elod ar n-dail,
Rob imerghe gle mór gluair;
Do lotar tre gredun n-gaid,
Tar Ath Lecon, tar an Muaidh.

Secht cat(h)a lin an t-sloigh ann,
Im Fergus mac Roich ruscum;
Doradsat debaid nar gann,
Do na feraib nar fhann sund.

Sunn.

Do rigsat an Gamunrad Muiretuch mend an inad a athar ann sin. Agus aderaid aroili eolaigh go raibi Flidais re h-athaid aicci ann sin, co n-dechaid a Loch Letrech fa diamhair di cleth, agus an Mael Flidaise léi. Agus ni fesa riam ó sin ale. Gurub h-i Táin bo Flidaise con a Toruighec(h)t go ruici sin. Fi*n*it. Am*en*.

Meran ran through the fight,
A flow (of sweat) from his visage;
He wielded a heavy club, rough the shiver,
He slew Legan by the stream.

Boinne from the hill was slain,
His blows did not lack force,
On the slope of the woody hill of Finn,
He fell by the hand of the fierce son of Lilach.

They fought other fights equally glorious,
Above . . .
They made a bright large camp,
In the glen above spacious Aran.

They chose their camp with knowledge,
On the slope above the seaport to the south:
They placed troops with sure judgment
On the precipitous side of Loch Cuile.

The mighty chiefs were forceful men,
The mould of their graves was bloody,
Terrible was the deed of the son of Roich,
Fair, specious, stern.

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. . . . . .
On the one spot . . . . . .
Let him lie alone after the hosts (have departed).

They departed stealthily soon after,
It was a great confused movement;
They marched in fear and trembling,
Across the ford of Lecan, across the Moy.

Seven battalions the number of the host,
With Fergus son of Roich who commanded them;
They fought many a fight,
Against the braves mustered here.

Here.

The Gamhanraidh placed Muiredach the Stutterer on his father's throne thereafter. And some learned persons say that he had Flidais with him there for a season; and that she, with the Maol Flidais in her train, went to Lake Letriach to hide her secret. And nothing is known of her from that day to this. Thus far then the Raid of Flidais's cows and the Pursuit thereof.

THE END. AMEN.

THE EXPEDITION OF 1690 TO THE WESTERN ISLES

JAMES FERGUSON

THE Battle of Killiecrankie was fought in July 1689. The victory lost its practical worth owing to the death of Viscount Dundee, and the incapacity of the two good regimental officers, Cannon and Buchan, trained in the English and Scots Brigades in Holland, from which they had passed to the command of new regiments raised by King James, to lead an army mainly composed of Highland clans. The enthusiasm of the victorious Jacobite Highlanders was broken by the stern resistance of the new-levied Cameronian regiment at Dunkeld on the 21st of August. The Jacobite forces were however strong in the fighting men they could muster within the Highland line, in the sympathy of Lowland Scotland north of the Tay, and in the central position of the country in which their strength lay, and from which, moving on interior lines, they could strike in force at Inverness, Aberdeen, and the southern Lowlands. King James was at the head of a disciplined and gallant French army and of numerous and brave if ill-disciplined native levies in Ireland. The Western Islands, and especially Mull, then dominated by the Jacobite Macdonalds and Macleans, were important links in maintaining the communications between the exiled king's Irish headquarters and his supporters in Scotland. The supremacy of the British over the French fleets had not been asserted, the situation was full of possibilities, and the problem with which General Mackay, who commanded for King William in Scotland, had to deal was still one of great difficulty. The real abilities of that officer, the Highland commander of a Lowland army, and his strategic insight, have never, it is thought, received full recognition. The picturesque and bloody battle of Killiecrankie has engrossed the attention of historians, and has been treated as if the death of Dundee concluded as well as determined the issue of

the campaign. Mackay had certainly been outgeneralled and soundly beaten in a stand-up fight by the military genius of his great opponent, and while he has on the one hand been ponderously extolled as the most pious of generals, he has on the other been unduly depreciated as a mere mechanical soldier and a dull Scots Whig Dutchman. But his Highland birth and connections gave him special qualifications for coping with the situation with which he had to deal, his rectitude of character and solid military qualities secured the trust and support of his sovereign, and the political difficulties with which he had to contend did not obscure his perception of the effective military solution of the problem. He saw clearly that to bring the civil war in Scotland to an end the most effective strokes were the cutting of communication between the Jacobites in Scotland and Ireland and the establishment of a permanent garrison in the heart of the Highlands. The same opinion which the military experience of the general had formulated was also arrived at by the political sagacity of Sir John Dalrymple.

Even before Killiecrankie Mackay had stated to Lord Melville that 'a place of security made at Inverlochy for a garrison of 600 men (which cannot be undertaken without former provision of things necessary and six weeks sure time to end it) would (with a small body of the like number at Inverness) make these Highlands as peaceable as Moray.' In August he renewed former representations as to the importance of employing some frigates on the Highland coasts, 'for Maclean, Macdonald, and Clanranald, who are of the considerablest of them, are Islanders, and soon subdued with three or four frigates and some land forces aboard of them, which would certainly so dishearten the rest that they would quickly give it over.'

His original scheme was a winter expedition in force through Argyll to Dunstaffnage, and then by Loch Linnhe to Inverlochy; and in the early winter of 1689-90 'he prepared and sent to the king proposals for the way to bridle so the Highland rebels before the beginning of May that his majesty

might leave Scotland in great security at his passage into Ireland with no considerable expenses.' 'He desired three frigates of 30 pieces of cannon each or thereabout, with money or order to the government to furnish 10 or 12 ships of burden, with some three or four dozen big boats, 3000 firelocks, the forces being ill-armed and picks not useful in these Highland wars, 400 *chevaux de frise*, with money to furnish two months' provisions for betwixt three and four thousand foot, and 2000 spades, shovels, and pickaxes, with which he purposed to march toward the latter end of March through the country of Argyll to a place called Dunstaffnage, the dwelling-place of the ancient kings of the Scots, before they had chased the Picts out of Scotland, situated in the opening of the bay which goes up to Inverlochy, where he designed to build a fort for a garrison of 10 or 1200 men, capable to bridle these rebels and opposite to the isle of Mull: at which place, where there is a very secrue haven, he was to appoint the men of war, with the ships of burden and boats with the provisions, materials for working the ground, pallisades, *chevaux de frise*, with the further necessaries to attend him, where he was to embark his foot upon the ships and boats, and so under favour of his cannon from the men of war, and with the help of 400 *chevaux de frise* he questioned not to force his landing at the very place where he designed the fort according to the description he had of it from Ingeneers who had been there, tho' the enemy should oppose it with all the force they could make.'

The general, however, received 'no return to his propositions and frequent letters,' and though Sir John Dalrymple also strongly advocated the scheme being carried out in the winter season, when 'the Highlanders cannot stay together in the fields,' and therefore could not take advantage of their central situation to fall down towards Inverness or Stirling and Lothian, if these parts were denuded of troops for a summer expedition; the means were not forthcoming, and the winter operations had to be abandoned. Later on, however, in consequence of representations which the general

moved the council to make, the king ordered the sending of the frigates, and also 500 firelocks, 200 *chevaux de frise*, some ammunition, and 1500 spades, shovels, and pickaxes. The general, then, 'the time being past for the enterprise of Inverlochy by water,' and it being impossible to leave the rest of the low country unguarded, developed a modified plan.

'To prevent such dangers, since they must needs (said he) leave the forces so lodged as they then were, till they could be in readiness to put to the field, except they had wish to make the enemy master of a great part of the kingdom, he proposed, for the next best remedy, to make a detachment of 600 chosen men to embark upon three or four ships of burden, with provisions for three months, to be sent upon the enemy's coast, most of them being Islanders, or dwelling upon the north-west coasts of the kingdom; and with them to send the spades, shovels, and pickaxes, with the pallisades, all to be ready against the arrival of the frigates, whereof by a letter from the Lord Secretary the Council was assured by the first fair wind. By which method he proposed to give the combined Highlanders such a diversion and jealousy upon their coasts, that they should not much trouble the low country, nor be able to come out formidable enough to give us much trouble till he could be ready to put to the field.' News having come of one of the frigates being cast away, he proposed to hire a little frigate of twenty guns then being built at Glasgow. Owing, however, to 'the emptiness of the coffers' of the Scottish government, he had still great difficulties to overcome, and he was only able to surmount them by the help and public spirit of the city of Glasgow. 'If,' he says, 'he had not got the Provost and town of Glasgow engaged to undertake the furnishing of the said 600 men, it had not been done by a month so soon as it was, whereby the whole designed advantage of it had been lost.' 'He engaged,' he says, 'the city of Glasgow to hire ships and make the necessary provisions for the speedy despatch of the 600 men, which he designed for the enemy's coast to make diversion under the command of Major Ferguson, a resolute, well-

affected officer, to whose discretion and diligence he trusted much. He engaged the magistrates of the said city also to furnish and send away with the detachment 500 pallisades, with 500 spades, shovels, and pickaxes, to make up 2000 in all, with the 1500 sent down from England, which he ordered to Glasgow, to be sent away with the party; knowing that if these things were left to the care of the government (where it ought to have been, the general having neither money nor credit to furnish them) he had certainly been disappointed at the time they should be made use of.'

The officer selected to command the detachment was a field-officer of one of the three Scots regiments in the Dutch service, which, along with the English regiments in the same service, had formed the backbone of the army with which William of Orange landed at Torbay. He was a younger son of William Ferguson of Badifarrow, in Aberdeenshire, who represented Inverurie in the Scots Restoration Parliament of 1660, and his uncle is said to have 'accompanied Montrose in all his wars.' His captain's commission from William of Orange and the States-General had been granted on 1st April 1688, and in the rout at Killiecrankie Brigadier Balfour, the colonel of his regiment, which furnished the advanced guard in the march through the pass, and was on the extreme left in the battle, was among the slain. The Stuart Papers mention a Captain Ferguson as among the prisoners at Killiecrankie, and Captain Crichton, whose recollections were taken down by Dean Swift, states that 'next day, though victorious, the Highlanders suffered their prisoners to depart on parole, that they would never take up arms against King James, Colonel Ferguson only excepted, on account of his more than ordinary zeal for the new establishment.' This must have been the captain of Balfour's (afterwards Lauder's) regiment, to whom the battle brought promotion to the rank of major; for the only other officer of his name recorded as present, Ferguson of Craigdarroch, lieutenant-colonel of Kenmure's regiment, was killed on the spot. Major Ferguson of Balmakelly (an estate in Kincardineshire, of which

he had a charter of barony in 1698) had a record of distinguished service for several years after the Highland war. He was transferred, as lieutenant-colonel, to the a Cameronian Regiment the day after the bloody battle of Steinkirk, and commanded it in the later campaigns of King William, and the earlier ones of Marlborough. As a brigadier-general in the Blenheim campaign he was intrusted with specially responsible duties, for he commanded the garrison of Maestricht while the army was assembled there, 'led up the first line of foot' in the attack on the Schellenberg, had his brigade in the heaviest fighting round the village of Blenheim, and took the great mass of the French prisoners from the Danube down the Rhine to Holland. He died suddenly in the following year, just after the Duke of Marlborough had intimated his promotion to the rank of major-general, and informed him he was 'to command in chief all the British troops, as well horse as foot, on this side during the winter.' In a letter then written by one of his own regimental officers, the writer says, 'All the English themselves, and even his greatest enemies, while he was yet alive, allowed he was by much the best officer we had in all the British troops. He was brave, knew the service, had great and long experience in thirty years' constant service; and the Duke was so sensible of this that when he had anything difficult or of importance to do he constantly employed him even out of his turn.' It would appear that early experience had qualified him for the duty assigned to him after Blenheim, for the historian of the house and clan of Mackay records this anecdote of him: 'When in Flanders he had on one occasion volunteered to go with a small party to guard a great number of prisoners to a considerable distance after others had signified a wish to decline the service as being too hazardous. For the greater safety he cut the latchets of the prisoners' small clothes, which obliged them to march with one hand behind to hold them up.'

The senior naval officer was Captain Pottinger of the *Dartmouth*. The *Dartmouth* was one of the three ships that

had relieved Londonderry not long before, having covered the advance of the *Mountjoy* when she broke the boom that stretched across the Foyle. The west coast of Scotland was destined to be fatal to both captain and ship, for on 1st January 1691 the Scots Privy Council, upon a petition presented by Thomas Pottinger, the 'Sovereign of Belfast,' on behalf of the widow and children of his deceased brother, Captain Edward Pottinger, recommended them to the Royal bounty on account of Captain Pottinger's 'great zeal and the signal services performed by him.' The record bore that he had 'evidenced great zeal and affection for the Protestant interest,' he had hired a company of men at his own expense and defended Coleraine against the Irish army, the enemy being beat off 'by his courage and skill in levelling and discharging the guns.' As commander of a yacht he had served with daring and credit at the siege of Carrickfergus. As captain of the *Dartmouth*, which 'was ordered to cruise in the west seas for their Majesties' service in this kingdom, it is well known to the said Lords of Council with what faithfulness and diligence he behaved himself in the said service, and with what assiduity and carefulness he exonered himself of the trust and commission given unto him therein at all occasions, from the latter end of May that he came here till the month of October last, when, by the violence of a great tempest and storm, as happened not in many years, at the dispensation and pleasure of God, he, with his men, ship, and furniture, did all perish (four or five excepted), to the exceeding grief and loss of his relict and fatherless children.'

Other difficulties than those of supply surrounded the expedition. 'At this time,' says General Mackay, 'much about the middle of April 1690, the club joined in Parliament with the Jacobites, thinking by that means to overvote that which was called the Court party, and severals of them essayed to debauch Major Ferguson, after it had been public the general had appointed him to command the detachment of land forces along with the frigates; to whom the said Major, who is a vigorous and well affected man, discovered

all their proposals, not silencing a letter from a very near relation of his own to the same purpose; whereby the General gave present notice to the Commissioner and thereafter to the King.' In writing to the king, Mackay described Ferguson as '*personne de probité et d'honneur, comme aussi fidèle et affectionné au service de votre Majesté.*' 'Meantime,' he continues, 'Ferguson being kept up the matter of five weeks, waiting for his provisions, the General communicated to several persons the design of that detachment, giving the party out for more in number than it was, that the enemy might be advertised of it, whereby they should be hindered from giving any considerable numbers of men to Buchan and Canon, who pressed them sore to take the field; which took the projected effect, for instead of four or five thousand they might have made up among them, I mean such as were of Lochaber, with their neighbours, and the adjacent islanders, who had combined from the beginning, they had made only a levy of seven or eight hundred men, and sent them out with the said Buchan, whom King James had sent the same winter to command for him in Scotland, who, together with Canon, took the field much about the 20th of April, while the gross of the rebels, particularly such as dwelt near the sea, with the inhabitants of the isles, stayed at home to guard their country against the frigates with Ferguson's detachment, at the very noise whereof they they were very much terrified.' In another place he states that 'the very noise' of the expedition had so good an effect, that Buchan and Cannon could only bring together eight hundred of their worst men towards the end of April, and were surprised and dispersed, with a loss of four hundred, on the 1st of May, by Sir Thomas Livingstone at Cromdale.

In the beginning of May, thanks to the good offices of the city of Glasgow, the preparations were complete, and from a burgess ticket of that town, dated 7th May 1690, in favour of 'James Ferguson, Major of the Regiment of Colonel Lauder,' in possession of his descendant, Mr. Ferguson of Kinmundy, it appears that the magistrates of the Metropolis of the West

combined their services to the cause with a personal compliment to the commander. The successful termination of the expedition and his subsequent services in the final pacification, during which he commanded at Perth, were recognised in a similar manner by a grant of the freedom of the city of Edinburgh on 30th October 1691.

On the 15th of May Major Ferguson set sail from Greenock. The orders for the expedition are printed in Mackay's *Memoirs*, and were as follows :—

'Instructions from Major-General Mackay for Major Ferguson, appointed to command in chief the detachment of 600 men, which are to be shipped at Greenock, and to go about to the Isles and west of Lochaber, and for Captain Pottinger, commanding their Majesties' ship the *Dartmouth*, with the rest of the Squads under his command.

'1. The said Major and Captain shall do all things communicatively, and digest their resolutions betwixt themselves before they communicate them to others.

'2. They are expressly charged that no divisions be among them upon the matter of their undertakings, which may prove prejudicial to the service, but that they resolve and do everything unanimously, and with one accord, the Captain submitting to the judgment of the Major as to landings and undertakings against the enemy by land, if occasion should offer visibly favourable thereto, and the Major submitting to the Captain's judgment as to sea affairs.

'3. The main design of this detachment being to make a diversion, alarm the rebel coasts, cut their communication with the Islanders now in rebellion against their Majesties' authorities, and to take away and burn all their boats and birlinns, whether in the Isles or along the coasts of the rebels upon the main land: the Major is to undertake nothing as to landing, but upon visible and apparent advantages and humane assurances of success.

'4. If the Major should see palpably, that with a reinforce of three or four hundred men more, he might master the Island of Mull, he shall presently give notice thereof to the Laird of Ardkinlas, Sheriff-Depute of Argyllshire, who is to have order from the Earl to assist him with that number of the most resolute and best-armed men of the shire, and such as will willingly and cheerfully be employed in that service, and against that enemy, and that with all possible diligence that the occasion may not be lost by delays.

'5. That their first enterprise be against all the enemy's boats to the end they be rendered incapable to succour with men or provisions one another, and so be reduced to extremities and haply to submit.

'6. That after giving up all their arms, as well swords as guns, delivering over all places of strength, and swearing allegiance to their Majesties King William and Queen Mary, the Major forsaid is hereby authorised to give protection to the inhabitants of the Isles, but not to their chiefs, but by casting themselves in the King's mercy, and delivering their persons prisoners to the said Major, who in that case is required to treat them civilly.

'7. He shall take nothing from such persons and countries as shall submit upon the forsaid conditions, but a necessary supply of provisions to his men and ships, and that moderately; and upon the contrary shall use with all the vigour of military execution such as shall continue obstinate in their rebellion, with this proviso, that women and children be not touched or wronged in their persons.

'8. The said Major commanding in chief shall have special care his men be kept under exact discipline both as soldiers and christians, to hinder cursing and swearing and all other unchristian and disorderly customs, and to chastise in their purse or persons such as persist in them after intimation.

'Being upon the coast, he shall write to the Laird of Mac Leod signifying that he hath order to succour and protect his country in case he be molested by those of his neighbours in rebellion, and that the government and I are well satisfied with his behaviour hitherto, knowing that so long as our assistance was so far distant we could not expect his open declaring for their Majesties Government; but now as it is our resolution not to abandon him, so it is our expectation that he shall declare himself freely for us and against our enemies, and so join forces.'

The conduct and success of the expedition fully justified Mackay's choice of a commander and estimate of the results to be attained. It prevented the northern clans from coming in any considerable numbers to the assistance of Buchan and Cannon. A writer of the time observes that, as a consequence of its appearance, 'the small islands between Kintyre and Mull had put themselves under the protection of the Government, and the Earl of Seaforth, with some other of the principal Highlanders, were inclinable to do the same.'

On the 30th of May the Privy Council, being informed 'that Major Ferguson is arrived at the island of Mull, and is now lying at Dunstaffnage, and that several of the rebels have got together in a body within that isle in and about the castle of Dowart,' instructed the Earl of Argyll to order Colin Campbell of Ardkinglass to levy 600 men and march to reinforce him. The Council allowed the Earl to nominate his own officers, and recommended the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury to order 400 bolls of meal to be sent to Inverary for the use of the 600 men. A letter of the time, addressed 'for Angus Campbell of Kilberry,' preserved among the Kilberry papers, and printed in the appendix to the *Memoirs of Lochiel*, illustrates the steps taken to put their force in the field :—

'EDINBURGH, *4th June* 1690.

'LOVEING COUSEIN,—Their Majesties Privy Council has (ordereed) us to raise 600 men to goe to Dunstaffnage to (meet) Major Ferguson there. That this may be the better effectuate, wee ordered Sir Colin Campbell of Ardkinlass to go from this to (meet) you at Inverary upon Thursday the 12th day of this instant, for appointing these men to be raised, and for other (things pertaining to) the good of the country. Wee entreat you faill (not to come) there at that time, and give you advyse, assistance and (concurrance) in this matter. We expect that all of you will readily (comply) with the desyre of the Councill, both for the country's (good and) ours. And we hope by your concurrance in this (to have the) shyre exeemed from their resting public burdens. Those (who) will not concurr, they may expect little favour of this nature, (and a dale of) trouble for their disobedience that at present they may (avoid). There is four hundred bolls of meal ordered to be sent . . . for maintaining these six hundred men, and what else (they will) need, Major Ferguson will see them provided in. (What) further we have to say in this matter, and what directions (are necessary) there anent, shall be sent by Ardkinlass.—We are your loveing cousin, ARGYLL.

'I own I have ever found you most readie in what concerned me. I desyre you upon this occasion (to be) very active, and I have ordered you the command of the partie.'

The progress of the military measures had been delayed

by an attempt at political action. 'A certain Colonel Hill, who in previous times [*i.e.* under Cromwell] had been Governor of Inverlochy, coming by the King's order over from Ireland, a project was set on foot to subdue the Highlands by him with a sum of money without forces.' A cessation of arms was proposed, and an order sent to Ferguson 'not to act hostilely for a certain time, which was lourdly misunderstanding of matters.' On the news of Livingston's success in Strathspey the order was recalled, and the General who had 'laughed at the nonsense to imagine to bind such people void of all principles of honesty by any other engagement than that of force, but held his peace to see what should come of it, only pushed on his preparations,' made ready to carry out the other portion of his scheme. He obtained liberty from the King by an express sent to meet him at Chester, on his way to embark for Ireland, to march into Lochaber, and sent orders to Ferguson to meet him with his detachment at Inverlochy, together with the provision ships. Mackay's march was a fine military feat. There was considerable danger both of disaster to his columns in the Highland defiles, and of counter-attacks on the Lowlands. Starting from Perth on 18th June he made a feint as far as Dunkeld towards the shortest way to Badenoch, by Blair and Drumochter, and then swung round by Strathardle, Glenshee, Braemar, Strathdon, Strathavon, and up Strathspey, where he joined Livingstone, who had already been reinforced by the Cameronian regiment from Aberdeen, and marched up to Badenoch on the 26th. On the 30th he reached Cluny, and on the 1st of July he made another feint with a small force 'towards a strait pass where the enemy expected him,' and then suddenly changed his course to the left, and 'through mountains and boggy ways entered Lochaber by Glenspean, where nobody expected him that night.' On the 3rd he arrived at Inverlochy, was not pleased with the situation of the old fort, which was commanded from a near hill, but could not change it as there was none other so fit, and on the 5th began to work at the Fort. In eleven days he got it

at its full height, twenty feet from the bottom of the fosse, palisaded round, with a *chemin couvert* and glacis, 'a perfect defence against all attempts of such an enemy.' On the 6th July Lord Melville wrote to the King: 'I had not account from Major General Mackay till just now a post has come in from Inverlochy, showing that Major Ferguson, after he had burnt some of the islands and taken assurance of some others not to join the rebels, not being strong enough to land in the island of Mull, had come to Inverlochy, the place where Mackay designs to make the fort, and encamped at Lochyeall House this day sennight, and stayed till Mackay came to him, which he did Thursday or Frayday last.'

Of the previous proceedings of the expedition an imperfect account is given in a despatch from Captain Pottinger to Lord Melville:—

'ABOARD THE *Dartmouth* IN DUART ROAD,
'19*th July* 1690.

'MAY IT PLEASE YOUR GRACE,—My last to your Grace was the 12th of May from Greenock, and the 14th we sailed thence to these coasts; since which tyme our being scarce 48 hours in one place without motion prevented my giving your Grace the account of our proceeding; but referred to Major Ferguson, who assured me of the tender of my most humble duty to your Grace upon severall occasions, and that he would be more particular therein than I could, or might be expected from the land part on^{t}. But since Major Ferguson (who is a man of great diligence, zealously affected to the present Government, and brave enough,) is parted; as also the Major-Generall conceiving my blockading these sounds not so necessary now, since the garrison is in such perfection as the present occasion admits of, referring the cruseing part to me where conceive most necessary for the preservative of these coasts; your Grace shall not faill of account of my proceedings from tyme to tyme, and for what hath past since our being upon this coast, and among these isles. If your Grace will allow me, I will send the transcript of my journall when opportunity offers, soe that I shall be the breifer in this relation, (viz^{t}). Since our being here it hath been my care to keep crusing where most necessary, first in dividing our squade, (the Major-Generall favouring me with instructions communicatively with Major Ferguson) soe that we divided our squads and boats, they

burning and destroying one way, our ships with the Major left nothing undone that was to be done the other way, in burning houses, breaking boats, and wasting the substance of such as was in actual rebellion: nor hath our appearance upon the coast had less effect in keeping these M'Clains of Mull, M'Donalds, etc., all at whom (if possible) to preserve their interest, soe that joyning was prevented. Some letters past betuixt Sir Donald M'Donald, junr., and me, before his submission, as also the Earl of Sefort copies whereof are in my Journall, and of late betwixt Sir Donald, sen^{r} and me, who escaped us, although Capt. Douglas was twice out, and myself thrice out; but since our slender number of friggatts, and the passages we had to secure admitted us not to do what we would doe, we must rest satisfied with what we could doe.

'Sir Donald in his answer, belching out defiances to authority and power, etc., in my last tripp I was advised of a vessel in his possession. Passing his house I complemented the same with 30 or 40 shot, sending the guards thereof to the hills, and destroyed a birling hauled up. Not having tyme then, I passed the horrible sound of Kelachie (Kyleakin) to the Collihoe Stone, where the ship was; and least they might fire or sink her, I sent away my pinnace, which they perceived from the hills, by Sir Donald's order she was fired; however I brought thence and staved six boats, only three men slightly wounded, she being burned down to the water: I returned taking the slack of the same tyde through that prodigious current and straight, where the first of the ebb rusheth out with such violence, when the water hath room to spread, it carryed our ship round and round about with a wonderful swiftness neither regarding helm nor sails, and what we could doe. From thence I repaired to Sir Donald's, the *Lamb* by order joyning me. We anchored as near the shore as conveniently we could. By springs and guys I laid up her broadside to the house, playing smartly upon the same for two or three hours with our best guns, and the *Lamb* upon his harlots: the walls abiding battering; landed our men under the protection of my guns, burned both houses with a bark and boat of Sir Donald's to the ground, in the Highlanders' view; the whistling nine pounders sending them scampering to the hills, to overlook what they could not prevent. This much from Sir Donald's huffing letters and example.

'By the Major Generall's order, I have spared Fort-William six demi-culverings home bored with forty rounds of shot. I am to lay my frigatt ashore to repair some damage formerly sustained, which shall doe without loss of tyme, if conveniently I can here, and thence keep crusing upon these coasts till further orders.

'Most humbly craving your Grace's pardon, I am with all submission and readiness your Grace's most dutifull, most obedient faithfull very humble servant, EDWARD POTTINGER.'

Some further light is thrown upon the operations by a curious story thus rendered in the treatise on 'Second Sight' by Theophilus Insulanus in 1763 :—

'The fifth instance is strange and yet of certain truth and known to the whole inhabitants of the island of Eigg, lying in the latitude of 56° 20′, longitude 14°. There was a tenant in this island that was a native, a follower of the Captain of Clanranald, that lived in a town called Kildonan the year of God 1685, who told publicly to the whole inhabitants upon the Lord's Day after Divine Service performed by Father O'Rain, then priest of that place, that they should all quit out of that isle, and plant themselves somewhere else, because that people of strange and different habits and arms were to come to the isle and to use all acts of hostility, as killing, burning, tirling, and defacement of women; finally to discharge all that the hands of an enemy could do; but what they were, or whence they came, he could not tell.

'At the first there was no regard had to his words, but frequently thereafter he begged of them to notice what he said, otherwise they should repent it when they could not help it, which took such an impression upon some of his near acquaintance, as that several of them transported themselves and their families even then—some to the Isle of Cannay, some to the Isle of Rum, fourteen days before the enemy came thither under the command of one Major Ferguson and Captain Pottinger, whilst there was no word of their coming or any fear of them conceived. In the month of June 1689 [*sic*] this man fell sick, and Father O'Rain came to see him, to give him the benefit of absolution and extreme unction, attended with several inhabitants of the isle, who in the first place narrowly questioned him before his friends, and begged of him to recant his former folly and his vain prediction. To whom he answered that they should find very shortly the truth of what he had spoken—and so he died.

'And within fourteen or fifteen days thereafter I was eyewitness (being then a prisoner with Captain Pottinger) to the truth of what he did foretell: and being beforehand well instructed of all that he said, I did admire to see it particularly verified, especially that of the different habits and arms—some being clad with red coats, some with white coats and grenadier caps, some armed with sword and pike and some with sword and musket.'

Another account of the same incident was given a few years after it occurred by Martin, in his treatise on the Second Sight, in his *Description of the Western Isles of Scotland*, printed in 1703, and is quoted from the copy of that book which accompanied Dr. Johnson on his Highland tour, preserved in the Advocates' Library :—

'One who had been accustomed to see the Second Sight in the island of Egg, which lies about three or four leagues to the south-west part of the Isle of Skye, told his neighbours that he had frequently seen an apparition of a man in a red coat lined with blue, and having on his head a strange sort of blue cap with a very high cock on the fore part of it, and that the man who thus appeared was kissing a comely maid in the village where the seer dwelt; and therefore declared that a man in such a dress would certainly debauch or marry such a young woman. This unusual vision did much expose the seer, for all the inhabitants treated him as a fool, though he had on several other occasions foretold things that afterwards were accomplished. This they thought one of the most unlikely things to be accomplished that could have entered into any man's head. This story was then discoursed of in the isle of Skye, and all that heard it laughed at it, it being a rarity to see any foreigner in Egg, and the young woman had no thoughts of going anywhere else. This story was told me at Edinburgh by Normand MacLeod of Graban in September in 1688, he having just then come from the isle of Skye: and there were present the Laird of MacLeod, and Mr. Alexander MacLeod, Advocate, and others.

'About a year and a half after the late revolution Major Ferguson, now Colonel of one of His Majesty's regiments of foot, was then sent by the Government with 600 men and some frigates to reduce the islanders that had appeared for King James, and perhaps the small isle of Egg had never been regarded, though some of the inhabitants had been at the battle of Killiecranky, but by a mere accident which determined Major Ferguson to go to the isle of Egg, which was this: A boat's crew of the isle of Egg happened to be in the isle of Sky and killed one of Major Ferguson's soldiers there; upon notice of which the Major directed his course to the isle of Egg where he was sufficiently revenged of the natives; and at the same time the maid above mentioned being very handsome was then forcibly carried on board one of the vessels by some of the soldiers, where she was kept above 24 hours and ravished, and brutishly robbed at the same time of her fine head of hair; she is since married in the isle, and in good

reputation, her misfortune being pitied and not reckoned her crime.'

About the 17th of July Mackay at Inverlochy had given orders for the despatch of a party to the Isle of Mull, and shipped their provisions, when letters were received with the news of the naval disaster off Beachy Head and apprehension of a French landing in England and Scotland, desiring him to repair south with his forces with all speed. He marched off on the 18th, each soldier carrying eight days' provisions of meal, having given to the new fort the name of Fort-William, and having left 1000 men as a garrison, with 2000 bolls of meal, 30 hogsheads of whisky, £500 sterling in cash, and 60 fat cows. To the Duke of Portland he wrote : '*En onze jours de temps fort pluvieux j'eslevé un fort qui diffiera tous les montagnards d'Ecosse*' ; and to Lord Melville, 'I recommend earnestly to your Grace the care of this post, which I look upon as the most important of the kingdom at present, and that which will at length make such as would sell their credit and service at such a dear rate to the king of no greater use nor no more necessary to him than a Lothian or Fife laird ; therefore by no means let it be neglected though other things should be postponed.'

The expedition to Mull, where the Jacobites were very strong, and to which they sent their prisoners, which had been countermanded, was subsequently despatched, and was commanded by Ferguson, for the Stuart Papers record that the Highlanders, who had received officers ammunition and provisions from King James in Ireland, and had taken arms to second Sir James Montgomery's intrigues in Parliament, were 'repulsed rather than defeated by Sir Thomas Livingston in the county of Moray, and by Major Ferguson in the island of Mull.' If the success of the latter was equal to that of the former, similarly described, the repulse must have been a total rout. Oldmixon states that 'Major Ferguson was very successful against the rebels in the island of Mull,' and again that 'the progress of Major Ferguson in the Isle of Mull was so prosperous that it obliged Sir John MacLean, the pro-

prietor, to submit to their Majesties' Government, and deliver up his castles to their forces.' Captain David Kennedy, in his *Late History of Europe*, published in 1698, after mentioning the surprise at Cromdale, says, 'And in Mull Major Ferguson destroyed several places they held, and forced them to desert the castle of Dowart.' He was recommended for promotion for his services prior to the building of Fort-William in a letter directly addressed to the king himself by the commander-in-chief: '*Et comme le bien du service,*' wrote Mackay shortly after the construction of Fort-William, '*m'oblige de luy representer ceux qui en sont capables et si attachent avec zelle, le Lieutenant Colonel Buchan merit que votre Majesté luy donne une meilleure poste, et Ferguson seroit bien plus capable de commander le regiment de Lauder que Balfour.*'

The back of the Jacobite resistance on the west coast was broken by Ferguson and Pottinger, though the Earl of Argyll subsequently led a large force, estimated at 2500 men, into Mull. The influence of the expedition and expectation of its arrival on the fortunes of the Jacobite army in the north has already been seen, and it remains a remarkable though almost forgotten instance of what a small force, boldly but cautiously handled and launched at a region vital to the enemy, can accomplish. It also affords a useful illustration of the combined action of sea-power and a landing force, and of successful co-operation between the navy and army in securing results quite out of proportion to what can be attained by the independent action of either service.

THE KEY OF KNAPDALE

Mary E. Ingram.

Given the glory of a summer day, 'tis a wondrously beautiful journey that the traveller makes who escapes from the 'giant factoried city gloom' of Glasgow and its surroundings by the magical waterway of the Clyde to the Highlands. Gradually

the clangour of shipyard and foundry is smoothed away by the soft swish of the waves, and the air becomes soft and pure as the smoke-wreaths melt into the sunlit blue. For crowded streets and mining villages, with their arid soil and stunted vegetation, there are smiling seaside towns, dainty summer homes set in green woods, and wreathed with glowing flowers. The waves bear many gallant ships and fairy yachts, graceful as the wheeling seagulls in their wake. Behind it all broods the mystic glory of the Highland hills, green, purple, and russet brown in the sunlight. Down the hillsides flash the white waterfalls leaping to the sea below. Winding sea lochs steal away into the solemn embrace of the mountains, their beauties only known to those who follow in loving pilgrimage. The deeply indented coast of Argyle presents many alluring vistas, but one of the fairest is Loch Suibne on the west coast of Knapdale. Over its wooded shores and islands there brood many rich memories—memories of kings and priests, of fierce battles of long ago, and the hymns and prayers of the early saints. Yet but few of the busy summer crowd who throng northward by the Kyles of Bute, and the waters of Loch Fyne to the vale of Crinan, dream of the enchanted land that lies beyond the rocky rampart to the west. Just where Loch Crinan broadens out into its waste of sea and sand there is a road that winds uphill to the left under the shadow of the woods. We follow it: fairy birches tremble in the summer breeze, the craggy hillsides are all aglow with gorgeous bracken and purple heather. And here again the sea. The long fingers of the Atlantic reach up among the clustering woods, fringing with gold and amber seaweed the forest creeks and fairy islets of Loch Suibne. Scarlet rowans flame against the blue of sea and sky, and every cranny of the rocks is fringed with dainty ferns and wreathed with brambles and wild rose. The road winds on, and scarce can we fancy this an arm of the sea till at last, after many windings, we feel the cool breath of the ocean and see the towering peaks of the Jura mountains mirror themselves in the tranquil waters. Looking back we see the creeks and

bays interspersed with wooded islets melting away into a vista of mountains crowned by the distant majesty of mighty Ben Cruachan. Like its fair sister Loch Katrine, to which it has justly been compared, Loch Suibne owns the spell of the Great Magician. For while the one is graced with the memory of the Lady of the Lake, the other points with pride to the Lord of the Isles, whose ancient stronghold, Castle Suibne, keeps the seaward gate of her Paradise.

Only a scattered homestead here and there, and a village or two that scarcely merits the name, is met with and on the southern side of the loch the road, after passing Castle Suiben and the tiny village of Kilmory, fades away into the heather.

Around the loch rise hills upon hills with the woodlands creeping up their rocky sides, and here and there a Pictish fort keeping watch over the lonely waters. For long ago this was a place of great activity. Successive races have lived, fought, and died here. Wattled boats as well as war-galleys must often have ploughed these creeks and inlets. From time immemorial the kings of the Western Isles kept court at Castle Suibne, which stands on the rocks at the mouth of the loch, and many a fierce siege and bloody battle has raged round it.

Nor are more peaceful memories awanting, for tradition affirms that St. Columba dwelt here ere he went to Iona. At Loch Killisport, an arm of the sea closely adjoining Loch Suibne, a rude cave chapel is believed to have been used by him. It has an altar and font cut in the rock with a cross carved above. On the margin of Loch Suibne, close to the castle, there is a well, called by the natives to this day 'St. Columba's Well,' and believed by them to be the best water in Argyle. It is a matter of history that St. Columba did reside for a time with Conall, king of the Dalriads, who succeeded his uncle Gabhran in 560 A.D., and if that monarch dwelt, as it is asserted, in a fortress on the site of Castle Suibne, the tradition is accounted for. This was the king who gave the island of Iona to the saint, a gift probably

confirmed by King Brude of the Northern Picts, who about the same time defeated King Conall in battle. Aidan, Conall's successor, was crowned by St. Columba 'Moneist the angell to bleis him—and quhan Sanct Colme laid his hand on the said Aidanis heid, he blessit him and crownit him and prophecet mekill of him his kinrik and his freinds.' There is no doubt that the whole district of Knapdale was in high favour with the immediate successors of St. Columba and those who came after them. Indeed, as has been well pointed out by the late Captain White in his work on Knapdale, no district in the West Highlands possesses such a rich treasure of ecclesiastical remains. Many chapels and hermits' cells were dotted along the margin of Loch Suibne and upon the islands that gem its bosom. Most of these were dedicated to St. Cormac, a disciple of St. Columba, or to St. Maelrubha, who was his kinsman.[1] Upon 'St. Cormac's isle' there are still ruins of a chapel and cell. Fordoun, who appears to have visited it, says that there was a sanctuary here. A hundred years ago parts of the altar and the piscina were still intact, and also the stone covering of a coffin with the effigy of a priest in his cope. Tradition says that 'Cormac's grave' was here, and into a rocky chamber known as the saint's study no Highlander would dare set foot, believing that whoever did so would remain childless. Two old broken crosses, one of them said to have been brought from Iona, stood near the chapel. An old legend says that one of them was carried off by sacrilegious hands, and taken by boat as far as the Mull of Cantyre. A fierce storm arose, and the craft was unable to make way round that dangerous headland until the terror-stricken sailors cast the cross overboard. Needless to say, the storm abated and the cross floated quietly back to St. Cormac's isle. Castle Suibne, variously spelt as Swen, Sweyn, or Swen, although manifestly the work of different ages, is believed to date from the eleventh century. It is supposed to have been erected by Sweno, Prince of Denmark,

[1] May not the hill of Dunrostan overlooking Castle Suibne hold a memory of St. Columba's kinsman and disciple?

on the site of an earlier castle, though it may have taken its name from Swen de Ergadia or Red Swen, who owned it at the end of the thirteenth century. The walls in some places are six or seven feet thick, and the castle presents in its ruined state the nearest approach to a Norman castle to be found in Scotland. Probably some sort of primitive village sheltered in its lee, represented now by a cluster of homely farm dwellings. It was considered a strategical fortress of great importance in the olden days, and was known as the 'Key of Knapdale.' As the seat of successive races of warrior chiefs, including the mighty Lords of the Isles, it is little wonder that many religious found protection in this seclusion. Probably of old a chapel stood near the castle, but now no vestige remains, and only one crumbling headstone, half buried among the heather, remains of Drum a-chadla. And in the green woods of Daltot, a little way along the shore, the praises of God arose from more than one chapel and cell, of which now only the memory remains. At Keills, on the opposite side of the loch beside a ruined chapel, stands a fine specimen of a Celtic cross.

The Kings of the Isles, maintaining an almost independent sovereignty over the West Highlands and islands, frequently took arms against the King of Scots, who would not acknowledge their claims.

Hence in the fourteenth century we find Alexander, Lord of the Isles, supporting Baliol's cause against Robert the Bruce, and joining forces with John of Lorn in the contest for the crown. Alexander's brother, Angus Og, fought upon the opposite side, and he and Robert Bruce shared the perils of the campaign together. After defeating John of Lorn and his allies, Bruce pursued the Lord of the Isles to his fastness at the mouth of Loch Suibne, where Alexander had entrenched himself. The men of the Isles had a proud belief that they would never be conquered until their enemies could sail across the narrow isthmus that divides Loch Fyne from the outer sea, few being able to make the stormy passage round the Mull of Cantyre. Robert Bruce set the superstition at

naught by having his boats drawn across the land on planks of wood at Tarbert—a name which here, as elsewhere in Scotland, signifies a portage or isthmus. Once on the further side of Cantyre it was not a long journey to Loch Suibne, and the besiegers attacked the castle from the sea. Bravely did the Lord of the Isles defend his stronghold, but he had at last to submit, and Bruce immediately imprisoned him in Dundonald Castle in Ayrshire, where he is believed to have died.

Clan Donald of the Isles now followed Angus Og their new chieftain in support of Robert Bruce. He is the hero of Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, and at Bannockburn did gallant service to the royal cause. 'Sir Angus of Ile' and his clan formed the reserve on that great day, and in recognition of their bravery were accorded the privilege of always fighting on the king's right hand on the battlefield. This distinction was jealously prized, and so lately as Culloden the neglect of it helped in great measure to turn the fortunes of the day.

Right royally was Sir Angus recompensed for his loyalty with grants of the broad lands in the west. Remembering the turbulent Alexander, King Robert built himself a castle at Loch Tarbert (where his boats had been dragged across) in order to maintain his royal supremacy in the west. The ruins of this castle still stand picturesquely on the rocks at the mouth of the loch. The Lord of the Isles now took unto himself an Irish bride, who brought with her the curious dowry of one hundred and forty men of every surname from her father's lands, colonists whose descendants people the West Highlands to this day. Sir Angus died in 1330 and was buried in Iona. His tombstone can still be seen, bearing his coat of arms, a ship with hoisted sails, a standard, four lions, and a tree. The inscription runs thus:—

'Hic jacet Angusii filii Domini Angusii MacDomhnill de Ila, 1330.'

His son and successor, 'Good John of Isla,' departed from his father's policy by supporting Edward Baliol, and made an influential marriage with the daughter of the Steward

of Scotland, afterwards Robert III. Though arrogant in his attitude towards the crown, the new Lord of the Isles was a devoted son of the Church, and the chapels at Loch Suibne, being as it were under his immediate protection, were enriched with his bounty. We read of him making donations to Icolmcille (Iona) and covering the chapels of Elan Eorsag and Elan Suibne, both of them in Loch Suibne, 'with all their appropriate instruments for order and Mass and the service of God for the better upholding of the monks and priests this lord kept in his company.' He too was laid in the Isle of Saints when the end came, and with all the pomp that befitted the 'service and the waking of the King of Fionaghal.'

Troublous times followed for the 'Kingdom of the Isles.' When James I. returned from his English captivity he endeavoured to master his rebellious Highland subjects with a firm hand. Summoning the chiefs to meet him at Inverness he promptly clapped several of them into prison. By this time another Alexander reigned in the Isles, and he, escaping from prison, like his namesake of yore, raised the standard of rebellion. He harried the Royal lands in the north and razed the town of Inverness to the ground. James gave battle at once, and defeated the insurgents. Alexander sent to sue for mercy, but the king would not treat with him as a fellow-sovereign and returned to his capital. Hunted and harassed hither and thither in the Highlands, at last the proud spirit of the great sea lord, 'half prince, half pirate,' gave way. On Easter Sunday 1429, when the king and queen with the court assembled were hearing Mass in Holyrood Abbey, suddenly the Lord of the Isles made a dramatic entrance. Half clad, and the picture of abject misery, he knelt down before the king, offering his naked sword in token of complete submission. Upon the queen's gentle intercession the suppliant's life was spared, but he was imprisoned for a time in the grim old fortress of Tantallon on the Firth of Forth. Would he, looking westward, past the island of Inchcolm, where his mother was in durance for her share in the rebellion, to the far Highland hills, think of his own fastness

by the gentler waters of Loch Suibne? In 1472 the castle was kept for the Lords of the Isles by Hector Torquill MacNeill, representative of a proud clan.[1]

Soon Castle Suibne and the adjacent lands passed into the hands of Alexander Macmillan through his wife, a daughter of Clan Donald. His title to these possessions is said to have been engraved in Gaelic upon a rock at the mouth of Loch Suibne, but, if so, all vestige of it is worn away. This is believed to be not entirely owing to wind and weather, but to the effacing chisels of Clan Campbell, who ere long acquired the lands of their hereditary foes. The great ivy-mantled tower of Castle Suibne bears the name of Macmillan's Tower, and a fine Celtic cross erected to his memory stands in the little churchyard of Kilmory not far away. The cross bears no date, but is considered to belong to the end of the fourteenth or beginning of the fifteenth century. On its weatherworn surface is a representation of the Crucifixion, with two figures, probably the Blessed Virgin Mary and St. John at the foot of the Cross. Beneath this is a two-handed sword. The reverse of the Cross has a figure of a Highland chief engaged with his dogs in hunting the deer. He carries a bow and battleaxe, and wears the kilt, a fact which proves the early use of that dress in Scotland. The inscription is—

'Hic est Cryx Alexandri Macmillan.'

There are many interesting old tombstones in this deserted little graveyard, bearing effigies of vested priests and kilted warriors; mouldering away in pathetic decay among the long grass. The roofless little chapel was dedicated to St. Maelrubha, who next to St. Columba was the most popular saint in the West Highlands. He was of Irish extraction,

[1] Once when a Spanish ship had come ashore the MacNeills were making free with the spoil. One of them was asked what the King of Spain would say to their depredations. He haughtily replied that 'MacNeill and his Majesty must settle that between them.' The weddings in MacNeill's time were easily got over. If a tenant's wife died, he had only to apply to the chief for a new one, and the ceremony was performed over a bottle of whisky.

and according to Scottish tradition died a martyr's death in A.D. 722. From the little hamlet of Kilmory the life is ebbing fast away. There is only one child in the place, and she a stranger, with no playmates save the birds and beasts and the troutlets in the burn. One weaver still plies his busy shuttle, weaving the real old Highland homespun, dyed with the lichens from the rocks and the wild-flowers from the heath. Nowadays, when the cry of 'Back to the Land' rings in our ears, is it too much to hope that some plan may be devised whereby the crowded children of our city slums may find a subsistence in such fair spots as these, and that life may flow back again into the deserted clachans and lonely glens.

Not much more remains to be said of the 'Key of Knapdale.' Frantic struggles took place between rival branches of the great Clan Donald for the title and lands. Another Angus of the Isles married a daughter of Colin, Earl of Argyle at the end of the fifteenth century. Their little son Donald Dubh was captured by the Earl of Athole during a tribal war and given into Argyle's keeping. The same year the custody of Castle Suibne and a grant of the lands of Knapdale was given to Argyle, probably on the child's behalf, but they have remained in the possession of the Campbells ever since. Angus took a fierce revenge for the capture of his son. Assembling his followers he sailed up to Inverlochy, and after harrying the Athole country he pursued the Earl and Countess to St. Bride's Chapel, where they had taken refuge. He dragged them out and carried them off laden with chains. Alas for vengeance! By the way a storm arose, which wrecked many of his treasure-laden galleys. Filled with remorse, the survivors returned stripped to their shirts, and barefooted, to St. Bride's Chapel to implore the Saint's pardon for their sacrilege. The Earl and Countess were set free, and poor turbulent Angus was soon after slain by his own harper. Poor little Black Donald spent most of his life in captivity, much of it in Edinburgh Castle. Although he ever and again escaped and even headed an insurrection, the Government would not acknowledge his claim to the Isles, and the title

had been wrested from his family in 1493. Embittered by this treatment, it is not surprising that he reverted to the old alliance with England, and designed to further the invasion under Lord Hertford in 1544. Henry VIII. allowed him a pension for his services, and paid £400 for his funeral expenses when he passed away. He bequeathed his illegitimate son to the care of the King of England, and so ended the direct line of the great Lords of the Isles.

Henceforward the Argyle family kept the Key of Knapdale in their own possession, though Clan Donald ever and again made desperate attempts to regain their lost patrimony. In 1615 the Earl of Argyle assembled his troops to battle under the shadow of Castle Suibne, and it was finally destroyed by 'Colkitto' in the wars of the great Montrose. Thereafter it fell into the ruin we see now, majestic even in decay, its massive walls and deep dungeon telling of the old days of strife and glory. And in the summer days, when the wandering spirit stirs within all who love the magic of the hills and glens, may the glamour of the past as well as the exceeding beauty of the present time lure some travelling feet to this forgotten corner. The Key of Knapdale opens wide the door of memory.

SEA-POEMS

(*Continued from p.* 167)

KENNETH MACLEOD

VI

AN IONNDRAINN[1]

ON a day of days, according to tradition, a daughter of Macneill of Barra sat in the tower of her husband's castle, in some inland glen far away from the sea and the Western Isles, when lo! like the passing of ghosts at cock-crow, mountains and straths and woods suddenly vanished, and the Western Ocean, with its isles and its

[1] Two old people in Eigg knew this song—*Catriona Neill Bhàin* (MacDonald?), a native of the island, and Vincent MacEachin, a native of Arisaig.

boats, started up before her. For hours eyes and heart drank in the well-loved scene until, at the sound of the hunter's horn, the waves rolled away quicker than lightning in a storm, and the mountains, straths, and woods returned to their accustomed places. But the Lady of Barra still sat on in her tower and watched the lucky sun gliding towards the West and the sea, until at last, from sheer envy, she burst into song:—

O ghrein ud shuas, gur beag an t-ioghnadh
Glòir na faoilte bhi mu d'cheann;

Thu a' triall o 'n Ghleann 's o 'n oidhche
Nunn gu caoimhneas a' chuain thall.

The sea, however, does not always so appeal to the Western women. The men, indeed, fall under its spell and, even in the heart of the mainland, hear

—Fuaim na tuinne,
Fuaim an t-siabain ris a' mhuran,
Fuaim nan Gall ri 'n cuid luingeis,
Fuaim nam ball ri 'n cuid phulag,
Fuaim nan ràmh a' reubadh tuinne.

But the women lose their husbands and sons and brothers and sweethearts, and the burden of their song is:—

Cha'n 'eil bàt' thig o 'n rudha
Nach tig rudhadh am ghruaidh,

No long thig bharr a' chaolais
Nach caochail mo shnuadh.

Gur a mis' tha fo mhulad
Air an tulaich luim fhuar;

'S goirt leam diol do chuil chlannaich
Anns an fheamainn 'ga luadh,

Is diol do chuil steudaich
'Ga reubadh 's a' chuan.

Evidently the bereaved composer of these lines had little belief in the fabled glory and peace of the *Tìr-fo-thuinn*, though perhaps, had she lived, like the Lady of Barra, far away from the *rudha* and the *caolas*, the *ionndrainn*, the longing, might have seized her too. In one instance, at any rate, a woman's unbelief on this point received

rather a rude shock. She had lost her husband, and sitting on a rock by the seashore she crooned a weird dirge—

Fuar fuar fuar,
Fuar an cuan 's gur snàgach—

when suddenly a voice from the deep—the voice of the lost one—made answer—

Hill iù hill ò, a Mhòir a ghaoil,
A Mhòir a ghaoil, a Mhòir a ghaoil,
Hill iù hill ò, a Mhòir a ghaoil,
Tog dhiom do bhròn, tog dhiom do bhròn.[1]

Hill iù hill ò, tha na neoil shuas,
'S tha na neoil shios;
Hill iù hill ò, tha na reuil shuas,
'S tha na reuil shios;
Hill iù hill ò, chaidh an Cléireach suas.
Ach 's fhearr gu mòr a bhi shios—

'S hill iù hill ò, a Mhòir a ghaoil,
A Mhòir a ghaoil, a Mhòir a ghaoil,
Hill iù hill ò, a Mhòir a ghaoil,
Tog dhiom do bhròn, tog dhiom do bhròn.

AN IONNDRAINN

Fàth mo mhulaid a bhi ann,
Mi air m' aineol anns a' Ghleann,
Fàth mo mhulaid a bhi ann.

Righ, nach fhaicinn an Cuan Barrach
Dòirteadh thar bharraibh nam beann;

Gaoth an iar le cruaidh-fhrasan
Tigh'nn 'na lasan o 'n tir thall;

Luingeis bhàn a' snàmh gu h-aotrom
Mar na faoilinn nunn 's a nall;

Eala bhàn a' ruith air thoiseach,
Geal a froiseadh 'san dubh-mheall.

Cò tha sid ach an long-fhada!
Tuinn 'ga sadail 's i 'na deann.

[1] The expression *Tog dhiom do bhròn*, 'Lift off me thy woe,' illustrates the old Highland idea that it is not good to grieve too much for the dead, that the sorrow of the living disturbs the rest of the departed. Hence the proverb :—

'S trom an t-éideadh am bròn, A heavy dress, sorrow,
'S truim' an léine am bròn. A heavier shroud, sorrow.

Mo thriuir bhràithrean, ceist nan gillean,
'S glan an iomairt o 'n taobh thall;

Fear 'ga h-abhsadh, fear 'ga stiùradh,
Am fear òg ri h-iùl 's a' chrann.

Iùbhraich bhàin, na diùlt dhomh 'n t-aiseag,
Cha toir cas mi dh' Innsegall—

Dh' fhuarainn Eige agus Canaidh
Nunn gu Barraidh ghlas nan tonn;

'S glan am fàileadh, 's glan an soirbheas,
'S binn an toirm ann—na deann maill.

'S trom an ionndrainn th' air mo shiubhal,[1]
Cha tog fiodhall e no cannt;

Gàir na mara 'na mo chluasaibh,
Dh' fhàg sid luaineach mi 's a' Ghleann;

Fuaim an taibh 'gam shior-éigheach:
Tiugainn, m' eudail, gu d' thir-dhàimh?

O ghrein ud shuas, gur beag an t-ioghnadh
Glòir na faoilte bhi mu d' cheann—

Thu a' triall o 'n Ghleann 's o 'n oidhche
Nunn gu caoimhneas a' chuain thall.

Na 'm bu leam do thriall 's na speuraibh,
Naill, cha bhiodh mo cheum cho mall;

Ach pògaidh tus' an nochd Cuan Bharraidh,
'S mis' fo bharraibh chruaidh nam beann.

Fàth mo mhulaid a bhi ann,
Mi air m' aineol anns a' Ghleann,
Fàth mo mhulaid a bhi ann.

WALES AND THE BRITONS OF THE NORTH

Professor Anwyl

(*Continued from p.* 152)

It is in the older poetry of Wales, however, that these northern allusions appear most conspicuously; and, among the many services rendered by the late Mr. Skene to the study of Welsh literature, none was more valuable than that of show-

[1] See *Review*, vol. iii. p. 246.

ing the importance of the references to the North and his attempts to identify the various places mentioned. Mr. Skene has treated this subject in his well-known work *The Four Ancient Books of Wales.* The 'Four Ancient Books' in question which are discussed by Mr. Skene are the following: (1) The Black Book of Carmarthen, a manuscript mainly of the twelfth century; (2) The Book of Aneirin, a manuscript of the thirteenth century; (3) The Book of Taliessin, a manuscript of the late thirteenth century, and the Red Book of Hergest, which was copied in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries.

Taking these in order, we find that (1) the Black Book of Carmarthen contains the following allusions to events and places in North Britain :—

1. Poem I. contains an account of the Northern battle of Arderydd (often wrongly spelt Ardderyd), to which reference has already been made. It is not impossible that the site of Arderydd is that of Airdrie. This poem is a dialogue put into the mouth of Taliessin and Myrddin, and was probably written when the 'vaticinia' ascribed to these poets were popular. It is clearly based on the well-known Myrddin (Merlin) legend. Its theme is mainly a description of the battle of Arderydd and of the warriors who took part in it. It is interesting to note that the poem refers to Coed Celyddon (Silva Caledonia) as the home of departed spirits (Welsh 'gwyllon').[1]

2. There are allusions to Northern characters in the (so-called) Poem IX., which is not a poem at all, but simply a list of triads commemorating famous horses. The northern personages whose horses are mentioned are Owein, son of Urien, Pascen, son of Urien, and Rhydderch Hael. It may be noted that these names belong to the same cycle as those of the northern provinces mentioned in Nennius.

3. In Poem XV., whose topography is uncertain, there is an allusion to a certain Nynhaw, a name corresponding to the Welsh form of Ninian.

[1] For the Myrddin literature, see *San-Marte, Die Sagen von Merlin*: Halle, 1853.

4. The vaticinations called the 'Afallenau' and 'Hoianau' are based, like Poem I., on the legend of Myrddin Wyllt (Merlin the Wild) or Merlinus Silvestris. In this legend, whose topography is placed entirely in the North, Myrddin is represented as having become insane after killing his sister's son at the battle of Arderydd. His patron was Rhydderch Hael, while his sister, Gwenddydd, was married to Rhydderch's opponent Gwenddoleu. Gwenddoleu pursues Myrddin, who seeks the shelter of the Forest of Caledonia, here again represented as the home of departed spirits. In this wood he finds the shelter of an apple-tree (Afallen), and the companion of his wanderings is a little pig. The legend looks as if it were a development of somewhat primitive Celtic folk-lore, which had been made a peg upon which to hang the popular vaticinations of the Middle Ages. In the 'Afallenau' reference is made in one of the prophecies to a battle in Prydyn (Pictland), where the warriors are said to be defending their territory against 'Gwyr Dulyn' (the men of Dublin). Of the latter it is said :—

'Seith log y deuant dros lydan lin
A seith cant dros mor y oreskin :
Or saul y deuant nyd ant y kenhin
Namuin seith lledwac gwydi ev llettkint.'

('As seven ships shall they come over the broad pool,
And seven hundred over the sea to be victorious :
Of all that shall come there shall not go from us
More than seven half empty after their destruction.')

Myrddin is here represented as saying that he has slept alone in the wood of Caledonia :—

'Ac yg coed keliton y kisceisse vy hun.'

('And in the Wood of Caledonia I slept alone.')

The apple-tree, under whose shade Myrddin rests, is represented as growing in the Caledonian forest. The poem contains some allusions to a lady friend of Myrddin, called 'Chwimleian,' possibly the original of the Viviane of the

Romances. Two places called Garanwynyon and Rhyd Rheon are mentioned in the poem, but their precise locality is very uncertain.[1]

5. In the kindred prophetic poem called 'Hoianau,' Myrddin is represented as addressing his vaticinations to the little pig, that is his companion. This feature gives the poem something of that air of grotesqueness which is a characteristic of the story of Kulhwch and Olwen. In this poem there appears to be a reference to a famous battle in the North, in which Owein ab Urien took part at Argoed Llwyfain (the Elm Grove), but the precise site of the battle is unknown. The lines containing the allusion are :—

'A mi discoganaue kad coed lluiuein
A gelorawr rution rac ruthir owein.'

('And I shall prophesy the battle of the Elm Trees
And biers red before the rush of Owein.')

In this poem there is found one of those lists of famous battles, such as are found elsewhere in the older Welsh poetry, and which appear to be related to the early Welsh annals. These lists of battles are in much the same category as the genealogies, lists of horses, triads, lists of Arthur's courtiers and the like, which are essentially brief mnemonic records employed by the bards and narrators. In the last stanza of the 'Hoianau,' the battle of Arderydd is mentioned by name.

6. The poem called 'Englynion y Beddau' (the Stanzas of the Graves) is an expansion, by accretion and imitation, of an older nucleus. These verses are in style and treatment related to the poems of lament over the past attributed to Llywarch Hen. Several of the Northern heroes mentioned in these stanzas are represented as being buried in Wales. Such, for example, are Caw, known as Caw o Brydyn (Caw from Pictland), Guryen, Moryen, Gwen, Guriat, Tedei (for Tedein) Tadawen, Cynon ab Clydno Eiddin, Owein ab Urien, Rhydderch Hael, 'Llvyta6c uab Lliwelit,' Bradwen, and Ein-

[1] For another version of this legend, see the poem 'Vita Merlini.'

yawn ab Cunedda, who is definitely represented as having been killed in Prydein (Pictland) in the lines

'Bet einya6n ab cuneda
Cwl ym prydein ŷ diua.'

('The grave of Einion, son of Cunedda,
It is sad that he was slain in Pictland.')

7. In Poem XXX. there is a reference to Owein, son of Urien Rheged, in the line

'Owein Reged am ryvaeth.'

('Owen of Rheged fostered me.')

8. In Poem XXXI., an Arthurian poem of great importance, there are some allusions that seem to be of a distinctly northern character. For example, we have the lines :—

'Neustuc manauid
Eis tull o trywruid,
A mabon am melld
Maglei guaed ar guelld.'

('Manauid (Manawyd = Manawyddan) has brought
Broken shields from Trywrwyd,
And Mabon son of Mellt
Made stains of blood on the grass.')

Here Trywruid is probably the Solway Firth. Another Northern place-name is Eiddin (Edinburgh), and certain heroes are said to have defended it. The three heroes are :—

'Mabon am melld
Anguas edeinauc
Lluch llauynnawc.

(Mabon son of Mellt (lightning)
Anwas the Winged
Lluch Llauynnawc.')

The poem also mentions a place called 'Minit eidin' (the mountain of Eiddin), by which is possibly meant Arthur's Seat. There Arthur is said to have contended with champions. He is also said to have fought on the shores of

Trywrwyd with Garwlwyd, doubtless the 'Gwrgi Garwlwyd' of the prose legends. The name 'Gwrgi Garwlwyd' means 'the rough and grey Man-dog,' and is probably derived from some piece of ancient folk-lore. There is in Wales a place called Bryn y Gwrgi, near Cerrigydruidion. In the latter part of this poem the scene is laid in Arvon and Mon (Anglesey).

9. In Poem XXXII. there are allusions to a certain Guallauc, probably the one who is mentioned in Nennius along with Rhydderch and Urien. This 'Guallauc,' according to the legend here embodied in the poem, appears to have had one eye plucked out by a wild goose.

10. In Poem XXXIII. we have certain references which show kinship with the northern stock of legends mentioned in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen, as, for instance, in the allusion to Gwyn ab Nudd and Creurdilad, daughter of Lludd. It is not improbable that originally Nudd and Lludd formed a cognate pair of deities, whose names took the forms Nodens and Lodens. The lines in which these allusions occur are :—

'Hud im gelwire guin mab nud
Gorterch creurdilad merch lut.'

('I am called Gwyn, son of Nudd,
The lover of Creurdilad, daughter of Lludd.')

It is not impossible, too, that the 'Gwendoleu mab Keidav,' mentioned in the poem, was also a Northern character :—

'Mi a vum inẏ lle llas guendolev,
Mab keidav colowin kertev,
Ban ryerhint brein ar crev.'

('I have been where Gwenddoleu was slain,
The son of Ceidio, the pillar of song,
When ravens croaked over blood.')

It is interesting to note that Gwenddoleu, in its mutated form Wenddoleu, forms the second element of the place-name Carwhinelow (= Caer Wenddoleu), near Carlisle.

In this poem, too, Guallauc is mentioned in the lines :—

'Ny buum lle llas gwallauc
Mab goholheth teithiauc,
Attwod lloegir mab lleynnauc.'

('I have not been where Gwallawg was slain,
The son of Goholheth of fine qualities,
The support of Lloegr, the son of Lleynnawg.')

Goholheth was in all probability his mother's name. In the following lines there is a reference to 'Milvir Pridein,' which might mean either 'the soldiers of Britain,' or 'the soldiers of Pictland.' The lines are :—

'Mi a wum lle llas milvir
Pridein or duyrein ir goglet
Mi wi wiv vintev ỳ bet.
Mi a wum lle llas milguir
Bridein or duỳrein ir dehev.
Mi wi wiv vintev ỳ aghev.'

('I have been where were slain the soldiers
Of Britain (or Pictland) from the East to the North.
I am alive, they are in the grave.
I have been where were slain the soldiers
Of Britain (or Pictland) from the East to the South,
I am alive, they are in death.')

11. In the last poem of this manuscript (Poem XXXIX.) we find the names of the sons of Llywarch Hen, who are undoubtedly associated with the men of the Northern legends and genealogies, though the scenes of several of the poems that imitate Llywarch are laid in Powys and in Shropshire.

II. The next of the manuscripts that demands our attention is the Book of Aneirin, the main part of which consists of a poem called 'Y Gododin,' describing the battle of Catraeth, a battle fought somewhere in North Britain, probably in the neighbourhood of the Firth of Forth. This poem is essentially a series of brief elegies and eulogies, mainly elegies, upon the men who fell in the battle. Unfortunately, these elegies and eulogies are not now in all cases in their original order, so that the natural sequence of certain

parts of the poem is seriously interrupted. The plot of the story is substantially as follows. The Britons, who went to fight against the men of Deira and Bernicia at Catraeth, had indulged too freely in mead on the previous evening, with the result that they were defeated in the battle. According to one story incorporated in the poem only one warrior, Cynon ab Clydno Eiddin, of the family of Cynvarch, escaped, while, according to another, there also escaped his two brothers and Aneirin the poet. In one portion of the poem Aneirin is said to have been imprisoned in a dungeon, and rescued thence by Keneu, the son of Llywarch his brother poet.

It will readily be observed by any reader of the 'Gododin' that many of its proper names are such as occur elsewhere in Welsh poetry and legend, and that many of them are associated with the Northern groups. Such are Ewein (Owen), Cian, Kilyd, Nouant, Syvno, Athrwys, Affrei, Gwenabwy, Gwen, Caradawc, Madawc, Pyll, Ieuan, Peredur, Gwawrdur, Aedan, Wit vab Peithan, Botgat, Beli, Elfin, Godebawc, Moryen, Bratwen, Myrddin, Taliessin, Senyllt, Pwyll, Disteir, Distar, Dwywei, Moryal, Eidol, Eudaf, Hyueid, Merin, Gweir Hir, Madyein, Gwydneu, Kyndilic, Gwananhon, Gwlyget, Eithinyn, Nwythyon, Dyfnwal Frych (Domnall Brecc), Ruvawn, Tutvwlch, Gwgawn, Cyvwlch, Gwiawn, Ervei, Pryder, Gereint, Dinogat, Uruei, Twrch. It will also be seen that several of the names occur likewise in the Welsh triads.

The places that are mentioned in the 'Gododin' are the following: Catraeth, Mordei, Eidin, the river Aeron (of the North), the river Anhon, Keui, Caerwys, and Uffin, which is also mentioned in the Book of Taliessin, Poem xx., l. 87, as 'Mordei uffin.' There appears to be a clear reference to one of the battles of Mannan in the expression Breithell Manawyt (the contest of Manawyt). A certain fortress, too, is called 'Caer glaer Ewgei,' where 'Ewgei' possibly stands for an older Eugein (= Ewein, Owein), so that the meaning would be 'the brilliant fortress of Owen.' In one place there is an allusion to 'Kynted Eidyn' (the hall of Eiddin), and to a

place called Keui. Probably also 'ynhon' is the name of a river. In the line

'Catvannan er a clut clotvawr,'

the reading is to be corrected to alclut (Alclyde), 'a host since famous Alclyde.'

It is not impossible, too, that 'Gweithyen' is a place-name in the line

'Gweinydyawr ysgwydawr ỳg gweithỳen.'

('Shields are dealt out at Gweithyen.')

The name Dindywyt, too, mentioned in the 'Gododin,' is probably in the North. It occurs in the following passage :—

'O dindỳwỳt ỳn dỳvu
Wyt yn dỳwọvu.'

('From Dindywyt there came to us
Wit, (thence) he came up to us.')

Wyt is here doubtless the proper name which we have also in the form Wit, son of Peithan. It is noticeable that Wit is a recognised Pictish name, and that Peithan is a derivative, probably a diminutive, of Peith (= Pecht), whence we have the Welsh plural Peithwyr (the Picts). A similar derivative is Gwyddelan (a little Irishman), the name found in the place-names Dol Wyddelan (Gwyddelan's Meadow), in Carnarvonshire, and Llan Wyddelan (Gwyddelan's Church), in Montgomeryshire.

The 'Gododin' in its present form was in all probability written in Wales. Some parts of the present poem, as is the case also with the kindred poem called 'Gorchan Tutvwlch,' in the same manuscript, refer to places in Wales. It is curious that in the 'Gododin' some of these references are to Denbighshire, namely to the district of Rhufoniog (Rōmāniācus) and the river Aled. There is also an allusion to a 'ryt benclwyt' (Rhyd Benclwyd), which apparently means 'a ford near the headquarters of the Clwyd.' Another place mentioned towards the end of the poem is Rayadyr Derwennyd

(the Falls of Derwennyd), but the precise locality is very uncertain. The name Derwennyd seems to correspond to Derventio, and to have meant 'the place of oaks.'

In the same manuscript (the Book of Aneirin) there are also certain poems called Gorchanau, that have close affinities with the 'Gododin.' They appear to be essentially, like the 'Gododin,' of a eulogistic character. The first 'Gorchan' is in praise of a certain Tutvwlch, who is mentioned in the 'Gododin.' Though it makes a passing reference to the men of Catraeth, yet its chief topographical allusions are to Mon (Anglesey), Arvon (the portion of Carnarvonshire opposite Anglesey), and Eifionydd (the portion of Carnarvonshire south of Arvon). There is also an obscure allusion to 'Ymwan bran yg kynwyt' (the fighting of Bran at Cynwyd), which may be a reference to a fragment of the Bran legend, of which there are topographical traces in the Dee Valley and in Denbighshire. Cynwyd is a small village a little west of Corwen, in the valley of the Dee; and lower down the same valley we have, near Llangollen, Castell Dinas Bran, anciently Dinbrein (the Fortress of Bran), from which the surrounding district has obtained the name Dinbren. Near Nantglyn, in Denbighshire, we have Gorsedd Bran (Bran's Eminence) and Llymbran (= Llyn Bran, Bran's Lake). Near Corwen, too, is Bryn Saith Marchog, to which there is an allusion associated with Bran in the Mabinogion story of Branwen, daughter of Llyr, who was Bran's sister. The name of Branwen (in the form Bronwen) occurs in Cadair Fronwen (Bronwen's Throne), the highest peak of the Berwyn range, to the south of the valley of the Dee. In associating together legends and traditions from different districts it may well be that a considerable part was played, not merely by wandering bards, but also by travelling monks, of whose activity in collecting together stories from different churches dedicated to the same, or apparently the same, saint, there are abundant traces in the lives of the saints. It is not impossible, for example, that some of the older forms of the life of St. Kentigern contained topographical anecdotes, not

only from the North, but also from St. Asaph and the district around, nor is it to be supposed that the monastic gatherers of legend confined themselves to the collecting merely of religious narrative.

In the poem called 'Gorchan Cynvelyn' there are marked affinities with the 'Gododin' and 'Gorchan Tutvwlch.' One noticeable feature of this poem is its reference to a certain Twrch, here named Trychdrwyt, evidently the same as Twrch Trwyd, the Porcus Troit of Nennius, the Twrch Trwyth of the Mabinogion and the Orc (or Torc) Treith (gen. of Triath) of the Irish legends. The Welsh form Trwyth shows a resemblance, as Professor Rhŷs has suggested, to the Irish form. The existence of the Twrch Trwyth story in 'Gorchan Cynvelyn' is a further index of its early association with legends of the Northern cycle, as has been already pointed out in the discussion of the Northern material in Kulhwch and Olwen. Gorchan Cynvelyn mentions Eithinyn (a Gododin hero), Tecvann and Catvann, together with Cynon, Cadreith, Catlew and Coel. Kynvelyn himself is represented as being from Gwynedd (Venedotia), but the place-names Caer Eidyn (= Caredin), Gododin, and Catraeth are Northern.

The last of the poems of the Book of Aneirin is 'Gorchan Maelderw,' the greater part of which consists of lines that are either identical, or almost identical, with those of the 'Gododin.' As showing the uncertainty that was felt as to the authorship of these poems, it may be stated that in 'Gorchan Maelderw' lines are attributed to Taliessin which in the 'Gododin' itself are assigned to Aneirin. In this poem there are few names that are not found in other portions of the book. The names that occur are Esgor (= Ysgor), Eidin (the Fortress of Eiddyn), Kynan, Bratwen, Cian (in the expression Maban i Gian, a child of Cian), Merin mab Madyeith, Marchlew, Tudlew, Madauc, Cynon, Nwython, Uruei, Eithinyn, Botgat, and Gueir, but there is also an important allusion to Arthur in the words

'Bei ef Arthur.'
('Were he Arthur.')

Arthur is here mentioned in connection with the Northern cycle. It is probably to the same cycle that the names of Odgur and Kipno, son of Guengat, belong, though the former name is remarkably like that of Odgar mab Aed brenhin Iwerddon (King of Ireland), mentioned in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen. Another link with that story is the name Grugyn, associated in the Mabinogion with a certain place-name called Garth Grugyn, probably called at a later date Castell Grugyn, said to have been in the parish of Llanilar, in Cardiganshire. As further Northern references, it may be noted that this poem mentions y Gogled (the North) in connection with Run, and in the following line there is a reference to the river Clyde :—

'Pressent kỳuadraud oed breichyaul glut.'

('The strong-armed one of the Clyde was the talk of the world.')

The following place-names also, which occur in the poem, deserve notice : Garth merin, Mordei, Dineidin, Eidin (in the expression Med Eidin, the mead of Eidin), Eluet (in the name Madauc Eluet, Madog of Elfed), Aruon, Dindywyt, Merin Iodeo (the sea of Iodeo), already discussed in the previous article, Rit Migein (possibly the Meicen, where a battle was fought), Caer godileit, Aeron (in the North), and Cyui (found in the name Caer Keui).

In the 'Gododin' the English are named as follows :—

I. In the 'Gododin' itself as—

(*a*) Gwyr Deivyr a Brennych, *i.e.* the men of Deira and Bernicia.

(*b*) Teulu Brenneych, the household troops of Bernicia.

(*c*) Deivyr, the men of Deira.

(*d*) Lloegrwys giwet, the tribe of the Lloegrians.

(*e*) Lloegrwys lliwedawr, the troops of the Lloegrians.

(*f*) Saesson, Saxons.

II. In 'Gorchan Maelderw' the term used is simply 'Lloegyr,' the usual Welsh term for England.

The Britons, on the other hand, are called Brython (Britons) simply. The terms Gwynedd (Venedotia) and Gwyndyt (the men of Venedotia) as well as Deheu (the South) and Gogled (the North) are used, but the term Kymry (Welshmen of Wales) does not occur once. In one stanza, which is copied twice over, we read of 'Gynt a gwydyl a phryden' (the Scandinavians, the Irish and the Picts).

III. The Book of Taliessin.

In the Book of Taliessin we have a considerable body of Welsh verse, which is essentially for the most part an attempt to put into rhyme fragments of the current monastic studies of the Middle Ages, whether in geography, in natural science, in Scripture, or in history. With these attempts at versification the monastic bards have interwoven proverbs, fragments of Welsh legend, general and local, and especially the legendary narrative of Taliessin. It is in the poems that were fashioned out of annals and lists of battles that we find the chief references to events in the North. It is possible that, in some of these poems, there are incorporated fragments of older poetry similar in character to that of the 'Gododin' and the 'Gorchanau.' In the Book of Taliessin, as elsewhere, poems are found of a prophetic character. The Northern allusions of this manuscript are found as follows.

1. Poem VI., called 'Arymes Prydein Vavr' (the Prophecy of Great Britain) is a vaticinium which has clear affinities with the 'Afallenau' and 'Hoianau' of the Black Book of Carmarthen. Like them it includes references (through the Myrddin legend) to the events of the North. For instance we have the line :—

'G6aethyl g6yr hyt gaer weir g6asgara6t allmyn.'

'(The ruin of men, as far as Durham shall the foreigners be scattered.')

In the same verse, too, we have the following references to the races of Britain :—

'A chymot kymry a g6yr dulyn,
G6ydyl iwerdon mon a phrydyn
Corny6 a chlud6ys eu kynn6ys genhyn
Atporyon uyd brython pan dyorfyn.'

('And the reconciliation of the Kymry with the men of Dublin,
The Irishmen of Ireland, Anglesey and Pictland.
Cornwall and the men of the Clyde, their whole mass with us,
The Britons shall be like fresh herbage when they shall have conquered.')

And again,

'G6yr gogled ygkynted yn eu kylchyn.'

('The men of the North in the hall surrounding them.')

In this poem, as in 'Englynion of Beddau,' there is mentioned a certain Aber Peryddon, but it is doubtful whether this was located in the North. The Book of Llandav mentions an Aber Periron in Monmouthshire.

In this poem, too, there is a reference to the legend of Hengist and Horsa in the words :—

'Pan prynassant danet tr6y fflet called
Gan hors a hegys oed yng eu ryssed.'

('When they bought Thanet through the deceit of cunning,
With Horsa and Hengist pressing was their audacity.')

It may be noted that in this poem the name Kymry occurs frequently.

It is not impossible that there is a reference to Northern events in the following lines :—

'Ereill ar eu traet tr6y goet kilhyn
Tr6y u6rch ŷ dinas fforas ffohŷn
Ryfel heb dychwel y tir prydyn.'

'(Others on their feet were retreating through the woods.
Through Burgh to the fortress of Forras they were fleeing,
War without a return to the soil of Pictland.')

Like the other vaticinia of this period, this poem predicts the future victory of the Welsh over the English under the

leadership of Kynan and Kadwaladyr, who would rise again to lead their country's forces.[1]

In the following lines there is a reference to Alclut (Dumbarton) :—

'Dybi o alclut g6yr drut diweir
Y dihol o prydein virein luyd.'

('There shall come from Alclyde men bold and trusty
To expel from Pictland a brilliant host.')

And possibly the 'Myna6' to which reference is made in the following lines is the 'Myna6' (Manann) of the North rather than the Isle of Man.

'O vyna6 hyt lyda6 yn eu lla6 yt vyd
O dyued hyt danet 6y bieiuyd.'

('From Mynaw to Brittany shall be in their hand,
From Dyfed to Thanet shall they own.')

2. In Poem VIII. we have a reference to the Battle of Goddeu, described as a battle of trees and flowers. Owing to its association with Rheged in another poem, it looks as if the real Goddeu were a district in the North, and that a legendary account was in course of time developed of the Battle of Goddeu like the Battle of Arderydd. The account of the Battle of Goddeu in this poem is placed in the mouth of Taliessin, who is represented as saying that in one of his metamorphoses he was present therein :—

'Keint yg kat godeu bric
Rac prydein wledic.'

('I sang on the outskirts of the Battle of Goddeu
Before the over-lord of Britain (or Pictland).')

It is of interest to note that there is in this poem an allusion to Gorchan Maelderw :—

'An maglas blaen der6
O warchan maelder6.'

('The branch of an oak marked us
From Gorchan Maelderw.')

[1] Cf. the 'Vita Merlini.'

3. In Poem IX., which bears the heading Daronwy, we find the lines :—

'R6g kaer rian a chaer ry6c
R6g dineidyn a dineid6c,
Eglur dremynt a 6yl gol6c.'

('Between Caer Rian and Caer Ry6c,
Between Dineidyn and Dineid6c,
A clear view can the eye see.')

4. In Poem XI. we have a composition, whose topography is very largely that of the 'Gododin,' to which it is linked by such references as those to Aeron and Eidin. The places mentioned are Llan lleenawc (the enclosure of Lleiniog), Prydein (probably Pictland), Maw, Eidin, Agathes (the site of a battle), the district of Bretr6yn (the site of a battle), Arddunyon, the Wood of Beit, G6ensteri (the site of a battle), the Moor of Terra (the site of a battle), G6ranga6n, Gafran, the quarter of Brecheina6c (probably a Brycheiniog of the North).

'Ym prydein yn eidin yn adeuea6c
Yg gafran yn aduan brecheina6c.'

('In Pictland, in Edinburgh located,
In Gafran in the quarter of the land of Brychan.')

In the following lines, too, there is a reference to the Picts under the name of 'peithwyr' :—

'Ac owein mon maelgynig deua6t
A wna6 peithwyr gorweida6c
Ym pen coet cledyfein
Atuyd kalaned g6ein.'

('And Owein of Anglesey with the character of the family of Maelgwn.
Shall stretch the Picts upon the ground.
At the end of the wood shall be swords,
Corpses shall serve as their scabbards.')

5. In Poem XIV. there is an allusion to Urien Rheged in the words put into the mouth of Taliessin :—

'Keint yn adu6yn rodle ym more rac 6ryen,'

('I sang in the pleasant walk at morn before Urien.')

6. In Poem XVIII. there is a reference to the men of the Clyde in the following words :—

'Pan ymchoeles ech6yd o glud6ys vro
Nyt efref6ys buch 6rth y llo.'

('When he returned at even from the land of the men of the Clyde,
No cow lowed to her calf.')

This poem, too, apparently incorporates lists of Northern battles in the following lines :—

'Kat pan amuc owein bi6 y vro
Kat yn ryt alclut kat ynygwen,
Kat yg gossul6yt abann udun.
Kat rac rodawys eir6yn drych.
G6aywa6r a du a lleullenyn.
Kat tuman llachar derly6 derlin
Ysc6yda6r yn lla6 garthan yggryn
A welei vabon ar ranwen reida6l.
Rac bi6 reget y kymyscyn
Ony bei ac adaned yd ehettyn
Rac mabon heb galaned wy nyt eyn.'

('A battle when Owein defended the cattle of his country,
A battle in the ford of Alclyde, a battle in "Ygwen."
A battle in Gossulwyt—destruction to them.
A battle before the men of Roda with faces white as snow,
Javelins and black and. . . '
'The brilliant battle of Tuman with an oak-like general of an oaken lineage :—
Shields in the hand, the promontory re-echoing.
All that Mabon saw on the blessed border of the Rheidol
Before the cattle of Rheged they were mingled.
Unless they flew with wings
They went not before Mabon without corpses.')

7. In Poem XX. we have one or two more links with the 'Gododin' in the reference to

'Coel ae kanawon.'
('Coel and his whelps'),

and in the lines

'Ymordei vffin
Ymorhred gododin.'

('In Mordei of Vffin
In the long course of Gododin.')

8. Another, Poem XXI., of which there is a portion in the Black Book of Carmarthen, refers to the Picts as Ffichti, a late form from the Latin Picti.

9. Poem XXV., like a portion of the Black Book of Carmarthen, contains a list of famous horses, of which some belong to men connected with the Northern families, such as Keida6 or Rhydderch.

10. In Poem XXXI. reference is again made to Catraeth and also to Uryen. Catraeth itself is mentioned in the first line:—

'Ar6yre g6yr katraeth gan dyd.'
('The rising of the men of Catraeth with the day.')

Urien is called 'G6ledic g6eith uudic g6arthegyd' (an over-lord, a victorious lifter of cattle). In this poem the expression 'G6yr Prydein' probably means 'the men of Pictland.' We have in this composition a description of one of the famous battles of the Brython, that of Gwenystrad, a name which means 'the white (or blessed) valley.' Incidentally, too, this poem suggests that Garanwynyon, a place mentioned in the Black Book of Carmarthen, was in North Britain, but its precise locality is not known. From the expression 'Gro garanwynyon' (the gravel of Garanwynion), it is not improbable that it was on the sea-shore. This poem commemorates the prowess of Urien, and states that he took part as Gly6 reget (the lord of Rheged), not only in the Battle of Gwenystrad, but also in that of Llech Wen Galystem (the white slab of Galystem), also thought to be in North Britain.

11. In Poem XXXII., which is also in praise of Urien, he is called Urien yr Echwyd (Urien of the West), and in another line he is termed—

'Reget diffreidyat.'
('The defender of Rheged.')

Of the West it is said:—

'Yr ech6yd teccaf
Ae dynyon haelhaf.'
('The fairest West
With its most bounteous men.')

In another couplet Urien is called expressly

'En teyrn gogled
Arbenhic teyrned.'

('As prince of the North
Supreme of princes.')

12. In Poem XXXIV. there appears to be a reference to the battle of Manann—

'Yg godeu g6eith myna6.'

('At Goddeu in the battle of Mana6.')

The whole narrative is put into the mouth of Taliessin, who says:—

'Ny byd6n lawen
Bei lleas vryen.'

('I should not be glad
If there came the death of Urien.')

13. Poem XXXV., like the preceding, is one in praise of Urien, but the battle here described is that of Argoed Llwyfein. In this battle Ida or Fflamddwyn (Flame-bearer) is said to have taken part, having come with four hosts to array himself against Goddeu and Rheged. This poem, like the preceding, refers to Urien as Udd yr Echwydd (Lord of the West), and mentions the prowess of his son Owein, as well as that of Ceneu, son of Coel, one of the heroes of the Book of Aneirin. These poems seem to suggest that there was in Wales a stock of legends commemorating Urien and his share in some of the famous battles fought in the struggle with the men of Deira and Bernicia.

14. In Poem XXXVI. we have another specimen of the same type which mentions several of the famous battles of the Brython. The allusions to Aeron, to Ulph, to Hyveid, to Gododin, and to Lleu indicate clearly enough the cycle to which it belongs. The battles mentioned are the following: (1) Kat yn ryt alclut (a battle at the ford of Alclyde); (2) Kat ym ynuer; (3) Kat gella6r bre6yn; (4) Kat hireurur; (5) Kat ym prysc katleu (a battle in the brushwood of Cadleu);

(6) Kat yn aberioed; (7) Kat glutuein; (8) G6eith pen coet (the battle of the top of the wood). In a line of the poem Goddeu and Rheged are mentioned together :—

'Ysc6yt yn lla6 godeu a reget yn ymdullya6.'

('A shield in the hand, Goddeu and Rheged setting themselves in battle array.')

15. Poem XXXVII., as its names and topography show, belongs to the same series. This poem mentions a lord of Katraeth, who is apparently Urien, and also Mordei and Aeron (of the North) like the 'Gododin' and other kindred poems. The links with the Northern cycle are also shown in the names of Ceneu, Nudd Hael and Gwyden or Gwydyen (a character mentioned also in the Gododin).

16. Poem XXXVIII. is also associated with the same series, but gives greater prominence to Gwallawc, another of the princes mentioned by Nennius. The names Gweiryd and Morial are links between this poem and the Gododin. One line contains a reference to Caer glut (the fortress of the Clyde).

17. Poem XXXIX. is a eulogy upon Urien, but it contains no definite Northern allusions.

18. Poem XL. is termed Marwnat Erof (the Elegy of Herod), but its subject-matter would seem to render the heading Marwnat Ercwl (the Elegy of Hercules) more appropriate. This poem has a curious allusion to Mordei in the lines :—

'Ysc6yda6r y mordei
Arna6 y torrei.'

('Shields in Mordei
Upon him they broke.')

19. Poem XLIV. is styled Marwnat Owein (the Elegy of Owein). He is here termed Reget ud (Lord of Rheged), and is said to have killed Fflamddwyn.

20. The most notable poem of this series, however, is probably that in praise of Cunedda (Poem XLVI.), which is

attributed to Taliessin. In this he says that Cunedda is feared—

'Yg kaer weir a chaer liwelyd.'

('In Durham and in Carlisle.')

The character of Cunedda is described in the line in which he is said to have been

'Kaletach 6rth elyn noc asc6rn.'

'Harder to an enemy than a bone.'

21. In Poem XLVII. the only Northern allusion is that to a certain

'Iago tir prydyn.'

('James of the land of the Picts.')

22. Poem XLIX. contains the expression G6ydyl ffichti, of which the first word is the plural of G6yddel, and the second a late derivative of Picti.

23. Poem L. is linked to the Myrddin poems in its style and topography.

24. Poem LII. is of similar type and contains the line—

'Kymry eigyl g6ydyl prydyn.'

('The Welsh, the Angles, the Irish, and the Picts.')

25. Poem LIII. is another of the same type, but two of its references, those to Merin reget (the sea of Rheged) and Eluet deserve notice.

From these allusions it is clear that the compilers of the Book of Taliessin had access to certain Northern traditions, which bore a close affinity to the Northern matter of Nennius and the Annales Cambriæ. These traditions seem to have been specially associated with the family of Cynvarch.

(4) The manuscript which next demands our attention is the Red Book of Hengist, which contains copies, made probably in the later part of the fourteenth century, of poetry that has certain affinities with the poems already mentioned.

1. Poem I. This is a dialogue between Myrddin and his sister Gwenddydd, and is a prophetic poem of the same type

as the 'Avallenau' and Hoianau. Like all the poems of this cycle it contains certain Northern allusions which may be enumerated as follows :—

(*a*) A reference to Ygnadaeth y Gogled (the Magistracy of the North), to which Gwenddydd refers in the first stanza. Gwenddydd was married to Gwenddoleu, to whom reference has already been made.

(*b*) The term Llallogan, applied to Myrddin, appears to be identical with the Laloicen of the *Life of St. Kentigern.*

(*c*) The references to Rhydderch Hael, who is called

'Dinas beird bro glyt,'

('The fortress of the bards of the land of the Clyde,')

and, in connection with him, to a certain stream called the Tawy, by which is apparently meant some stream in the North (possibly the Tay) and not the Tawe of South Wales. In the Black Book of Carmarthen there is a distinction drawn between Y Tawy eithaf and Y Tawy nesaf.

(*d*) There is a reference to the death of Gwenddoleu at Arderydd—

'O leas gwendoleu y g6aetfreu arderyd.'

('From the death of Gwenddoleu in the stream of blood of Arderydd.')

(*e*) The mention of Morgant ua6r uab sadyrnin, perhaps the Morcant of Nennius, who is named along with Urien, Riderch, and Guallauc.

(*f*) The mention of Urien in l. 37.

(*g*) Maelg6n Hir is mentioned as Urien's successor in North Wales.

(*h*) In ll. 103-105 there is a further reference to the death of Gwendoleu.

(*i*) Myrddin is represented as speaking from Rheged :—

'Mi ae dyweit o reget.'

('I say it from Rheged.')

(*j*) In l. 252 there is a reference to Cat ym prydyn (a battle in Pictland).

(*k*) In ll. 382-385 there is a further reference to the battle of Arderydd, in which Gwenddydd is represented as saying :—

'Vy un bra6t na cheryd arnaf
Yr g6eith arderyd 6yf claf.'

('My only brother, chide me not,
Since the battle of Arderydd I am ill.')

2. In Poem II. we have another composition of the same type as the preceding, in which Myrddin is represented as prophesying from his grave. This poem, however, has scarcely any definite links with the North.

3. In Poem XI., the lament of Llywarch Hen upon his old age, there are references to the Uryen cycle, as is not unnatural in view of the kinship and friendship between Urien and Llywarch. This poem is closely related to the Llywarch poems of the Black Book of Carmarthen as well as to 'Englynion y Beddau.' The Llywarch poems appear to have had their chief later developments in Powys.

4. Poem XII. This is a striking elegy on Urien, Llywarch's cousin. Urien, according to this poem, was killed at a place called Aber Lleu, the site of which is now unknown. The following personal names given in the poem will also make clearer its affinities. They are: Dunawt, Owein, G6alla6c, Elphin, Bran, Morgant, Elgno, Pyll, Rhun, and Llouan llaw difro.

5. In Poem XVI. there is an indirect link with the Northern legends in the references to Twrch, Kilyd, and Kulhwch :—

'Kyndylan gulh6ch gynnifiat.'
('Cynddylan, the hewer of Culhwch.')

'Nyt atuer t6rch tref y dat.'
('Twrch shall not restore his father's homestead.')

'Yn ol kilyd celuyd cly6.'
('After Kilyd of skilful hearing.')

6. Poem XVII. is a poem in honour of Urien, but it also contains references to places in Cardiganshire, which seem to accord with the theory that there was a district called Rheged in that county, to which Lewis Morris in his *Celtic Remains* alludes when he calls Aberystwyth—

'Caer Reged uwch cwr eigion.'

('The Fortress of Rheged above the brink of the ocean.')

The poem itself is a vaticination put into the mouth of Taliessin.

7. Poem XIX. is another vaticination of a similar type which has a passing reference to G6yr Mana6 (the Men of Manaw) and the North.

From these considerations it will be seen that both in prose and poetry the links with the North are rather allusive and traditional than exhaustive, that they are closely associated with the genealogies of certain families, chiefly those of Cunedda Wledig, Cynvarch, Caw, Urien, and the like, and that they embody meagre rudimentary annals contained in lists, such as those of famous battles. These somewhat vague and allusive traditions appear to have been brought into Wales and then reclothed both in prose and poetry, very largely by the aid of local folk-lore and legend, as is well exemplified, for example, in the story of Kulhwch and Olwen as we have it in the Mabinogion. The same, too, appears to have been the case with the legends of Myrddin and Arthur. Even stories like those of Owein and Luned and Peredur have their links, though slight enough in the later narratives, with the cycle of tradition belonging to the Northern British families that settled in Wales; but these Northern affinities are too remote to give definite clues as to the growth of the narratives into their present form. It would be well if a further investigation could be made by such investigators as Mr. W. J. Watson into the topography of the ancient Kingdom of Strathclyde, so as to unearth any Brythonic place-names that may still be unidentified. In spite of the linguistic changes that have taken place over this

ancient area, and the consequent vanishing and obscuring of many of the place-names, it is not impossible that a diligent search into older records might still bring many more to view, and so remind us in Wales, who are the linguistic representatives of the Britons of the West, that our race, though it has lost in the North its ancient speech, has played, even into historic times, an honourable part in the development of one of the most active and progressive parts of the United Kingdom.

SCOTTISH GAELIC DIALECTS

CHARLES M. ROBERTSON

(*Continued from p.* 183)

GUTTURALS

The gutturals *c* and *g* have broad and slender pronunciations both in their plain and in their aspirated forms. The slender pronunciations of both consonants, both plain and aspirated, are formed with the middle of the tongue against the hard palate. Broad *c* is much the same as in English, *e.g.* in 'cat' 'cock.' The slender sound of *c* is given provincially to that consonant in English in such words as cape, care, cube, cure, and to *k* in such words as key, king. In English words of Anglo-Saxon derivation the influence of the distinction between the broad and the slender sounds in question may be observed in the prevalence, at the beginning of words, of *c* before the broad vowels *a*, *o* and *u*, and of *k* before the slender vowels *e* and *i*. In cases like cape, where the sounded vowel is *e* though the written one is *a*, and cube where *u* represents a sound that is written *iu* in Gaelic, *c*, in such provincial pronunciations as have been referred to, has its slender sound in agreement with the slender vowel sounds in contact with it.

In the same manner slender *g* is heard provincially in English in association with slender vowels or slender sounds *e.g.* in gear, get, gild, give, game, gay, guess, guest, guild.

Broad *ch* is the sound familiar in 'loch'; slender *ch* prevails in Lowland Scots in association with slender vowels as in dreich, tedious, flech, a flea, and generally in lieu of *gh* beside a slender vowel as in heich, high, eicht, eight, licht, light.

Broad and slender *gh* are the voiced sounds corresponding to the voiceless sounds of broad and slender *ch*.

c

Non-initial *c*, both broad and slender, is sounded in some dialects so as to be difficult to distinguish from Gaelic *g*, in others as with an aspirate—*hc*—before it, and in most as *chc*; for example, in such words as fiacaill, tooth; acras hunger; breac, speckled; mac, son; mulc, push; cearc, hen; faicill, care; uircean, pig; faic, see; glic, wise; cuilc, reed; seirc, love. At the end of unaccented syllables *c* is apt to be sounded *g* in most dialects, but *chc* is harder sometimes, as in adhlaic, berry, and amhairc, look, in Islay and North Argyll. The two extreme pronunciations prevail in Perthshire, the first (*c*) in the east, and the third (*chc*) in the west of the county. In other cases different pronunciations constitute local distinctions. Thus *hc* may be heard in Badenoch and in the south of Lewis and *chc* in Strathspey and in Harris. The *c* sound prevails in Arran, Kintyre, and Sutherland, and *chc* in Islay, North Argyll, Skye and West Ross. There is thus no broad distinction as regards this consonant between Southern and Northern Gaelic.

The English word doctor, which appears sometimes as doctair (so Perth) and sometimes as dochtair (so Arran and Perth) is dotair in great part of the West Highlands. Faicinn, seeing, which is fakin and faïn in Manx, is sometimes fa'inn in Arran. The past indicative chunnaic, saw, besides having *th* often in place of *ch* sometimes loses *c* or *ic* or even *aic*. In Arran thunnai and thunna, in Knapdale thonnai and in Jura thanna may be heard. In Perthshire chunna and chunn, in North Argyll chunna, and in Sutherland thunnaic and thunn are found. Mary Macpherson has chunna twice (pp. 41, 170); Munro, in a footnote, says of chunnaic, 'Often

pronounced, and sometimes written, chunna' (*Grammar*, p. 118), while MacAlpine gives this sense of the verb as, 'Chunna or chonnaic mi, I saw or did see; Chunna or Chonnaic thu,' and so on. The final *c* when kept is at least in most dialects sounded *g* and the spelling chunnaig is favoured by one or two writers. Thàinig, came, for thàinic, Irish tháinic, etc., Old Irish tánic is treated similarly as to the final syllable. In Arran and Kintyre it is usually thàini in all positions; in Perthshire thàin, and sometimes thàine, are heard. Mary Macpherson has thàin' (p. 37). Those shortened forms are heard in replies to questions as well as when followed by their subject; *e.g.* Am fac thu e ?—Chunna or Chunn' (Perth); Thannai or Thanna (Arran).

In Donegal tháine tu, you came, tháini se, he came, occur.

On the other hand the termination *ig* or *aig* has been added to the words chual or chuala, heard, and faca or fac, saw, in Jura, North Argyll, and part of West Ross; thus, An cuala tu e ?—Chualaig. Did you hear him ?—I did; Am faca tu e ?—Cha'n fhacaig. Did you see him ?—I did not.

When the vowel following Mac in a surname is slender its influence makes *c* slender in Arran in two or three instances, as Maic Eamailinn, Englished Bannatyne, Maic Ionmhuinn, Englished Love, and Maic Eanain, local Gaelic for Mackinnon.

In Argyllshire English Mac, it may be remarked, is sometimes pronounced Mag *e.g.* in MagLeod MagLachlan.

ch broad

In initial position broad *ch*, as has been noticed, has become *th*, *i.e.* *h* in certain districts in chunnaic: in Manx this word is honnick, and in Donegal Irish thannaic. Chugam, to me, chugad, to you, etc., and the negative cha, have *th* almost universally for *ch*; thugam, thugad, etc., indeed are sometimes written. The preposition chun or chon, too, is often thun, and occurs even as un in Skye and Perth, but is ghon in West Ross, *e.g.* Tha e a'dol ghon a'bhaile, he is going to the town. Chaidh, went, is in Arran thai, in Manx, hie. Cha, not, it

may be remarked is ha in Manx and is pronounced in Donegal with *h* for *ch*, as is also chuaidh went.

In other positions broad *ch* is seldom changed or lost. Drochaid, bridge, is drothaid in West Ross, and dro'id in North Inverness and Sutherland. In Arran deachaidh, went, and meille-chartan, chilblain, pronounced meileartan there, show loss of *ch*. The pronunciation *chc*, which is given, as has been noticed, to non-initial *c* in many districts, is the regular sound of *chd*. In Arran *ch* has been lost from this combination in a few instances. Iochdar, lower part, uachdar, upper part, currachd, cap, and ònrachd, solitude, are there respectively ì'car, uacar, currac, and òrac (*o* nasal). 'Currac is heard sometimes in one or two other dialects. Slachd, to beat, which is slacair in Arran and slacairim in Irish, ought to be, and is sometimes, written slac, and so also slachdan, a beetle, rod, ought to be slacan.

In contrast with that the Irish casachtach, coughing, which is casadaich or casdaich in Scottish Gaelic generally, is casachdaich in Arran and in Islay. We may note also the Arran frasachdach, showery, and fùchadaich, rummaging, pushing heavily. The former suggests connection with MacAlpine's frasachd, showery weather; the latter appears to be a form of fùcadh, from Scots powk, English poke, to thrust.

ch slender

There is one instance of the change of slender *ch* into *th* in initial positions. In Arran, chì, will see, is pronounced thìbh, with related forms, thìbhinn for chithinn, I would see, ma thìbh for ma chì, if (I) see, thibhear for chither, shall be seen, thibhteadh for chiteadh, would be seen, etc. Chibh occurs in the Gaelic translation of Pope's *Messiah*, given in Shaw's *Analysis*, vv. 67-70 :—

'Ionadh an treudich glacidh 'm fasach lom ;
Nuair chibh e feur us neonain fas fo bhonn ;
Cliosgidh, nuair, measg nan carruig thartor chruaidh,
Ni easan leimnach monar ann a chluais.'

In other positions *ch* is changed or lost in a few instances

in the north. It is lost in Sutherland in fichead, twenty; beannaichte, blessed; mallaichte, cursed, there 'mullait,' with meaning of 'wicked,' and in cluich, play. 'Dealrait' for dealraichte, brightened, etc., also occurs in a hymn published with those of Donald Matheson, Kildonan, Sutherland, and composed probably by one of his sons. In West Ross *ch* is lost in cluich, but is more apt in that district to be sounded *h*. In Gairloch a phrase used to order one out of a house sounds 'Gabh am fhoith,' literally, 'Take the green.' The word is faich, a green, a lawn, Irish faithche, and is pronounced 'foih' and also, at all events in a couple of place-names, fothaigh ('fohi'). The latter is an oblique case taking the place of the nominative. An Fhothaigh is a small township at Aultbea, and Foy Lodge, Lochbroom, is in Gaelic Tigh na Fothaigh. With fothaigh, which is the regular genitive of the word in the district, may be compared clothaigh ('clohi'), the pronunciation there of cloiche, genitive of clach, a stone. The pronunciations here also of foipe, roimpe, and troimpe, respectively 'fòhi,' 'ròhi,' and tròhi (*o* nasal in two last), dealt with below, are to be kept in view.

The West Ross duainidh, bad, ill of looks or of conduct, notwithstanding that it is duaineil in Sutherland, seems to be for duaichnidh, which, however, comes from du-aithne.

Flichne, sleet, a derivative of fluich, wet, is flinne in Arran, Islay, and Skye. In West Ross flichneadh-shneachd (*dh* = *g*) is used. MacAlpine gives flichne for Cowal and Coll, Armstrong has flichne and flicheann; the latter on the face of it should be a Perthshire pronunciation of the word.

Among Scottish Gaelic dialects loss or absence of slender *ch* in medial and final positions is peculiarly characteristic of the speech of Arran and, though perhaps in a less degree, of Kintyre and Islay. Medially it is silent in Arran in fichead, twenty, flichne, sleet, timchioll, around, pronounced 'tiumall,' the personal name Mìcheil, Michael; in passive participles of *ich* verbs, as beannaichte, blessed; ionnsuichte, taught; in dìchioll, diligence, at the north end of the island, and others. In the future indicative and other parts of

ich verbs *ch* is broad, not slender as in other districts, as ceannachaidh, or rather ceannchaidh, will buy, for ceannaichidh; cheannchadh, would buy, for cheannaicheadh; dh' éireachadh, would rise, for dh' eiricheadh or dh' éireadh; sanntachaidh, will covet, for sanntaichidh. Shaw in his *Analysis* uses beannuchibh for beannaichibh, coiruchidh for coirichidh (will blame), mhothuchas for mhothaicheas (will perceive, etc.), and others. *Ch* is broad in such cases also in Kintyre and in some instances at least in Jura, and so no doubt in Islay also.

In one instance—seiche, hide—*ch* sounds *h* in Arran.

Final *ch* is silent almost invariably in Arran when it comes into contact with the slender vowel *i*, as in doilich, difficult, etc., 'doili,' or 'doiligh'; in nouns ending in *ich* as buainich, a reaper, 'buainigh'; in oblique cases in ich as coilich, 'coiligh,' genitive singular and nominative plural of coileach, cock, in verbs in *ich* as éirich, rise, 'ìre'; imich, go 'imi'; and so on. Shaw has abuigh for abuich, ripe; anabuidh for anabuich, unripe; caoraidh for caoraich, sheep, and renders 'Picts' na Cruinnith for na Cruithnich.

That the same thing is at least fairly common in Kintyre is shown by the following list, probably far from being a full one, in which *ch* has been noted as being silent—abaich, doilich, Di-Domhnaich, éirich, 'ìri,' fiadhaich (wild), ionnsaich (learn), mallaichte 'mollaite.' MacAlpine has abuidh and fiadhaidh along with the usual forms, and, under Càisg, 'di-dònaidh càisg, Easter Sunday,' for Di-Domhnaich.

Some of the instances in which slender *ch* is heard in Arran are doiliche, more difficult; oidhche might (in Manx oie); bruich, boil; cluich, play; deich, ten; and deicheamh tenth, but not deichnear, ten persons! Ith, eat, is sometimes i' and sometimes ich. Bàthaich, a byre, is bàiche, and dùthaich, country, dùiche. The former is bòcha in Kintyre, where also bruich and cluich have *ch*.

c and *g*

In initial position *g* and *c* in borrowed words sometimes

take one another's place in different dialects. Cadhmus, a plasm, mould for casting bullets, from Scot calmes, caums, in Sutherland càmus, is gàmus in West Ross, and is so given in the Highland Society's *Dictionary* (supplement and English-Gaelic part *sub* plasm). Geuban, crop of birds, in some districts gizzard, referred by MacBain to English gape, is ceòban in Strathspey, and ciaban in Skye and West Ross. Cial, brim of a vessel, in Rob Doun's poems ceàl, is identified by MacBain with ciobhull, jaw, 'more properly giall,' he says. Cial means jaw in Strathspey. The West Ross culm, obscurity, haze about the moon, etc., seems to be a variant of gulm, a frown, etc., from English gloom? MacAlpine's 'glìbheid, weather in which a curious mixture of rain, sleet, and hail prevails' is clìfeid in West Ross, in Sutherland glìfeid with meaning of sleet; *cf.* glìb, sleet. Clìobar and glìobar, glìobas, sleet, also occur. Gartan, an insect found on deer, cattle, and dogs, West Ross, seems to be a form of cartan, a cattle-bott, heath-mite, etc. The connection of crobhsag, gooseberry, West Ross, in East Ross crobhrsag with plural there crobhrsan, seems certain, though not quite clear, with gròiseid borrowed from Lowland Scots, in which the word is variously written grozel, grizzle, groset, grozer, groser, grosert. Different terms for gadfly are creithleag, cleithir, gleithir, creithire, Kintyre, etc., Irish cleabhar, creabhaire, and creathaire, Middle Irish crebar.

g

G is often silent in the prepositional pronouns agam, 'a'am,' agad, againn, agaibh, *e.g.* in Arran, Kintyre, North Argyll, Perth, Skye, and Sutherland. In the group *sgt* sometimes it is silent as in passive participles loisgte, burned, pronounced 'loiste'; ruisgte, stripped, 'ruiste.' Sometimes *g* is preserved in that group. The difference is due to frequency of use, the cause of many of the seeming irregularitities in letter changes. When a word is in constant use phonetic changes are apt to take place more readily, and to be carried further than in words that are more rarely

used. In final position *g* is wanting in Arran in Gillesbuig, Archibald; Eanruig, Henry, from Old English Henric; in 'Domhnach Càs' for Domhnach Càisg, Easter Sunday, and sometimes in shealg in La shealg na cuthaige, All Fools' Day.

(*To be continued.*)

BOOK REVIEWS

Inverness in the Middle Ages. By EVAN M. BARRON. Inverness: A. Carruthers and Sons.

This volume, which is an extension of a paper read before the members of the Inverness Scientific Society and Field Club, deals with the general history of the town of Inverness during the period extending from the commencement of the reign of David I. down to the opening years of the fourteenth century. As the capital of the ancient province of Moray, its history for the period referred to is closely interwoven with that of the province. Mr. Barron depicts, in a lucid and concise narrative, the rise and growth of the burgh, the influx of Flemish and Saxon settlers, and the consequent development of its trade and commerce; and also describes the leading events in the history of the province which ended in the bringing it under the permanent rule of the Scottish kings, and the later legitimist risings in support of the various Celtic claimants to the crown.

Some of Mr. Barron's readers will be unable to follow him in his unreserved acceptance of Fordun's account of the 'Plantation' of Moray by Malcolm IV., but the sound critical judgment, and the wide and accurate historical knowledge displayed throughout the work, cannot fail to be appreciated by all.

The period dealt with is more restricted than might be inferred from the title. Mr. Barron has, however, already written the history of the town in the fifteenth century, and it is to be hoped that at no distant date he will deal with the history of the intervening period. D. CHISHOLM.

Religious Songs of Connacht. Parts 7 and 8. DOUGLAS HYDE, LL.D. Dublin: Gill and Co., Ltd. 1*s.* each.

These parts complete Dr. Hyde's interesting collection of the religious folk tales and poems of Connacht. These concluding parts have all the excellencies of the earlier volumes already noticed in this journal. Many curious charms, short prayers and prose stories are here preserved. There is a very striking version of St. Paul's visit to hell, a story to be found elsewhere, but not in such complete form. It is full of horror and dread verging on the burlesque at times. It contains an extraordinary passage

which describes the routing of the bad man's soul out of his body by death, which, for minute physiological detail and gruesome realism, is unique. Dr. Hyde thinks the story was translated from Greek or Latin into Irish, but this passage does not occur in extant versions in other tongues. Kuno Meyer thinks that the Irish were the first to set the fashion of visionary literature, and he holds that much of the mediæval works of this class found their source to a large extent in the Celtic soil of Ireland. He says that 'it was in Ireland in the seventh and following centuries that visionary literature was specially cultivated, and that visions of heaven and hell originated which became popular afterwards in mediæval literature all over the world.' Professor Meyer holds that even Dante's great poem was not uninfluenced by Irish tales of this class.

Dr. Hyde gives a curious story 'The Merchant of the Seven Bags,' which relates happenings connected with St. Patrick's Stone of Truth and the Cross of Cong. These tales are a strange amalgam of Paganism, superstition, and sincere devotion. There is lurid gloom with gleams of rebellious sunshine at times, and a freakish, playful humour that handles sacred things with scant ceremony. Compared with clerical tales written in monasteries these stories of the people are more free from trivialities and silly miracles. They are more human and a little less credulous. Some of the poems are tediously didactic however. Here and there is a flash of Irish wit, as in a fairy story where when the light was lit 'there was not even the fog (breath) of a flesh worm to be seen.' A witty priest translates this in modern style as the 'sneeze of a microbe'!

There are considerable analogies between the general spirit of these tales and poems and the literary lore of the Scottish Highlands. The satirical writing and vigorous cursings can be easily paralleled in Gaelic literature, though we can hardly match the famous Irish curse that could raise blisters on the very faces of those against whom it was launched!

The austere gloom of some poems, and the frequent moralisings on death, remind one of Buchanan and other Gaelic poets with their odes and 'marbhrainn.'

With much surface diversity there lies underneath the spiritual literature of both countries the same Celtic spirit. It is the same molten metal run out into different moulds.

It should be mentioned that in these books the Irish words are given on one page with the English translation opposite. The Irish is simple and easily followed even by those who know only Scottish Gaelic.

M. N. Munro.

The Spirit of Jacobite Loyalty. An Essay towards a better understanding of 'The Forty-Five.' By W. G. Blaikie Murdoch. Edinburgh: William Brown. 2*s.* 6*d. net.*

This interesting little volume will come as a surprise to such as cherish

the belief that Jacobite loyalty is as much an established fact as the Hanoverian dynasty, and that even the Broughtons and the Pickles only serve to illustrate by contrast the genuineness of the others. The author shows clearly, however, that the spirit of 'the Forty-Five' is still largely misunderstood, especially by Anglo-Saxon writers, and that the Highlanders in particular 'lie under the aspersions of historians.' In his list of anti-Jacobite writers we find the more or less distinguished names of Thackeray, H. T. Buckle, Leslie Stephen, John Addington Symonds, G. K. Chesterton, and Lord Rosebery. The ex-Premier, who evidently devotes the time saved from politics to the neglect of history, while kind enough to admit that 'there were noble souls like Perth and Tullibardine and Pitsligo, who could understand no other cause, to whom it was a religion and a martyrdom,' yet airily dismisses the three as exceptions, and goes on to stigmatise the Highland chiefs as on the whole 'men half-proud, half-barbarous,' who probably followed Prince Charlie in the expectation that 'their condition might possibly be made better, but could hardly in any event be made worse.' It is as a corrective to such misstatements and misrepresentations that the Essay under review has been written; it is a defence, not of 'the Forty-Five,' but of the motives and characters of the men who took part in it.

Mr. Blaikie Murdoch's defence may be divided into two parts. In the first, he records the reasons given by leading Jacobites themselves for being 'out'; he gives short character-sketches of prominent chiefs and literary men; he shows that a high degree of culture existed among the Highland gentry and professional men; he proves that the Jacobite army was by no means destitute of discipline or of disciplinarians, and that their humanity towards such of the enemy as fell into their hands was recognised and publicly acknowledged even by the Whigs; and finally he points out that the 'thieves and murderers'—we are quoting from Buckle, the cultured author of the *History of Civilisation*—who were incapable 'of having spilt their blood on behalf of any sovereign, be he whom he might,' as a matter of fact gloried in the justice of their cause, even on the scaffold. In the second part of his defence, Mr. Blaikie Murdoch takes a very good line indeed; he shows that to understand 'the Forty-Five,' one must first of all understand the Highlander, and the particular traits in his temperament which made the Jacobite movement possible. Let it only be granted, as it has been by all the best writers on the subject, that sentimentalism, idealism, fetishism, traditionalism, and devotion to old though lost causes, are the outstanding characteristics of the Celtic temperament, and at once 'the Forty-Five' is satisfactorily accounted for—it becomes, to use the author's happy phrase, 'a representation of the Highlands.'

Mr. Blaikie Murdoch's patriotic yet studiously moderate Essay should appeal to three classes—to such believers in Jacobite loyalty as would like additional reasons for the faith that is in them; to such unbelievers as honestly wish to get at the truth of the matter; and to the many who,

Sualtam, Cuchullin's reputed father, was not exactly 'a famous warrior.' The *Táin* is very explicit on that point: 'ór is amlaid ra bói Sualtam acht nír bo drochlaech é 7 nir do deglaech, acht muadóclach maith ata-caemnacair' (thus was it with Sualtam: he was neither bad warrior nor good warrior, but a good worthy man was he). Professor Ridgeway repeatedly calls the *Táin* a *poem* (I have also seen it described as a favourite milking-song). It is a prose tale interspersed with lays. W. J. WATSON.

The Feill Books. Glasgow: Archibald Sinclair.

A brave show they make, different and yet alike—different in colour, shape, and contents, yet in each the essential Celtic touch.

First comes the Cookery Book. As a Cookery Book, nothing could be better nor more comprehensive, and the Gaelic recipes—not to mention Athole Brose—give the necessary old-world flavour. If, however, the *Comunn* were to issue a penny book with simple recipes for the appetising use of vegetables, sea-ware, and shell-fish, also herb-tea such as Betony, we feel sure it would meet with a ready sale. 1*s. net.*

The *Fairy Tales* contains three tales, reprinted from other sources, it is true, but here they are illustrated beautifully by two gifted ladies, and a literal translation is given on the facing page. The orthography of the first two tales is very correct, and that and the translation will recommend this book as suitable for a Gaelic reading-book so much needed. 2*s. net.*

The *Celtic Ornament Book* contains some exquisite designs. No doubt the adjudicators had excellent reasons for awarding the first prize; but to us that winning second place, with a different design on either side, seems to recall the Book of Kells in its truly Celtic tracery—almost elusive in delicacy of treatment. 1*s. net.*

The *Pedlar's Pack*—'Am Bolg Solair'—is a veritable budget. Dr. Magnus Maclean speaks some needed words of wisdom in the 'Gaelic Outlook' and Mr. Maclean Watt's 'Inishail' alone would make it a memorable volume. The illustrations, especially Hugh Cameron's 'Study,' are interesting, and the Pictish sketch quaint. It might have been a little more representative of Scottish Celtic writers, and have only one article from each. 3*s. net.*

Last, but not least, comes the *Sop as Gach Seid.* The epigram on the front page, 'Man's selection from books composes his selection from life,' we hold in the main to be true. Many and various are the lives here portrayed: from the injunction neither to 'Hurry nor worry' to 'Cha'n eil ceò an tigh na h-uiseig,' and from 'Mairidh gaol 'us ceol' to 'O wad some Pow'r the giftie gie us' are far cries indeed! Those who are fortunate enough to possess all five books have a Celtic library in miniature.

E. MACKENZIE.

The Irish Æneid. Edited and translated by the Rev. GEORGE CALDER, M.A., B.D. Irish Texts Society, vol. vi. David Nutt. 1907. 10*s.*

The *Imtheachta Æniasa*, from the sole copy in the Book of Ballymote, is here edited for the first time, with the exception of one episode previously

published by Professor T. H. Williams in the *Zeitschrift für Celtische Philologie*, 1899. It is a fourteenth century work, and belongs therefore, like contemporary work in England, to a parasite literature which gathered stories from any available source, with little care for their original form. The writer's intention was more to supply a story than to interpret Virgil; and on the literary side the work is rather interesting as a specimen of compilation than to be judged as a translation. It is more of a paraphrase than a translation, and the author freely condenses, expands, rearranges, and interprets by Irish phrases familiar to his audience, but only distantly connected with the text. Thus he begins with the wanderings of Æneas (narrated episodically in Book III. of the original) with an evident intention to proceed chronologically in the Irish method, but found the task of rearrangement too troublesome and abandoned it.

A typical instance of his treatment of his original may be found in Book VIII. (Irish version, ll. 1784-1967), where he omits most of the conversation between Æneas and Evander, and Evander's farewell to Pallas, and briefly summarises the description of the shield, but inserts a description of Pallas in all the terms conventional in Irish narrative. The speeches suffer most: Æneas's speech to his shipwrecked comrades, 'O passi graviora' is represented by 'It will be pleasant for you to be in Italy, relating every danger you will meet,' below the level even of Irish speeches. Dido's speeches are given at greater length, 'Dissimulare etiam' being left almost intact.

Expressions of feeling are described in extravagant terms; *lacrimans*, for instance, is expanded into 'he wept so that his garment was wet'; and *arma amens capio* is translated by the characteristic metaphor, 'Then anger seized me and made a mad ox of me, and I took my weapons of war.' The strings of alliterative epithets, which form a prominent feature of Middle Irish descriptive writing, are also introduced; and the translator adds a conclusion, apparently thinking the original close too abrupt. The whole work is suggestive of difference in national character; sentiment, excessive feeling, appeal to the sense of colour, are dwelt on; but there is no attempt to represent Roman fortitude and Virgilian pathos.

The publication of this text makes generally accessible another valuable source for the study of Middle Irish forms. Its phonetic characteristics are fairly late; the aspiration of consonants is very fully marked, and the voicing of Old Irish *c* is common. It has one or two mis-spellings, e.g., *partlairgi* (l. 1928), *icafaffand* (l. 781). A short vocabulary notes some of the more uncommon words and infrequent grammatical forms. Nothing but praise can be given to the English version, which is very faithful and represents accurately the spirit of the Irish without any affectation of archaism. The translation of *findruine* by *electron* seems doubtful.

The volume has an additional interest from the fact that it is one of the last publications connected with the name of the late Professor Strachan, who read it in proof. The dedication to him reads now like one more acknowledgment of an irreparable loss. L. WINIFRED FARADAY.

THE CELTIC REVIEW

APRIL 15, 1908

UNPUBLISHED POEMS BY ALEXANDER MACDONALD (MAC MHAIGHSTIR ALASTAIR)

Professor MACKINNON

I. *Variant Versions of Poems already Published.*

THE name of Alexander Macdonald stands so high in Gaelic Literature that any poems which can be proved to have been composed by him must possess the greatest interest to students of Scottish Gaelic. The belief has always been persistent that only a portion of the great poet's compositions has ever been printed. John Mackenzie, who had sources of information not now available—he was, eighty years ago, in communication with an old man, Duncan Mackenzie, who in his boyhood was a pupil in Macdonald's school in Ardnamurchan—makes an explicit statement on this point. Mr. Mackenzie (*Beauties of Gaelic Poetry*, p. 105) writes: 'We have good authority for saying that a tenth of these poems have not been given to the world. His son Ronald had them all in manuscript; but having published a collection of Gaelic poetry, and not meeting with much encouragement for a second volume he allowed his MS. to be destroyed. Dr. M'Eachen, a friend and connection, had the mortification of seeing leaves of them used for various purposes through the house.'

We need not lay too much stress upon the fraction (a tenth) so confidently condescended upon by Mackenzie; but the general statement that Macdonald composed many poems

which have not hitherto been published is undoubtedly correct. It is gratifying to know that a large portion of the MS. here spoken of has escaped destruction. Among several MSS. sent to the Highland (now the Highland and Agricultural) Society of Scotland, when a committee of that Society was making inquiry regarding the authenticity of Ossian's poems, was that now labelled LXIII. in the Advocates' Library Collection of Gaelic MSS. I read this MS. some twenty years ago, and afterwards gave a brief account of it, with an illustrative quotation, in the *Transactions of the Gaelic Society of Inverness* (vol. xvi. pp. 290-1). A closer examination of it made recently has satisfied me that this is beyond doubt the MS. of Alexander Macdonald's poems which was at one time in the possession of his son Ranald; and, further, that it is written in the poet's own hand, a fact which greatly enhances its interest and value. It is a paper MS. of small folio, or large octavo, size, and written about the middle of the eighteenth century. With the exception of one entry, which is not without significance, there is nothing to indicate the history of the MS. before it was sent to Edinburgh. Across the margin of p. 133 is written with a sharp pen, and in clear current hand, 'Mary M'Donald Eachen.' One would fain believe that this lady, who had a share in preserving this valuable document, was related to the Dr. M'Eachen mentioned by Mr. Mackenzie, and to the Angus M'Eachine, 'son-in-law of Boradale, and surgeon formerly to Glengarry's regiment,' who for a time accompanied Prince Charles in his wanderings in Morar (*The Lyon in Mourning*, Scottish History Society, vol. xx. p. 335).

As we now have it, the MS. is only a fragment. It is defective at the beginning, and also at the end. There are, besides, two gaps. It begins abruptly on p. 118. Pages 122-130, and pages 135-142, both inclusive, are awanting. The writing is thereafter continuous on to p. 184, which is the last. With the exception of a word or two, the MS. is written in the old Gaelic hand, and is probably among the last written in this script in Scotland. In 1747 Macdonald informed

Bishop Forbes (Scot. Hist. Soc., vol. xx. p. 354) that he knew of no one except old Clanranald and himself familiar with the old hand. But there must have been others, although by that time probably very few. The Mac Mhuirich *seanachie* of the day was one. Lachlan Mac Mhuirich declared, in 1800, that his father Neil received instruction in reading and writing history and poetry from the latter's uncle Donald, and that he could read the old hand well. This Neil was living when James Macpherson visited the Outer Isles. Alexander Macdonald must have known the man, for according to the son's testimony the poet and his son Ranald carried away some of the parchments which formed part of the library of these Mac Mhuirichs (*Report on Ossian*, p. 275). According to Dr. Donald Smith (*Report on Ossian*, p. 312) the practice of writing in the old Gaelic hand practically discontinued in this country some forty years before he wrote, the most recent specimen which he had himself seen having been written between 1752 and 1768. There is preserved a copy of Macpherson's Gaelic Texts written after 1807 in the old hand, carefully executed by a Mr. Sinclair, who presented his MS. to Sir John Sinclair, so well known in connection with the old *Statistical Account* and the publication of Macpherson's Gaelic Texts. There may be other fugitive efforts of a similar kind, but such may be disregarded in recording the practice of writing Gaelic in Scotland.

Alexander Macdonald wrote the old hand with ease. This MS. is well written in a large, clear hand, and, where the paper is not soiled, is quite legible throughout. The orthography is not quite so satisfactory. The correct and pretty uniform orthography of Bishop Carsewell, followed with fair success by Robert Kirk and the Synod of Argyll in their publications, was by the middle of the eighteenth century the accomplishment of but very few. Among these the poet must be included, for his vocabulary of 1741 and his poems of 1751 are, all things considered, well printed. But the credit of initiating a reform in the spelling of Scottish Gaelic is properly due not to Macdonald but to the Rev. Alexander

Macfarlane of Kilmelford, who, in his translation of Baxter's *Call to the Unconverted* (Glasgow, 1750), made a very successful effort in adapting the old traditional orthography to the sounds of Scottish Gaelic. This much-needed change was still further developed and perfected by the Stewarts and Dr. Smith in the translation of the Scriptures, and has since been adhered to by competent editors and writers of Scottish Gaelic. The orthography of the MS., except in a few instances where the reading is doubtful, is not here reproduced. The poet himself largely deviated from it in the 1751 edition of his poems. Most readers will be inclined to say that we have already a sufficient amount of bad spelling in Gaelic print. The only valid excuse for adding to the stock would be to provide reliable material for the scientific study of Gaelic dialects, and for this purpose the phonology of the MS. does not provide many examples which are not met with in the living speech. The most characteristic feature of the orthography of the MS. is the almost invariable use of *f* for *bh* in the case of the preposition *bho* (*o*), and its combination with the personal pronouns, *fo* for *bho, o*; *fuainn* for *bhuainn, uainn*,—forms which the poet himself discarded in print. Another is the suppression of the nasal, especially in the case of the article and the conjunction *gu'n* before *f, s, l, m, n,* and *r*, a practice which we might follow with advantage. The time-honoured rule of *leathan ri leathan is caol ri caol* is largely ignored in the MS.

The contents of the portion of the MS. now remaining consist of versions of four poems and songs already published, and many others hitherto unpublished, but which, with one doubtful exception, any competent student of the Gaelic poets would from internal evidence alone assign without hesitation to Mac Mhaighstir Alastair. It will be convenient to deal with the contents under this twofold division.

Variant Versions of Poems and Songs already published.—These are four in number: the well-known waulking-song, *Agus ho Mhòrag; Ho ro mo bhobug an dram; A Thearlaich*

mhic Sheumais; and *An Airc.* These are all to be found in the 1751 edition published by Macdonald himself; but, as most readers may not have easy access to that very rare volume, reference is here made to the edition of the poet's works now in the market, that edited by the late Mr. Donald C. Macpherson, of the Advocates' Library, Edinburgh, and published in 1874.

1. The MS. as we now have it opens abruptly on p. 118 with the eighth quatrain of *Agus ho Mhòrag* (*Poems*, p. 62) :—

> Do chùl peucach sios 'na dhualaibh,
> Dhalladh e uaislean le 'lainnir.

The couplets follow thereafter in the same order as in the printed version, with an occasional variant of word or phrase. For example, the printed lines :—

> Mo chion a dheanadh leat éirigh
> Do Chaipten fhein Mac Ic Ailein,

read in the MS.,

> M' eudail a dheanadh leat éirigh
> Sùgh mo chéille Mac Mhic Ailein.

Again, the lines :—

> Dhruideadh na Gaidheil gu léir leat
> Ge b'e dh'éireadh leat no dh'fhanadh,

appear in the MS.,

> Gheilleadh Domhnallaich gu léir dhuit
> Ge b'e dh' éireadh leat no dh' fhanadh.

But the great difference between the printed version of this song and that of the MS. is that the former contains no fewer than fourteen verses not found in the latter. These are (*Poems*, pp. 62-5) Nos. 14, 17, 25, 26, 27, 28, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, and the last two.

2. *Ho ro, mo bhobug, an dram* immediately follows the song *Agus ho Mhorag*, on p. 120 of the MS., and continues to the foot of p. 121, giving eight quatrains in all. Then follows

a gap which no doubt accounts for the omission of the remaining five quatrains (*Poems*, pp. 119-120) of this song. The difference between the MS. and the printed version is hardly worth noting: *dram* is in the MS. written *drachm*; *och, och!* (third quatrain, first line) is in the MS. *Ho ro.* The last line of the same quatrain,

'S tu chuireadh an togail fo m' chuim,

reads in the MS.,

'S tu chuireadh mi 'm chadal am phlum.

In the sixth quatrain, line three, for *olamaid* the MS. gives *glumamaid.*

3. *Tearlach mac Sheumais* (*Poems*, pp. 116-118; MS., pp. 160-164). In connection with this poem Mr. Macpherson (p. 116) records a Lochaber tradition that, on the unfurling of the Royal Standard in Glenfinnan, the bard recited it, with Prince Charles sitting on his knee. It is the case that the poet was known to the Prince before this day. Bishop Forbes (Scot. Hist. Soc., vol. xx. p. 352) relates the following incident; the bishop, be it observed, always speaks of the poet as Captain Alexander Macdonald:—'Captain Alexander Macdonald was on board the frigate in Lochnannuagh before the Prince set his foot on the continent [i..e *the mainland*], but he acknowledges he did not then know that the Prince was among the passengers, who being in a very plain dress, Captain Macdonald made up to him without any manner of ceremony and conversed with him in a very familiar way, sitting close by the Prince, and drinking a glass with him, till one of the name of Macdonald made him such a look that immediately he began to suspect he was using too much freedom with one above his own rank.' Mr. Macpherson justly remarks that the poem, as we now have it, must have been 'retouched' after 1745. In the MS. the last two lines of the first stanza are represented by *etc.*; the second stanza is practically identical with the print; the third stanza of the

print is not in the MS., but instead thereof are given the following seven not hitherto printed :—

Ach ged ghabh leis na blaideirean glaganach bòsdail,
Chuir baidean beag Ghaidheal tri blàir air Righ Dèorsa,
A dh' aindeoin a fòghlum 'sa leòsgair d'a chionn ;
Gus na chruinnich na bh' aca ann am Breatunn 'san Eirinn,
Ann am Flànri ri gaisge, 's Prionns' Hesse ri chéile,
Gu'n chaill iad an spéirid gu leum oirnn le sunnd :
Tha so dhuinn a' dearbhadh gu robh iad 'nan éigin ;
'S na'n éireadh na Gaidheil lom buileach gu léir leinn,
Gu'n closaichteadh Breatunn 's gu'n crùinteadh Righ Seumas,
Le comhrag 's le tapadh luchd bhreacan an fhéilidh,
'S bhiodh Deorsa 's a Reubalaich tarruinn a nunn.

Gu'n do ghearr sibh an lagh sin a rinneadh le shìnnsreadh,
Mar shoileas ri Uilleam gu Seumas a dhìobradh,
An deis duibh Righ Tearlach glan prìseil a mhurt ;
An crùn cha do mheal ach a h-aon diubh le dùrachd,
De'n *line* cheart chinntich fior-rìoghail nan Stiùbhard,
Nach do bhàsaich ar tuagh, ar puinnsion, 's ar cluip.
De Mhairi 's de dh' Anna mar chleoc a' cur sgàile
Air ar traoitearachd shalaich gu'n d'rinn sibh dà bhàn-righ'n ;
'S gach neach d'am bu chòir bhi na shuidh' air a' chathair,
A thilgeil air chùl mar dhiùbhaidh droch bhathair,
Gus an d'fhuair sibh mu dheireadh torc teallaich nam muc.

Tha aiceid fior-oillteil 'n'ur broinn nach faigh fòirinn
Bho aon luibh tha toi(dh)ltinn an coilltibh no 'm mòintich,
Mar tha 'n sannt a chaill còir dhuibh air a' ghlòir os ar cionn ;
Cha'n 'eil leigheas ri fhoighneachd do na traoitearaibh mòr ud,
A ni dhaibh-san sion cobhrach mur dean traoitichean òir e,
Ann am boiseidibh dò-dhil mu chaol-druim an cuim ;
Gach céir is gach *druga* dhiubh so a th'aig Deòrsa,
Bho'n tha chuid fein is ar cuid-ne aig' fo a steòirneadh,
'G am brìbeadh 's 'g an ceannach le h-airgiod 's le stòras,
Gach neach tha gun sion air le rioghalachd shònruicht',
Gu h-araid sliochd deamhnaidh sin Dhiarmaid[1] o' Duibhn'.

'Ur Dia 's 'ur Creideamh ar beagan de dh' òtraich
A bhuinnigeadh a creagaibh de leuganan òrdha,
Gu'n chaill sibh air cinntinn 'n 'ur rógraibh d'ur Prionns',

[1] If this Diarmad is to be identified with the hero of the Ossianic ballad, there will be atleast two 'mentions' of the old Gaelic heroes in Macdonald's poems, the other being Cuchulainn (*Poems*, p. 23).

'Ur rìgh is ar rìoghachd a dhìobairt air stòras,
'S 'ur n-anmannan prìseil air bhrìob thoirt do dheamhnaibh,—
Bha 'n ìobairt ro dhòlach, ge bòidheach na buinn.
Biodh amhluidh sin dhuibhse mar thachair do Iudas,
An coinneamh 'ur claiginn sibh a thuiteam le sùrdaig,
'Ur mionach fo'r caol-druim a' sgàineadh 's a' brùchdadh,
Chionn 'ur *tréus(on)* 's 'ur n-ain-dìsleachd d'ur rìoghaibh 's d'ur dùthaich,
As na rinn sibh de bhùrach feadh gach sgùrr agus luim.

Bidh mìl' Anathéma is ceud Maranàta,
Mu bhathais na béiste rinn Serlus a chàineadh;
Mar sin is na Gaidheil, sliochd ardanach Scuit;
Sliochd dàicheil Ghathelus d'an d'éigheadh buaidh làraich:
'S co b' urra riu tarruinn ann an caithream nan clài'n,
'Nuair a lasadh am mearrdhachd gu fearr-loiteadh tuirc.
'N a leig sibh am baiteal ud Lòchaidh air dhearmad,
'Nuair a bha sinn le'r lannaibh mar choirce 'g 'ur searra-bhuain?
Mar sin 's an Allt-eirinn 'ur *hero* triath Labhar,
A dh'fhag Alastair euchdach gun spéirid gun labhairt,
An reubalach breun sin le 'réisimeid churst'.

Sgap agus sgaoil sibh mar chaoirich roimh mhàrtain,
An là sin Cillsidhe gu'm b' oillteil 'ur sgànradh,
Gach fear 's e ruith teann 's beul cam air gu phluic:
Bha Morair Ghlinn-garaidh 's e ruaig air Mac Cailein,
Air muin a stéid sheanga 'g a dhubhadh 's 'ga theannadh,
'S mur a bhith i thoirt thairis gu'n do ghearradh dheth 'm pluc:
Cha d'fhag sinn riamh duine gun rà'adh fo thalamh,
De na thachair am blàr ruinn de dh'àlach Mhic Cailein:
Gu meal iad a' bhuaidh sin gach aon uair a thachras
Iad ruinne ann an tuasaid, am bualadh, no 'n each-reis,
Gur a leinne bhuaidh lannach 's buaidh pheannach an cuid-s'.

Labhthathar[1] *labh-hathar, labh-hathar*, a Dheórsa,
Gu faigh sinne buaidh ort, 's bidh an tuagh air do sgòrnan,
Gu spàrr an Dia mor thu ann an gaoisne thaobh t' uilc:
Bidh do chadal gle luaineach air do chluasaig an còmhnuidh,
Ma bhios beò-shradag suas diubh cha'n fhuaraich an gò riut,
An dà *chedar* ghlan òg de phòr an deagh stuic;
Ge do chaisg thu do phathadh le fuil ar flath uaibhreach,
Bidh am fion ud ro shearbh dhuit 'nuair a phaigheas tu duais ris.

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[1] In the older language the phrase might be read *làmh t'athar*, *t* (for *do*) being frequently aspirated. So *mh* for *m'* (=*mo*). Cf. *supra*, vol. ii. p. 32, *n.* 2.

Làbh-hathar e fathast, a *chanibal* Dhuidsich,
Bidh a feòlach sin daor dhuit mu dheireadh a' chluich
A rinn t'athair . . . . . .

FINID.

4. *An Airc* (*Poems*, pp. 134-145; MS. pp. 169-174). The MS. version of this poem differs so much from that published that no satisfactory comparison can be made without having access to both. Accordingly, although the poem is somewhat long, it is here printed in its entirety. The published version runs to 78 quatrains; the MS. version to 64. Twenty quatrains of the MS. are not found in the published version, eight of which are in the preface or introduction. On the other hand the printed version contains over thirty quatrains not found in the MS. Among these are the generous eulogy on Captain Duncan Campbell (*Poems*, pp. 138-9); the quatrains dealing with Colin of Glenure (p. 142); *Lachann dubh Bhaile-Ghrogain* (pp. 143-4), and others. In many cases the order of sequence is transposed; in others the text is largely altered.

Here is the text of 'The Ark' as in the MS. :—

Adhra[1] mhìalach nan cat,
Air dhealbh nathrach 's a grunnd fuar,
'Nuair thig Tomas le chuid each,
Bidh là nan creach mu d' bhruaich.

Thig seann fhàisdinnean, gu teach,
Bheir a chuidheall car mu'n cuairt,
Am fear tha lòsal bidh gu h-àrd,
Fear eile gu làr gu luath.

Thig claidheamh, tein' agus càs,
Tuil-bheum sgriosach, bhàiteach bhuan,
Air gach seorsa sluaigh is caorach,
Eadar Adhrá 's Uisge Chluaidh.

Bidh t' inbhir 's do ghlinn an staid chruaidh,
Lasair ruadh a' gualadh stiall,
Frasan teine tolladh sgamhan,
Pìob is canain feannadh chiad.

[1] The river *Aora* of *Inbhear-aora*, 'Inveraray.'

Na prionnsach' cho cruaidh ri creig,
'G éirigh air an corra-biod,
Ri steiceadh lag toirt orr' glag,
Aig meud am buig.

Tha dioghaltas le guth àrd,
Mar bha fuil Abeil 's an speur,
'G iolach 's ag ùirnigh gu h-àrd
Gort is plàigh theachd air gach cré.

Air gach cré a dhearg an làmh
Anns na rinneadh oirnn de bhruid,
De dh' uaislibh onarach prìseil
Nan tri rìoghachd bho ghniomh curst'.

Thig plaighean na h-Eiphit gu léir
Bho speuraibh 's an talamh g'ur murt,
Cuid eile dhiobh leum bharr chreagaibh,
Mar a thachair do'n treud mhuc.

Ged chaidh mi gu m' shuain gu h-òrdail,
Mar bu chòir do'n h-uile Criosdaidh,
Chunnacas bruadar de dh'ion bòcain,
Chuir air bhalla-chrith m'fheòil is m'fhiaclan.

An déis dhomh tuiteam ann am chadal,
Chunnacas aisling chuir orm cùram,
Guth 'g am mhosgladh suas gu sgairteil,
Dol air theachdaireachd 'nuair dhùisginn;

Dhol chur nan Guibhneach[1] 'na faicill,
Gu'n robh cruaidh bhreitheanas oillteil
Ri teachd orr' as leth am peacaidh,
An cuid creach, 's an cleachdadh *treusoin*.

'S gur beag nach b' aithreach le Dia
Gu'n do ghin e riamh am pòr,
Dream a thréig an Dia 's an rìoghachd,
'S a rinn ìodhol d'an cuid òir.

Dh'earbadh rium esan a ruighinn,
Alastair cridhe lean deònach,
Ris an standard sin Phrionns' Teàrlach,
Dh'fhuilngeadh bàs as leth na còrach.

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[1] *Guibhneach* for *Duibhneach*, 'a Campbell,' from the early surname *O'Duibhne*.

Dh' earail an guth labhairt ris-san,
A chlisgeadh fios chur air saoraibh,
A dheanadh gun fhàilinn da (f)àrdoch,
Ro' n tuil ghàbhaidh bha gu taosgadh.

'S amhuil sin a labhair mise,
Gun ghnè chur ris no thoirt bhuaithe;
Labhair mi ris rìoghail, sgairteil,
Dol mu'n teachdaireachd ri luaithir.

A Naoi Chaimbeulaich an àigh,
Dean Airce dhuit féin a bhios pailt,
Sàbhail do theaghlach gu luath,
Tha 'n tuil ruadh a' teachd air n-ais.

Cha ruig i leas a bhi ro mhòr,
Gu foghainn dhi a bhi beag,
Ceithir fichead làmh-choille 's a dhà,
'S biodh i cho làidir ri creig.

Cha d'thainig duine bho d'fhreumh,
A shìolaich bho baron chúiphochd,[1]
Saor bho bhuilsgean Loch-nan-eala,
Mur faigh carraid gu faigh croich.

Sibh fein as coireach ri 'r dìteadh,
A thréigsinn 'ur rìgh 's 'ur dùthcha,
'Nuair dhìobair sibh Dia 's an fhìrinn,
'S oighre glan *lìneach* rìgh Stiubhard.

Tog de d' mhobhsgaid 's thoir ort sùrd
Air Airc ùr a dheanamh suas,
Thig an tuil-bheum ud cho cas,
Mar thig fras am Faoilleach fuar.

Paidhir de gach seors' as fearr
As gach meur a chinn á d' stoc,
Thoir cuide riut anns an Airc,
Tha muir bàite-sa teacht ort.

Mu mhnaibh, cha tig iad ad charaibh,
Cha'n 'eil cunnart orra 'n dràsta,
Bho nach nàdarra d'an seòrsa
Éirigh le Deòrsa no Teàrlach.

Ma thig a' bhana-bhàrd ad lìonaibh,
Osdag mhì-narach an Obain,
Ceangail acair rì(the) de bhranndaidh,
Gu bhi toirt dram do na rònaibh.

[1] The reading is clear. ' Whence the designation?

Ach ma chinneas i 'na Ionah,
A' slugachdainn beò le muic mhara,
Gu meal i a cairtealan fheòlain,
Ach a sgeith air còrsa Chanaidh.

Bàrcaidh an tuil 'nuair nach saoil thu,
'S maith a dh'fhaoidte gur h-ann an diugh
Tàrr leat do dhilsean 's gach caraid,
'S Barrnacaraidh fàg a muigh.

Thig so cho cas ri beum-sléibhe,
Sgrothaidh e leis gach ni thachras,
Na Caimbeulaich bho'n is réubail,
Lomaidh e geur bho na clachaibh.

Gun trocaire cuirear as daibh,
Lannar as iad le reachd àraid,
Gu h-àraid Herod Iudea
Sgrios clann Bhethel 'sireadh Theàrlaich.

Na tugadh dì-chuimhn' no mobhsgaid
Ort Loudon fhagail an dearmad,
'S fear eile ni mach am paoidhre,
Ge bu traoitear gheibh e tearmunn.

Thoir dhachaidh Dughall is Iain,
'S gach fear tha dligheach dhuit teasraig,
'S de gach teaghlach eile càraid,
Cuir ad Airc, ach fàg Sroneasgair.

Tomhais agus cuir ri meidh iad,
An dias as cudamaich dhiubh tearuinn,
Mur faigh thu cuplachadh ceart diubh,
Leis a' chraiceann leig an t-earball.

Na toir neach air bòrd gu d'leastair
Ach pòr de fhleasgaichibh calma,
Na leig gnè eunlaith a steach ort,
Ach gu teachdaireachd dà chalaman.

Achachrosain 's Achamhuilinn,
Fàg aig an tuil iad d'an stìopadh,
Gus an caill iad an cuid saluinn
Fhuair iad á saille (an) sìnnsreadh.

Tilg mac prothaist Donnchadh 's an fheamainn,
Gu deanamh do Neptun ceilpe,
'S mur h-òl e na gheibh e 'n t-sàile,
Sìor chum ris an daoi-fhear *celti*.

Edarlinn a chinn 'na *chocles*,
Seumas am procadair cliùtach,
Tilg fo bheinn nam barr-rochd iad,
Mallachd nochd is bhochd ud Mhùideart.

Mar sin agus Noble goiceach,
Poca croite bhios aig Iudas;
'S ge toigh le d'chàirdean a' phlàigh ud,
Leig fo shàil an daoi-fhear dùbailt'.

Cum a muigh gach fear de d'sheòrsa,
As Deòrsach da rireadh 'na chridhe;
Na ceum thairis do *Chomission*,
Mu'n dean na's miosa riut tighinn.

Druid a mach lobhar na h-Oitreach
Gus an caill e otrach dheamhnaidh,—
Gu faic mi toradh do mhalairt
Teachd le ballaibh as do sgòrnan.

Cum ri Sir Donnchadh an *càbin*,
'S buin gu còir ri Inbhear-atha
'S bho bhios tu pailt de dhibh Fhrangaich,
Cum gun taing riu casg am pathaidh.

Mu dheidhinn fir Choire-chunna,
Na fàg an cunnart nan tonn e,
Thoir air bòrd a steach an duine ud,
'S buin ris urramach neo-lombais.

Cum a mach fear Chnoc-buidhe,
Ach guidheam ort na leig a bhàthadh,
Ceangail gu daingean ris *buoi*,
Bheir snàmh dha 'n uidheam a' chrà-gheoidh.

S nuair nighear e d'a ana-bhlas Deorsach,
'S an fhairg' air a leon air fas miota
Spìon a steach e 's thoir dha *cordial*,
A bheir beò e 'n deis a shliobraich.

Bidh tigh Chaladair an dòchas
Gu leig thu air bòrd gu léir iad,
Bho'n tha 'n cogais teann 'g an sgròbadh
Nach h-e Deòrsa an rìgh ach Seumas.

Ach coinnsionaicheam thu le h-òrdugh
An Rìgh mhòir d'an còir dhuit géilleadh,
Tilg a mach iad uile air flèodradh,
'S àrcan mor fo chòrr an sgéithe.

Bidh sin mar phurgadair aca,
'G an glanadh 's 'gan cartadh bho 'n òtraich,
An sin 'nuair sgùrar iad bho 'm peacadh,
Thoir gu caomh a steach air bòrd iad.

Ceangail cù, cat, is clach-mhuilinn,
Ri muineal burrail Mhic Nibhein,
Tilg sios e le neart 's le cudum [1]
An craos sluganach na dìleann.

Air neo, ma's e do thoil fein e,
Cum agad e gu feum fithich,
'S biodh e cuide ris a' chalaman;
Gu'n cuirt' air falbh iad 'nan dithis.

Southall, creachadair nam bantrach,
Nan dilleachdan fann, 's nan deòraidh,
Iobair suas air altair Neptuin,
Air son a chreachan 's a dhò-bheart.

Tighearna nan Ard, ma chasas
E riut 's e 'g asnachadh dìdein,
Tha e de sheòrsa glan suairce
Nach robh fuar do'n teaghlach rìoghail.

Thoir dhasan ionad cho taitneach
'S a bhios agad anns an Airce,
Biadh is aodach 's mòran dibhe,
'S giullachd gu h-innich d'a chàirdean.

Caiptin Sgibinnis an traoitear,
Ged robh e raoiceil 's a' gal riut,
Tearmad no iochd cha do thoill e,
Rìgh nan slaoightirean am balach.

Ceangail bolla lìn mu mhiadhon
Bheir pian dha 's dligheach d'a choire,
'S nuair bhios e de phlubraich curraidh,
Slaod leat gu h-ullamh a stigh e.

Donnachadh buidhe Mac-an-Aba,
An glagaire fada seòlta,
Thoir urchair dha air an aigeal
Gu leaba chadail nan sòrnan.

Gabh air laimh Iain bàn na Coinnil,
Mo dhilsein coinniullach gràdhach,
Thoir dha biadh is deoch is coinneal,
Boul agus gloine 's a' *chàbin*.

[1] *Cudum*, a favourite word with the author, perhaps a variant of *cudthrom*.

Mo bheannachd ort fein, a bhobain,
Nach do dh'ob bhi rìoghail deònach,
An saoghal busgadach claon-cham,
'S do chinneadh daonda le Dèorsa.

B' anabharrach do chudum rìoghail,
Nach do spìonadh mar ri càch thu,
Leis an tuil-bheum ud bha coitcheann
Eadar an Oitir 's Bucàrna.

An eachdrainnean Sheumuis bidh sgrìobhta
D'a mhac prìseil do neo-mhealltachd,
Cho làn de bhuadhannan rìoghail
Ri h-ugh brìdein mu uchd Bealltainn.

Gheibh thu cùirt is moran cliù,
'S bidh tu buidheach air a dheireadh,
Dean cabhag air tèarr 's air ballaibh,
'S dean Airc de dharach Loch Seile.

Mac Dheòrs' òig, ged thuit e 'm peacadh,
Le impidh prasgain 's le gòraich,
Leig plumadh dha dh'ionnsuidh'n aigeil,
'S thoir gu grad a steach le d' ròp e.

Spàrr Aisginnis ann an tuba,
'S fàg e fo luideart an anfhaidh,
Biodh e measg nan tonn air uideil,
Gus an caill e chuid de'n ain(th)eas.

Ma dh' fhair'eas tu Caiptin Donnchadh
Am measg an tromlaich 'g ad ruighinn,
'G ad atach a' guidhe bùird ort,
Cuidhill gu sùrdail steach 'nad chrì' e.

Richardson, grad thilg thar stoc e,
'S tric a thog dhuinn tosta Thèarlaich,
Bho 'n a shleamhnaich e 'na chreideamh,
Ascaoin Eaglais air a' mhèirleach.

Gach ministeir Guibhneach bha 'g ùirnigh,
'S a shùilean dùinte 'g ar damnadh,
Fàg ann am purgadair bùirn e,
Gus an caill e sgùrainn anma.

Ma chi thu fear a' chreidimh dhìomhair
A' fuireach gu gle chian an uachdar,
Ma sgairteas e 'Dia 's Righ Seumas,'
Spìon le teumadh steach air ghruaig e.

Ach gabh-sa mu thimchioll do ghnothaich,
Gun mhoill, gun choimheirp, gun fhàillinn,
'S mar a dh'àithn am B(r)igadier,
Air chionn na dìle dean Airce.

FINID.

A comparison of the two versions of these poems and songs proves, to my mind, that the MS. was written by Alexander Macdonald after the disastrous campaign of the '45 was over, but before 1751, when he published his volume, one might say even before the humane administration of the forfeited estates of Moydart by Captain Duncan Campbell was fully established. The poet, in the interval, added some of the most striking couplets to the famous *Agus ho Mhòrag*, as *e.g.* :—

Leanaidh mi cho dlùth ri d'shàiltean
Agus bàirneach ri sgeir mhara.

He found reason to suppress seven stanzas of the poem *A Thearlaich mhic Sheumais* and to add one, while he largely revised 'The Ark.' The deletions and additions in this last poem are very interesting. Several of the suppressed quatrains of the Introduction are crude and unmusical, but the same cannot be said of the remarkable verse (MS. No. 12), which is quite in the poet's vein when he means to strike hard, nor of those in praise of John Bane of Connel, which for one reason or other he also deleted. The most remarkable addition is the eulogy on Captain Duncan Campbell, a man whom he castigates brutally in an earlier poem (MS. p. 155), as will be seen later. It may be added that some of the many changes on this poem are so far indicated in the MS. itself. There are deletions and substitutions of text, marks and crosses on the margin opposite lines and verses which are suppressed or altered or transposed in the published version, while the quatrain—

Air neo ma's e do thoil fein e,
Cum agad e gu feum fithich,
'S biodh e cuide ris a' chalaman,
Gu'n cuirt' air falbh iad 'n an dithis—

is written, in a smaller and perhaps a different hand, on the top margin of p. 173. The fact is, the MS. version of 'The Ark' must be regarded as a rough draft of which the published version is the final revise; so that with respect to this poem we are able to have a look at the great Jacobite Bard in his study, or, as he himself says elsewhere, in his 'closet,' where, he adds, the Muses frequently visited him.

A SKETCH OF WELSH LITERATURE

ARTHUR HUGHES

INTRODUCTION

So far as I am aware, there has not hitherto been published any attempt to give a brief connected outline of the history of Welsh literature from the earliest times to our own day. I am therefore not without hope that the present sketch may reasonably but very diffidently claim to indicate the lines along which such an attempt might be made, though, being the first of its kind, it cannot be regarded otherwise than as tentative. Its defects will be found to be many. My own youth, apart from any other consideration, precludes me from having acquired the necessary scholarship and experience to do justice to the subject. Still, 'the atrocious crime of being a young man,' as Pitt would say, need not prevent one from trying to do one's best, even in spite of a precarious state of health. Scientific and scholastic these articles are not meant to be; it has been intended rather that they should be interesting to those who may be desirous of having some idea as to what there really is in Welsh in the way of literature. An exhaustive and complete account of Welsh literature is impossible in the present state of Welsh scholarship. Even the drawing up of a sketch such as the following purposes to be I have found by no means an easy task,—so little has been done, so much remains to be got through, before anything like

a working number of facts can be brought together. Much of the best of several writers is still in manuscript, and likely to remain so for some time, though a beginning has been made, and the buried treasure, slowly but surely, is being dug out and brought to the light of day. Many an important question, too, is unanswered, and many an interesting problem unsolved; and of these there are some that we can hardly expect will ever be satisfactorily determined.

It has been thought well to give a fairly representative number of selections, which, except where otherwise stated, are given in the modern spelling, and in the translation of which I have usually been compelled to adopt a version of my own, not because I think it the best, but for lack of any beside, yet wherever possible making use of translations by others. These I have taken the liberty of attempting to correct when the rendering seemed manifestly wrong. Regarding my own versions, I may say in the words of another translator of Welsh—the Rev. Evan Evans, in one of his letters (1763)—'Nid oes gennyf fi ddim i'w ddywedyd yn amgen na bod ein beirdd ni yn odidog yn y Gymraeg, ac i mi wneuthur fy ngoreu er gwneuthur cyfiawnder iddynt yn y cyfieithiad; ond gorchest drom iawn honno,'—'I can only say that our bards are most beautiful in the Welsh, and that I have done my best to do them justice in the translation; but it is a very difficult feat.' In each case it has been the aim more to give the meaning than to preserve the beauty of the original, whether prose or poetry. It is indeed a difficult feat to undertake to translate into English verse correctly Welsh poetry written in the 'Mesurau Ceithion' or 'Restricted Metres,' and preserve something of the poetic beauty of form unimpaired. And the flexibility and peculiar homely sweetness of the Welsh language itself adds to the difficulty. Both in its consonant system and in its vowel system—the beauty of the latter of which since the close of the Classical Period of poetry has never been sufficiently understood or appreciated—the language possesses a euphony unknown to those who have no knowledge of a Celtic speech. It is not a language

of consonants, as some English critics not conversant with it have imagined; not even in its written form does it require more consonants than English, or indeed so many. The digraphs and other combinations of consonants, to which attention is so often drawn, are, like their English cousins, due to the poverty of the Latin alphabet. It has always appeared strange to Welshmen that their language should be accused of being all consonants by those whose own tongue contains such combinations of consonants as 'strength,' 'stretcht,' texts' (=teksts), 'mightst,' 'stoppst,' 'crusht,' 'months,' 'cruncht,' 'crumpld,' and hundreds of similar words. Neither is Welsh guttural, but, like French, is spoken with the lips; it is really English, philologists tell us, which is spoken in the throat. Prejudice can go far in assigning to others qualities which a closer and juster view shows apply better at home. Let us only be fair. For, like all languages, the Welsh language in its various dialects expresses the character of those whose it is; such as the Welsh themselves are, so is their language. 'Language,' says Holmes, 'is a solemn thing; it grows out of life—out of its agonies and ecstasies, its wants and its weariness. Every language is a temple in which the soul of those who speak it is enshrined.' And it is this soul which the translator should try to make intelligible to the readers and the listeners for whom he translates. I have here rarely attempted to translate the poetry into English verse; far more would be lost than gained. Fortunately, 'what is really best in any book,' as Emerson says, 'is translatable—any real insight or broad human sentiment.'

It should be mentioned that I have not scrupled to make use of all material within reach; being a compilation, the following sketch abounds in plagiarism. I found it almost impossible to make individual acknowledgment in every case where I purloined from the works of other writers on the same subject.

The Periods of Welsh Literature.

For something over two thousand years—how much we cannot say—Welsh, in stages of development which we now call by different names, has lived on in the southern part of Britain, spreading from the east to the west; first as the language of the dominant class, then as the language of the people. The history of the literature of 'this long and still vigorous life' falls naturally into four well-defined periods, each with its own special characteristics.

I. Before the twelfth century, —— -1100.

Of the earlier portion of this period there is no record. The remains of the later portion point to the existence of what seems to have been a fairly extensive literature, much of it, as might naturally be expected, being poetry of a warlike and elegiac character.

II. From the twelfth century to the time of Dafydd ap Gwilym, 1100-1380.

A period of much literary activity. Both poetry and prose flourish, with the curious peculiarity that, as it has been remarked, the poetry is often prosaic, while the prose is poetical. The great prose work of the period is the Mabinogion.

III. From Dafydd ap Gwilym to the translation of the Bible into Welsh by Bishop Morgan, 1380-1588.

A period almost exclusively of poetry, mostly composed in imitation of the style of, and in the metre employed by Dafydd ap Gwilym, who revolutionised Welsh poetry, and created a new period. Modern Welsh really begins with him. Towards the end of the period printed books begin to appear.

IV. From the translation of the Bible to the present day, 1588-1908.

A period of poetry and prose of all kinds.

First Period.

From the earliest times to the twelfth century, A.D., —— -1100.

This period subdivides into an earlier portion, called the Brythonic Period, when the language was inflectional, and a later portion, called the Old Welsh Period, which begins after the inception of the general pruning and softening down process that has gradually made Welsh what it now is.

Brythonic Period.

What the Brythonic period had deserving the name of literature cannot be determined. Cæsar, half a century before the Christian era, tells us that the Druids of Gaul used to learn by rote a large number of verses, which were not committed to writing. It is not unreasonable to suppose that a similar custom obtained amongst the Britons or Brythons of Britain, of the same stock as the Gauls, for we are told that the latter came here to be perfected in Druidic lore. Whether this was so or not, there is no proof of it; merely the faint voice of tradition which echoes that three-line stanzas were once in use, and that the falling of things into threes and triads in the hands of the Welshman is by no means new. All of this early Brythonic time that has come to us is a number of 'proper names of men and places mentioned in works written in Latin or Greek from the time of Pytheas down.'

Old Welsh Period.

When we enter the Old Welsh Period we see a greater number of landmarks, and the prospect begins to brighten, though slowly at first. To this period belong the Glosses, which are Old Welsh words written here and there on Latin manuscripts to explain such of the Latin words as presented difficulty to some Welsh students of the ninth and tenth centuries. Possibly some of the earlier Glosses may reach back to the eighth century, but this is doubtful. Of the manuscripts containing Glosses may be mentioned as examples that at Oxford known as Oxoniensis Prior, which consists of several parts; and two of those at Cambridge, the one of

which contains the Christian poet Iuuencus's paraphrase of the Gospels, the other poetry by Martianus Capella—a Carthaginian who wrote Latin verse in the fifth century. These manuscripts were probably written and annotated 'for use in the monastic schools of Wales.' It is a pity those old Welshmen were such good scholars; had they known less Latin we should probably be able to learn a little more about them and their language; they would have glossed more.

Prose.

There are also in the Liber Landavensis or Llyfr Llan Dâf —the book of Llan Dâv or Llandaff in South Wales—'several boundaries and other bits of Welsh' belonging to this period. The book itself is a collection of Church documents in Latin, and was written in the next period, being therefore of later date than the Welsh it contains. It is supposed to have been compiled by a certain 'Galfrid, the brother of Urban, the last bishop of Llandaff mentioned in it. This Galfrid is identified by Dr. Gwenogvryn Evans with Geoffrey of Monmouth.' The oldest manuscript of it, and apparently the original one, is that at Gwysaney, or Gwysannau, in Flintshire. There are two printed editions; one brought out in 1840, the other at Oxford in 1893.

The Laws.

Next we have the Laws, which, we are told, are the tribal customs of Old Wales reduced to writing by Hywel Dda, or Howell the Good, Prince of Wales, in the tenth century. 'The preamble prefixed to each of the codes that has been handed down to us in substance (though in varying language) records that Howel summoned four men from each cantref in his dominions to the Ty Gwyn, which is identified by modern antiquaries and far-reaching tradition with Whitland in Carmarthenshire,' to compile the Laws. The compilation is called by Welshmen 'Hen Lyfr y Ty Gwyn,' the Old Book of the White House. 'This ancient manuscript has not come

down to us, and what we have is a number of manuscripts of considerably later dates, presenting a general similarity in substance combined with considerable differences in detail. These manuscripts appear to be transcripts of older books, which had probably received additions from time to time either authoritative, as coming from a ruler, or as being the notes of judges or lawyers who had become the possessors of documents which were naturally, from the difficulty of reproduction and the paucity of their number, extremely valuable.'[1]

The earliest Welsh manuscript of the Laws is the Venedotian version, embodying the laws and customs of North Wales, written in the latter part of the twelfth century, and contained in the Black Book of Chirk, now in the collection of manuscripts at Peniarth, in Merionethshire. The best printed edition is that of Aneurin Owen, published in 1841.

Although these ancient records scarcely come under the head of literature, as the term is usually understood, it may not be wholly out of place to cull a selection or two. The following description of the form of pleading in respect of landed property is not without its literary interest:—

'Gwedi darffo eistedd yn gyfreithiol, fel y dywedasom ni uchod, yna y mae iawn i'r ynad ddywedyd wrth y ddwyblaid, "Ymddywedwch o gyfraith weithon."

'Ac yna iawn i'r ynad ofyn i'r hawlwr, "Pwy dy gyngaws di, a phwy dy ganllaw?" Ac yna y mae iawn i'r hawlwr eu henwi. Ac yna y mae iawn i'r ynad ofyn i'r hawlwr, "A ddodi di golli a chaffael yn eu pen hwythau?" Ac yna y mae iawn i'r hawlwr ddywedyd "Dodaf," eb ef. Ac yna y mae iawn i'r ynad ofyn i'w gyngaws ac i'w ganllaw, a safant hwy iddo ef, yn yr hyn y mae ef yn ei ddodi arnynt hwy. Ac yna y mae iawn iddynt hwythau ddywedyd, "Safwn."'

'After they have sat legally, as we have said above, then it is right for the judge to say to both parties, "Do you now mutually speak of law."

'And then it is right for the judge to ask the plaintiff: "Who is thy pleader, and who is thy guider?" And then it is right for the

[1] *The Welsh People*, Rhys and Jones.

plaintiff to name them. And then it is right for the judge to ask the plaintiff: "Wilt thou put to lose and to gain in their hands?" And then it is right for the plaintiff to say, "I will." And then it is right for the judge to ask his pleader and his guider whether they will stand by him in what he is intrusting to them. And then it is right for them to say: "We will."'

The same questions having been put to the defendant:—

'Yna y mae iawn i'r ynad ddywedyd wrth yr hawlwr: "Hawl di weithon dy hawl." Ac yna y mae iawn i'r hawlwr ddechreu.'

'Then it is right for the judge to say to the plaintiff: "State now thy cause." And then it is right for the plaintiff to begin.'

Another passage tells us how Welsh young men of the olden time came of age at fourteen:—

'Ym mhen y bedwaredd flwyddyn ar ddeg y dyly y tad ddwyn ei fab ar yr arglwydd, a' i orchymyn iddo. Ac yna y dyly yntau wrhau iddo, a bod wrth fraint ei arglwydd. Ac ei hun piau ateb drosto o bob hawl a ofynner iddo. Ac ei hun piau meddu ei dda. Ac ni ddyly ei dad ei faeddu mwy nag estron; ac os maedd, gan gwyno o'r mab rhagddo, ef a fydd dirwyog, ac a wna iawn iddo o'i sarhad.'

'At the end of the fourteenth year the father is to bring his son to the lord, and commend him to his charge. And then the youth is to do him homage, and to be on the privilege of his lord. And he is himself to answer to every claim that may be made on him. And he is himself to possess his property. And his father is not to correct him, more than a stranger; and if he corrects him, upon complaint made by the son against him he shall be subject to fine, and shall do him right for the insult.'

As we have seen, the extant copies of the Laws include the additions and amendments of later times. 'No copy of the text in its original form is known to be extant,' and though 'the Chirk Codex represents Welsh prose of any extent in its most primitive form, and the manuscript must be regarded as a transcript of an earlier one,' we cannot be certain that we have the prose of Howel Dda's time as it was then written, or that we have it not.

So much, then, for the prose of the period. But it is not to be supposed that the subject is exhausted. Whether

there was anything much in the way of a *written* prose literature during this period, it is not possible to say; that there existed an immense mass of traditional, floating literature is without doubt. The Arthurian legend was not new; traditional lore about old Celtic gods and heroes, about magic and illusion, were fertile themes for the 'storiawyr' or story-tellers of the time. And perfect prose, like that of the Mabinogion of the next period, does not as a rule spring into existence without there having been a long and adequate preparation.

Poetry.

Besides all this, there is a body of poetry, attributed to various bards, but chiefly to the three, Aneirin, Llywarch Hên, or Llywarch the Aged, and Taliesin, who seem to have lived somewhere in the darkness of this Old Welsh Period. Here we have the starting-point of Welsh literature as known to us, and hence the present period is called in Welsh 'Cyfnod y Cynfeirdd,' or the 'Period of the Primitive Bards.' The poems which are ascribed to these doughty minstrels of long ago will be the subject of the next article.

(*To be continued.*)

NIGHEAN RIGH EIREANN

Kenneth Macleod

[The story which this ballad tells is a favourite one in Gaelic lore. A young hero goes to woo the King of Erin's daughter, who, however, makes such impossible conditions that the suitor leaves in a temper. No sooner is he gone than the lady changes her mind and, disguising herself as a milkmaid, meets him among the shielings, makes love unblushingly to him, and brings him to her feet. Soon after this encounter the hero takes ill, and lies on a fever-bed for five quarters —but never once in all that time comes his lady-love to inquire for him. When at last she does come, she merely flings a word at him, but even that is enough to pull him out of bed and send him to the shinty-strand to do great deeds. There, after he has relieved his

feelings by cursing womankind for their sauciness and fickleness, he suddenly discovers that the King of Erin's daughter and the maid of the shieling are one and the same person—and there and then he carries her away to the church and marries her.

To form the text given here, five different versions (picked up respectively in Eigg, Skye, Uist, Lorn, and Morvern) have been collated; also, use has been made of the fragment printed in Sinclair's *Oranaiche*. The ballad is written in literary form, but peculiarities of diction have, of course, been preserved.]

Chaidh mi shuirghe air nighinn Righ Eireann,
Dh'iarr an cailin nì nach b' fheudar—
Caisteal air gach cnocan gréine,
Muileann air gach sruth an Eirinn,
Aighean-dàra air gach réidhlidh,[1]
Gaisgich a' sior-chur an t-sléibhe
Fhad 's a mhaireas ré na gréine,
Cat air am biodh tri fichead earball,
Cù le dà shuil dheug 'na eudann
'S uiread eile chon na h-éilde,
Each a dh' itheadh Càin na h-Eireann[2]
'S air nach beireadh luaths na Féinne,
Long is fir a dheanadh reubadh
O Dhruim-Suain[3] gu Tir-na-Gréige.
Thug i mionnan, bòid is briathar,
Nach sìneadh i a taobh ri m' chliathaich
Gus am faigheadh i a h-iarrtas.
'S ma thug ise bòid is briathar,
Gu'n tug mise bòid is briathar,
Chaoidh nach tillinn-sa 'ga h-iarraidh,
Chaoidh nach bithinn-sa 'ga h-iargain,
Chaoidh nach deanadh gaol mo liathadh
Eadar so is là an diorrais,
Chailin ŏ hĭ hiù rĭ bhŏ ŏ,
Chailin òig, an stiùir thu mi?

Latha dhomh 's mi siubhal fàsaich,
Thainig cailin donn na h-àiridh,
'Cailin mise, buachaill' thusa,
Cailin o innis nam bò mi,

---

[1] The word is given as pronounced. Is it a genuine old dative?

[2] See Nicholson's *Gaelic Proverbs*, p. 123.

[3] *Druim-Suain*, lit. 'the ridge of Sweden'—the mountain range, Kjölen (Keel), between Norway and Sweden. See Windisch's *Irische Texte*, vol. i. p. 160—six lines from foot.

Cailin o charraig nan crò mi,
Cailin mi 's gu'n tug mi gràdh duit
Nach tug piuthar riamh d'a bràthair,
Nach tug bean d'a clochran-tàlaidh,
Nach tug bó d' a laogh air àiridh,
Nach tug an t-ùan geal d'a mhàthair;
Cailin mise rodaidh[1] riabhach,
'S ged thigeadh mac an righ 'gam iarraidh,
Ged thig, cha ghabhainn e am bliadhna;
'S ged a thigeadh mac an iarla,
Ged thig, cha ghabhadh mar an ciadna:
'S mòr gu'm b'annsa leam am buachaill'
Theid a mach air oidhche fhuaraidh
'S a chuireas an crodh-laoigh 'na bhuailidh.'[2]
Chailin o hi hiù ri bho o,
Chailin òig, nach stiuir thu mi?

Thainig mi dhachaidh an tràth sin,
'S cha b' fhada mar sin a bha mi
Gus 'na laigh mi 'n teasaich plàighe.
Thug mi 'm laighe bliadhn' is ràithe,
'S cha'n fhacas an cailin dàna
Tigh'nn a dh' fharraid ciamar bha mi.
Ach latha cheann na coigeamh ràithe,
Rainig i 'n uinneag a b' àirde,
'Fhir ud tha stigh, ciamar tha thu?'
'Cha'n 'eil mis' ach tùrsach cràiteach,
Falt mo chinn 'na dhualaibh làmh rium.'
'Airtneal orm mur b'fhearr leam slàn thu'—
'S shìn an cailin mach do'n àiridh.
Dh' eirich mise moch am màireach;
Chaidh mi sios ri taobh na tràghad:
Ghlac mi caman, chuir mi bàire.[3]
Chluich mi rithist 's chuir mi dhà dhiubh;
Chuir mi leth-chluich air Righ Mànus;
Leth-chluich eil' air Righ na Spàinte.
'S thainig an cailin donn làmh rium

---

[1] 'Rough,' 'forward'—with a suggestion of 'plain looks.'

[2] See note on *reidhlidh*. In the West the preposition *an* still retains its double use, like the Latin *in*. *C'àite bheil thu fuireach? An tigh Aonghais. C'àite bheil thu dol? 'Na bhùthaidh.*

[3] Two words are used in this ballad for a 'hail' in shinty—*bàire* and *leth-chluich*. In Eigg *leth-chluich* means one 'hail,' *cluich* two 'hails,' *cluich gu leth* three 'hails.' In Morvern and Mull the words used are—*leth-bhair, bàire, bàire gu leth*. In many districts, however, *bàire* means one 'hail.'

'S dh' fharraid i ciod e mar bha mi,
'Maith le m' charaid, olc le m' nàmhaid.'
Chrom i 'ceann is rinn i gàire.
'Eisd, a bhean gun chiall gun nàire,
Mur bitheadh domh gur bean mo mhàthair,
'S gur bean eile ghabh air làr mi,
Dheanainn uirsgeul air na mnàibh,
Iad mar shionnach a' ruith am fàsaich,
No mar easgainn dol fo làthaich,
'S ionnan banarach na h-àiridh
'S nighean Righ Eireann 'san àilgheas.'
Thog i 'ceann is rinn i gàire—
'S dh'aithnich mi 'san uair mo cheud-ghradh
Beul a' mhire 's a'cheol-gàire,
Gu'm b'e sid i 's beul na h-àbhachd,
'S reult na h-Eireann 'na cuid àilleachd—
'S thug mi 'na chlachan[1] air làimh i,
'S bhòidich 's bhriathraich i an tràth sin
Nach gabhadh i fear eil' am àite.
Chailin o hi hiù ri bho o,
Chailin òig, gu'n stiuir thu mi!

STORIES OF THE MOUND-DWELLERS.

DAVID MACRITCHIE.

IN the folklore of most European countries, perhaps of all, there are many stories of a race of people whose dwellings were in hollow mounds, or actually underground. These stories often contain an element of the unreal and impossible; but, on the other hand, they are frequently quite matter-of-fact, their accounts of the subterranean people indicating a race not very different from ourselves. It has long been a habit of most writers to deal with traditions of this class as purely the outcome of the popular imagination; this conclusion being based on the assumption that no real race could possibly live in earthen mounds or underneath the ground. But this objection has been quite disposed of by archæological

[1] Here means 'church,' used oftener now in the sense of 'village,' or, in some districts, of stepping-stones across a ford.

research; for it is now clearly ascertained that a race once inhabited Europe whose dwellings were in some cases wholly under ground, and in others were stone-built structures which were so covered over with loose stones, earth, and turf, as to look exactly like green mounds when viewed from the outside.

Of the souterrains, or wholly subterranean structures of this kind, which yet exist in Ulster, an Irish lady archæologist, Mrs. Hobson of Belfast, gave a careful and detailed description at the meeting of the British Association last year. Her information is mostly all the result of her own personal observation. She thus summarises her account :—

'The souterrains described are for the most part situated in the two counties of Antrim and Down. The materials are rough, undressed field stones, no mortar being used. The buildings display great diversity in plan, some being merely oblong chambers and long passages; others crescent-shaped, some resembling the letter F, the same letter without the middle stroke (Γ), an inflated stocking, an uneven capital W, etc., and some are circular.

'The structures are quite dark, of an even temperature, usually very near the surface, which accounts for many being accidentally discovered, the plough often displacing one of the covering stones. They are not oriented, yet few entrances can be successfully photographed during the middle of the day, and, in addition, they are so cunningly constructed and concealed as to be, in most cases, very difficult to find. In these counties the roofing stones are very large, while farther south occurs a circular type, with overlapping courses and closed with a single stone, as in some of the tumuli, both sorts determined, no doubt, by the materials lying close to hand.

'The souterrains in County Down run to a greater length than those of County Antrim; many are over 100 feet. Ardtole is 108 feet long, Rathmullan 120 feet, Slieve-na-Boley 128 feet. Heights of chambers vary from less than 3 feet to 6 feet and even 8 feet, but it is more usual to find them about 5 feet. The heights of the chambers of one at Shankbridge are as follow: first chamber, 3 feet 9 inches; second chamber 4 feet 6 inches; the last about 3 feet, one of the "doorways" being 17 inches square.

'Greater variety of construction occurs in Antrim than in Down. In the former, two described were scooped out of basaltic ash; in others, rocks *in situ* were used and filled in artificially; in some tun-

nelling had been done in harder rock. The entrances are small, but the tiny doorways between one chamber and another are even of more diminutive dimensions—great numbers being too small to admit the average-sized man—a person having to lie down flat in order to get through, and even then the width will not allow other than the shoulders of a woman or boy to pass through.

'Tradition assigns the souterrains and the raths in which so many of them occur to the "fairies," the "good people," the "Danes"—and by the latter is meant the Tuatha da Danaan, who are said to have lived in Ireland before the Celts. This race is always described as a small people. It seems impossible that any but a small people could have built and used the souterrains.'

This lady's researches have been mostly confined to her own province of Ulster, but similar accounts come from various parts of Ireland. Scotland has a like story to tell. To those who have not visited such structures, I would merely say that the known examples in our country can be reckoned by hundreds, and probably an exact record of all those known to have existed, together with those still remaining, throughout the British Isles, would bring up the total to several thousands.

The objects found in these abodes are utensils of flint, stone (including querns), bone, iron, bronze, and lead, and the bones of animals and birds used as food. Rude pottery is often found, and in some instances the red glazed ware known as 'Samian,' introduced by the Romans. Some of the structures are known to have been built in historic times. Dean Monro, writing in 1549, speaks of the underground retreats of North Uist as then occupied by people whom he calls 'rebels.' The Rev. Archibald Black Scott, minister of Kildonan, in an account of the Helmsdale souterrains which he published some years ago,[1] observes: 'The student of earth-house lore cannot fail to note in the list which has been given that the articles dug out of these Sutherland earth-houses are mostly such as we associate with the women of an early race'; thereby indicating the domestic character of the structures. And, indeed, many of the traditionary stories, on

[1] *The Scottish Antiquary*, 1899.

the Continent as well as in our islands, which relate to the inhabitants of such places, represent the women-folk as occupying the position of friendly neighbours.

It has sometimes happened that, long after an underground house has ceased to be occupied, new settlers of another race have built their houses directly above these concealed retreats, quite unaware of their existence. Thus, at Airlie in Forfarshire, a cottage was supposed to be haunted because oatcakes, baking on the hearthstone, occasionally disappeared from sight in a mysterious manner. It was thought proper to pull down the cottage altogether, and then it was accidentally found out that the hearthstone was the roof-stone of an underground house, into which the cakes had fallen through a crevice. Nobody had thought of lifting the hearthstone *before* proceeding to the extremity of pulling down the house.

That was in the eighteenth century. But there are stories of unascertained date which point to a time when remnants of the underground race continued to inhabit their dwellings even after the arrival of alien colonists. Several traditional stories point to such a state of things. One of these comes from Wales :—

'The cattle of the farmer living at Deunant, close to Aberdaron, were grievously afflicted with "the short disease," which is the malady known in English as "the black quarter." . . . One night before going to bed he was standing a few steps in front of his house, meditating over his trouble. "I cannot imagine why the cattle do not get better," said he loud out to himself. "I will tell you," said a squeaky, little voice close by him. The farmer turned in the direction of the sound and saw a tiny little man, looking very angrily at him. "It is," continued the mannikin, "because your family keeps on annoying mine so much." "How is that?" asked the farmer, surprised and puzzled. "They are always throwing the slops from your house down the chimney of my house," said the little man. "That cannot be," retorted the farmer, "there is no house within a mile of mine." "Put your foot on mine," said the small stranger, "and you will see that what I say is true." The farmer complying put his foot on the other's foot, and he could clearly see that all the slops

thrown out of his house went down the chimney of the other's house, which stood far below in a street he had never seen before. Directly he took his foot off the other's, however, there was no sign of house or chimney. "Well, indeed, I am very sorry," said the farmer. "What can I do to make up for the annoyance which my family has caused you?" The tiny little man was satisfied by the farmer's apology, and he said—

'"You had better wall up the door on this side of your house and make another in the other side. If you do that, your slops will no longer be a nuisance to my family and myself." Having said this he vanished in the dark of the night.

'The farmer obeyed, and his cattle recovered. Ever after he was a most prosperous man, and nobody was so successful as he in rearing stock in all Lleyn. Unless they have pulled it down to build a new one, you can see his house with the front door in the back.'[1]

I do not profess to explain every detail of this story to the satisfaction of every critic. But I would point out that when it is once understood that an incoming race might ignorantly build their houses on the earth-covered roofs of underground houses, such houses being actually known to have existed, then there is nothing to prevent this story from being substantially true. The few yards implied by the alteration of the door from front to back would be quite sufficient to divert the dirty stream from the chimney or door of the subterranean dwelling. The clairvoyance produced by the contact of the feet I take to be a memory of the faculty of hypnotic suggestion which is more strongly present in some races than others, and which is often indicated as an attribute of our earlier races—according to tradition. The subsequent recovery of the farmer's cattle is due to the belief that those little people, like existing Lapps in Norway, possessed supernatural power. As for the 'street' which the farmer thought he saw beneath him, I would put that down as the embroidery of a modern narrator.

This Welsh story has a parallel in Galloway :—

'A shepherd's family had just taken possession of a newly-erected onstead, in a very secluded spot among "the hills o' Gallowa'," when

[1] *The Welsh Fairy Book*, by W. Jenkyn Thomas. Fisher Unwin, London, 1907, pp. 160-163.

the goodwife was one day surprised by the entrance of a little woman, who hurriedly asked for the loan of "a pickle saut." This, of course, was readily granted; but the goodwife was so flurried by the appearance of "a neibor" in such a lonely place, and at such a very great distance from all known habitations, that she did not observe when the little woman withdrew or which way she went. Next day, however, the same little woman re-entered the cottage, and duly paid the borrowed "saut." This time the goodwife was more alert, and as she turned to replace "the saut in the sautkit" she observed, "wi' the tail o' her e'e," that the little woman moved off towards the door, and then made a sudden "bolt out." Following quickly, the goodwife saw her unceremonious visitor run down a small declivity towards a tree, which stood at "the house en'." [She passed behind the tree, but did not emerge on the other side, and the goodwife, seeing no place of concealment, assumed she was a "fairy."] In a few days her little "neibor" again returned, and continued from time to time to make similar visits—borrowing and lending small articles, evidently with a view to produce an intimacy; and it was uniformly remarked that, on retiring, she proceeded straight to the tree, and then suddenly "ga'ed out o' sight." One day, while the goodwife was at the door, emptying some dirty water into the *jaw-hole* [sink, or cess-pool], her now familiar acquaintance came to her and said: "Goodwife, ye 're really a very obliging bodie! Wad ye be sae good as turn the lade o' your jaw-hole anither way, as a' your foul water rins directly in at my door? It stands in the howe there, on the aff-side o' that tree, at the corner o' your house en'." The mystery was now fully cleared up [says the modern narrator]—the little woman was indeed a fairy; and the door of her invisible habitation being situated "on the aff-side o' the tree at the house en'," it could easily be conceived how she must there necessarily "gae out o' sight" as she entered her sight-eluding portal.'[1]

It is obvious that the narrator of this story regarded fairies and their dwellings as equally unsubstantial. And both this and the Welsh parallel are told to us by people who knew nothing of the existence of real underground dwellings. In this respect they are like most of the reciters of similar tales. It takes a long time for the results of archæological research to become fully grasped by the general mind, and the actual fact of such subterranean houses is still

[1] From *Legends of Scottish Superstition*. Edinburgh, 1848, pp. 30-32.

only known by a comparative few. Once it *is* known, the whole situation is altered. It is only a step from the story of the empty souterrain in Forfarshire in the eighteenth century,—above which a cottage was built, in entire ignorance of its existence,—to the stories of a time when such souterrains were in occupation. And any one who has visited such places can understand at once those incidents of the dirty water from the house above flowing down into the house below.

Other points for consideration suggest themselves, of course. But at present I am more concerned with the stories themselves than with the discussion of all the features which they present.

Two Scandinavian tales of the same kind are recorded by Mr. William Craigie. In both these instances it is the drip from the stable or byre that annoys the underground people, and this is remedied by removing the shed to another part of the farmyard.[1]

The Galloway tale not only connects itself with the incident of the slops thrown out from the house above, but it also belongs to the class of stories in which the underground people borrow articles of domestic use from the dwellers in aboveground houses.

Tales of this kind are current on the Continent as well as in our own country. Mr. Craigie found three such in Denmark.

'East from Nörre-tang in Ulfborg there is a mound with bergfolk [*i.e.* mound-people] in it. One of their women came to the farm one evening, and asked for the loan of a barrel of ale. The farmer's wife asked where she came from. "Don't you know me?" said she: "we have been neighbours for so many years!" She then explained that she came from the mound, and got the ale. In a few days she came back to repay it, and said, "So long as you refrain from looking into the barrel, so long shall it continue to give out ale; and your race shall be prosperous to the fourth or fifth generation, because you lent

[1] See pp. 96 and 137 of *Scandinavian Folk-Lore*, by William A. Craigie. Gardner, Paisley and London, 1896.

to me." The barrel did continue to yield ale for a long time, but finally curiosity got the upper hand, and the woman must have a peep into it, cost what it would. She found it full of mould and cobwebs, and after that all was over with the ale.'[1]

I scarcely require to say that I do not ask the reader to accept all this as truth. I merely quote the story as a tradition showing the friendly relations frequently chronicled between ordinary people and the inhabitants of hollow mounds, or earth-covered bee-hive houses. Incidentally, it may be noted that the latter class are here represented as possessing supernatural power.

From Denmark also comes the tale of the 'Borrowed Petticoat.'

'On Mors, in Jutland, there stands a mansion called Overgarth, in which there once lived a lady, Fru Mette by name. A little bergman [*i.e.* a mound-man] came to her one day, and said, "Fru Mette of Overgarth, will you lend Fru Mette of Undergarth your silk petticoat to be married in?" This she did; but as it was a long time before it was brought back, she went to the mound one day, and called from the outside, "Give me back my petticoat." The bergman then came out, and gave her the petticoat, all covered with drops of wax, saying, "Since you have asked for it, take it as it is; but if you had waited a few days there would have been a diamond on it for every spot of wax.'"[2]

Another Danish story tells of a little mound called Dragehöi:—

'The little trolls who lived in this mound often resorted to a small farm close by, which now is given up. There they often borrowed various articles, especially for festive occasions. Thus one of the trolls, named "One-Leg," came once to the farmer's wife, and told her he was to be married, and therefore wanted to borrow dishes, ladles, and many other things.'[3]

Denmark is full of stories of the mound-folk and underground people. Mr. W. G. Black speaks of them thus, in connection with a tradition relating to Finn, the king of the dwarfs. These dwarfs, he says—

[1] Craigie, *op. cit.*, p. 117.
[2] *Ibid.*, pp. 116, 117.
[3] *Ibid.*, pp. 108, 109.

'Were an odd, small, tricky people, whom the Frisians found in Sylt [a Danish island] when they took possession. They lived underground, wore red caps, and lived on berries and mussels, fish and birds, and wild [birds'] eggs. They had stone axes and knives, and made pots of clay. They sang and danced by moonlight on the mounds of the plain which was their homes, worked little, were deceitful, and loved to steal children and pretty women: the children they exchanged for their own, the women they kept. Those who lived in the bushes, and later in the Frieslanders' own houses, like our own brownies, were called "Pucks," and a sandy dell near Braderup is still known as the Pukthal [or Pucks' Glen]. They had a language of their own, which lingers yet in proverbs and children's games. The story of King Finn's subjects [observes Mr. Black in conclusion] is evidently one of those valuable legends which illuminates dark pages of history. It clearly bears testimony to the same small race having inhabited Friesland in times which we trace in the caves of the Neolithic age, and of which the Esquimaux are the only survivors.'[1]

All who have paid any attention to similar traditions in our own country know that their testimony corresponds with that of the Continent. Our stories, both Celtic and non-Celtic, relate how people of ordinary stature, living above-ground, occasionally enter the dwellings of the small race, which are either wholly underground or are within hollow mounds. There they find that the domestic utensils of the dwarfs are of the kind which we now label 'prehistoric' in our museums. The copper or bronze vessels which dwarf women sometimes leave behind them when discovered surreptitiously milking the cows of their neighbours are likewise of an antique form. Further, the little people are described as helping themselves to the beef and mutton of their neighbours, after having shot the animals with flint-headed arrows. Melodies said to have been obtained from them, and known as 'fairy tunes,' are still sung by the peasants of certain localities. And many families in many districts are believed to have inherited some of their blood. Among the people of Guernsey, indeed, there is said to be a strong infusion of

[1] *Heligoland*, by W. G. Black. Blackwood, 1888, pp. 71, 72.

fairy blood. An old tradition in that island relates how Guernsey was once invaded by fairies, who fought a bloody battle with the natives, killed or enslaved all the men, and married the women. (See the *Gentleman's Magazine*, August 1902.) In spite of the atmosphere of unreality and impossibility that enshrouds many of these stories, the statements are often very homely and matter-of-fact. This is evident in some of the stories which I have already related. Campbell of Ilay gives us one of this kind, obtained in Barra :—

'There was a woman in Baile Thangasdail, and she was out seeking a couple of calves; and the night and lateness caught her, and there came rain and tempest, and she was seeking shelter. She went to a knoll with the couple of calves, and she was striking the tether-peg into it. The knoll opened. She heard a gleegashing as if a pot-hook were clashing beside a pot. She took wonder, and she stopped striking the tether-peg. A woman put out her head and all above her middle, and she said, "What business hast thou to be troubling this tulman in which I make my dwelling?" "I am taking care of this couple of calves, and I am but weak. Where shall I go with them?" "Thou shalt go with them to that breast down yonder. Thou wilt see a tuft of grass. If thy couple of calves eat that tuft of grass, thou wilt not be a day without a milk cow as long as thou art alive, because thou hast taken my counsel."'[1]

The scene of this story is laid in the island of Barra, but it would fit in admirably with a 'Fairy Knowe' in Orkney, which I assisted in excavating not long ago. It was locally known as the 'Fairy Knowe,' and of course it was traditionally spoken of as the abode of little people. We found that it was not a natural hillock at all, but a stone-built structure, covered over with stones, earth, and turf. It contained two rooms built in the 'bee-hive' style of architecture, and each having a recess at the north end, where there were evident traces of the action of fire on the stones. The rooms were not connected. Each had a narrow, little passage of access entered from the south. These passages were each four feet long, with a breadth varying from 18 to 24 inches, and a

[1] *West Highland Tales*, vol. ii. p. 39.

height varying from 12 or 13 inches to 18 inches. Of course the people who built and used such passages must have crawled along them, as modern Eskimos do in the similar passages of their similar dwellings. But the measurements which I have given denote that the inhabitants of this Fairy Knowe must have been little people.[1]

In Mr. Craigie's Scandinavian collection there are several variants[2] of an incident of which the chief feature is that some passer-by hears a voice calling out from a mound, 'Tell So-and-so that Such-a-one is dead. In one case it is, 'Tell Black-Eye that Viting is dead'; another has, 'Make haste and drive home, and tell Finkenaes that Jafet is dead'; while another has the curious injunction: 'Tell your cat that Knurremurre ['the grumbler'] is dead.' In each version the person to whom the message is given repeats it at home in the hearing of the person indicated by name, who thereupon exclaims: 'What! Is So-and-so dead? Then I must hurry home.'

Dr. Panken, a Flemish folklorist, also records the same story as current in North Brabant. One version given by him is to this effect:[3]—

'A carter was once going with his cart along the road from Riethoven to Keersip. Not far from the Kabouterberg [this is a generic term for a berg or hillock believed to be inhabited by mound-people, otherwise *kabouters*], which is known as the Duivelsberg, or Devils' Hillock, he saw a kabouter-manneke [or dwarf] wandering along the road, and saying sorrowfully and unceasingly, "Kyrië is dead!" The carter came to the hamlet of Keersip, and there he put up at the inn where Adrian Konings now lives, and related with amazement all that he had seen and heard. Scarcely had he done so when, to

[1] All the credit of this work of excavation and discovery is due to Mr. M. M. Charleson, F.S.A.Scot., Stromness, although I was able to render him some slight assistance. For the details, see his account in *Orcadian Papers*, Stromness, 1905, pp. 112-119, and the *Proceedings of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland*, vol. xxxvii. pp. 352-359; also my article the 'Interior of a Fairy Knoll' in the *Scottish Review* of 9th November 1905.

[2] *Scandinavian Folk-Lore*, pp. 112-115.

[3] *Noordbrabantsche Sagen*, collected by P. N. Panken, Te Brecht, bij L. Braeckmans, p. 14, 1893.

his still greater astonishment, a queer kabouter-manneke sprang up from beneath the table and cried out, "Och! is Kyrië dead?"

'It thus became evident that Kyrië was also a *kabouter*, who inhabited the Devils' Hillock already referred to.'

Many other kindred stories, current in the same part of Europe, could be related. Some speak of the time when the hillock-people trekked away from the district. One tells of how a hunter, seeing a hillock-dwarf running away from him, shot him dead with his gun. But so numerous are those stories that they would fill volumes.

Their chief interest to Gaelic-speaking people lies in the fact that what Teutonic people call berg-folk are obviously the same as the Gaelic *fir-sidhe* or *daoine sidhe*. I know that a popular interpretation often given to that term is 'people of peace.' But Dr. Thomas M'Lauchlan, a thorough Highlander and a scholar, long ago pointed out the fallacy of confounding the Gaelic word meaning 'peace' with the like-sounding word denoting a conical mound or hill. And he insisted that the *daoine-sidhe* were so called because they were mound-dwellers, or berg-folk. Of course, Dr. M'Lauchlan believed them to be purely imaginary beings. I only quote him here as an authority on Gaelic philology, and few will question his right to be so regarded. And, although I can claim no such position myself, I may add that all my researches into Gaelic folk-lore fully substantiate his conclusion. For example, the Irish manuscripts collected and analysed by Dr. Hayes O'Grady, in his *Silva Gadelica*, all show that the primary meaning of the word is a conical hill-top or hillock. It was a *sid* (the *d* being unaspirated at first), or, in a compound form, a *sid-brug*, *i.e.* a mound-dwelling. Eventually, by a process not uncommon, the name of the dwelling was transferred to the dwellers—who became themselves known as 'the Sidhe'—the compound form *sid-brug* or *brog* becoming *sith-bhroch*, *sireach*, *sithich*, as applied to the dweller instead of the dwelling.

Reference may be made here, very appropriately, to a paper read by Miss E. Andrews before the Archæological

Section of the Belfast Naturalists' Field Club on 12th February 1908. The following *précis* is taken from the *Northern Whig* of 14th February :—

'Miss Andrews referred to raths and souterrains being spoken of by the country people as forths and coves, and said it was in these coves the fairies dwelt, and kept their prisoners—women, children, and even men. The entrance to many of the souterrains is in a fort, as examples in Ulster, the stone fort near Altnadua Lough, and Crook-a-broom, near Ballycastle, may be mentioned; also, although not in Ulster, the Mote at Greenmount, described by the Rev. J. B. Leslie, in his history of Kilsaran, County Louth. Above many souterrains, such as one near Scollogstown, County Down, and Cloughnabrick, near Ballycastle, there is no rath. Danes and Pechts are also connected with raths and souterrains. Ballycairn fort, near Coleraine, is one of the so-called "Danes' Forts," and it is said the builders, having no wheelbarrows, carried the earth in their leather aprons. The Danes are sometimes spoken of as short, sometimes as tall, people; the latter are probably the mediæval sea-rovers, and the short Danes the Tuatha de Danaan. The Danes made heather beer, and the tragical ending of the father and son, the last of their race, who perished rather than reveal the secret is a tale known throughout Ireland. The same story is told in Scotland of the Picts. Both Danes and Pechts are said to have had large feet, and, according to one account, the Dane had such long arms he could pick anything off the ground without stooping. Long arms are a characteristic of the Lapp and of the traditional dwarf of Japan, probably an ancestor of the Aino, and Sir Harry Johnston states that a pigmy's feet are larger, and his arms proportionately longer than in well-developed Negroes, Europeans, and Asiatics. The fairy assumes a weird form in the Banshie, whose wailing is heard before the death of members of certain families, but not necessarily aristocratic families. In many respects, however, fairies are akin to mortals; they are quick to revenge an injury, and it is considered very unlucky to cultivate a rath. The Irish fairy remains a pagan, differing in this respect from the Swiss dwarf. After referring to the Sidh where, according to the *Colloquy of the Ancients*, the Tuatha de Danaan dwelt, the conclusion was drawn that in the traditions of fairies, Danes, and Pechts, the memory is preserved of an early race or races of short stature, but of considerable strength, who built underground dwellings, and had some skill in music and other arts. It is possible that as larger races advanced these small people were driven southwards to the

mountains of Switzerland, westwards towards the Atlantic, and northwards to Lapland, where their descendants may still be found. No doubt there is a large supernatural element, especially in the stories of the fairies, but the same may be said of the tales of witches in the seventeenth century. The witch was believed, and sometimes believed herself, to possess superhuman powers, and to be in communication with unearthly beings. With the widespread belief in local spirits a taller race of invaders might well fear the magic of any earlier people being settled in this country, even if the latter were inferior in bodily and mental characteristics.'

The point of view taken by this lady is, of course, my own point of view. We may differ in some minor details, but essentially we are at one. After the reading of her paper, it will be observed, her opinions were 'keenly criticised.' This, also, has been my experience on several occasions. It is just what might be expected. I do not ask others to come to any conclusion but what their reason dictates. So far as criticism goes, it is easy to find minor objections to the views advanced by myself and others, in this respect. What appear to be contradictory statements may be picked out here and there. For example, the underground people are sometimes described as using weapons and utensils of stone or flint. This implies a condition of savagery. But, in other accounts, they are said to have been skilful metal-workers, and to possess kettles of copper or bronze. That denotes a much superior race. Some accounts speak of them as very low in the intellectual scale; while others lead us to believe that they were regarded by ordinary people as beings endowed with many qualities that placed them in a higher scale than man. Then, again, there is the question of language. If they were of an absolutely different race from the others, how could they communicate with them in speech, as they are said to have done? The answer to that is that although men may be of very different types, such as the white men of Europe, and the Red Indians and Eskimos of North America, yet they very soon learn enough of each other's language to be able to exchange ideas. Moreover, several traditions *do* point to a difference of language, and

the berg-folk and dwarfs are made to speak the language of the taller race very imperfectly.[1] Another objection is that of complexion. The little people are sometimes spoken of as black, sometimes as brown, and sometimes as white-skinned. To this the reply is that given by Sir Harry Johnston; which is that, as there are black, brown, and white dwarf races living in Africa and elsewhere to-day, so there may have been a similar diversity in Europe in the past.

Two important points must always be kept in view in discussing this question. The reluctance to accept the realistic interpretation of tales about the little people, a reluctance still very prevalent, is based upon the belief in which most of us were trained,—that all those stories were purely imaginary. That they *could* be essentially true was scarcely contemplated. Sir Walter Scott had thought of it, and so had others before him; but they were few and far between. It seemed clear that the stories must be absolute fiction. How could they be true? Mounds are not hollow, and there are no dwellings under ground. Therefore the stories of people living in such places must be nonsense. But archæological research has shown that there were many underground houses; and that many bee-hive structures, covered over with turf, looked exactly like green mounds from the outside, and actually *were* hollow hillocks. Another objection was: There never was a dwarf race in Europe. How therefore could these tales of dwarfs be true? It was scarcely believed even that there were dwarfs in other lands. As to that, the evidence from Africa became yearly stronger and stronger, and we actually had a visit quite lately of little pygmies from the Congo forest. For a long time, however, the cry that there was no dwarf race in Europe was reiterated. But anatomists, such as Professor Kollmann of Switzerland, and several others, have shown clearly, from osseous remains, that Central Europe was undoubtedly occupied by a dwarf population, concurrently with

[1] Craigie, *op. cit.*, p. 94. Also Grimm's *Teutonic Mythology*.

a race of what we call ordinary stature. These two points—the existence of underground dwellings, sometimes of very restricted dimensions, and the former existence in Europe of a veritable dwarf race,—must never be lost sight of in a consideration of the traditional stories of little people living under ground and in hollow mounds.[1]

THE AGED BARD'S WISH

(Miann a Bhaird Aosda)

Oh, by the still brooks make my bed—
The brooks with gentle steps that move;
'Neath shadowing branches lay my head,
And on me, Sun, O smile in love!

My side at ease lay on the grass
On flowery bank with zephyrs sweet;
And let the streams that wimpling pass
In their clear waters bathe my feet.

Let daisies and the primrose pale
Bedeck my verdant dewy mound;
My hand inclined in her green veil,
The 'ealvie'[2] at my ear be found.

Let boughs in bloom luxuriant bend
My glen's fair, lofty brow around;
Their notes the bush-reared songsters blend,
And aged, echoing rocks resound.

Let new-born, gushing fountains pour
From craggy rocks with ivy clad;
And to the rolling breakers roar,
Melodious echo answers glad.

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[1] For detailed information on matters of fact, I may refer specially to Professor J. Kollmann's *Pygmäen in Europa* (1894), and to articles by that writer, and by Professor Thilenius and myself in the Brunswick journal *Globus* for the year 1902.

[2] Ealabhuidhe, St. John's wort.

Let every hill re-echo loud
Of joyous herds, the blithesome sound;
And every mountain answer proud
In thousand lowings rolled around.

Let calves disport my view before
By streamlets' side on sloping hill,
And the tired kid, its gambols o'er,
Rest guileless in my bosom still.

On wing of gentle breezes poured,
Let lambkins' voice come to my ear;
The listening ewe in fond accord,
Her bleating youngling answers clear.

Oh, let me hear the hunter's tread,
His whizzing darts and baying hounds,
As o'er the naked heath wide spread,
In close pursuit he eager bounds.

Then on my pallid cheek once more
Shall beaming, ruddy youth appear,
While sweet the deer-hunt voice shall pour
Its grateful music on my ear.

When shrill the winding bugle blows
The marrow of my bones shall wake;
The beagles' bark and twang of bows
The silence of my dream shall break.

And when the cry, 'The stag is slain!'
Peals deafening from the merry throng,
My heels in ecstasy again
Shall leap the mountain heights along.

My faithful hound methinks I see,
My close companion eve and morn,
The hills I loved, the rocks with glee
That echoed to my piercing horn.

And to my view the cave appears—
Our haunt when darkness reigned around;
Its glowing flame my spirit cheers,
Its joyous cups in mirth abound.

Then rose the deer-feast smoke on high,
'Treig' gave her drink, her song the wave;
Nor shrieking ghosts, nor mountains' cry
Disturbed the slumber of the cave.

O'er thousand hills with teeming flocks
Their chief 'Benard'[1] his mantle throws;
The dreams of stags are in his locks,
And on his head the clouds repose.

And o'er the glen fair Scureilt towers
When first his note the cuckoo stirs;
And the green hill of herbs and flowers,
And elks, and roes, and thousand firs.

Let joyous ducklings swiftly skim
The glassy lake of slender pines;
The rowan red bends o'er its rim,
A glen of firs its head enshrines.

And let the snowy-bosomed swan
Glide stately o'er the crested wave;
Her airy flight betimes I 'll scan
In the deep blue above my grave.

O'er ocean oft her way she threads
To where the foaming billows heave;
Where to the breeze no canvas spreads,
Nor prows of oak the waters cleave.

O swan! from mountain height or scaur
Unfold thy mournful tale of love;
Pale pilgrim from the waveland far
Thy music chant in heaven above.

Up! and to gentle, soft refrain
Thy sorrow's doleful tidings sing;
And caught from thee the plaintive strain
Let all-melodious echo ring.

Spread out thy wings the sea above,
Where rushing winds their aid impart,
Oh, sweet to me thy song of love—
The echoings of thy wounded heart.

Whence blow the moaning winds that bear
Thy sorrows wailing from the rocks?
O youth, that ever wandering there,
Hast left forlorn my hoary locks!

[1] Nevis.

O virgin fair and lovely, now
Thy welling eyes their waters shed;
Blest ever be the marble brow
That ne'er shall quit the narrow bed.

Mine eye is dim; O wind! then say
Where grows the reed of mournful sound:
The spotted trout there buoyant play,
In sportive conflict darting round.

Oh, raise me with an arm of might,
And 'neath the birches lay my head;
And when the sun is at his height
Let their green shade be o'er me spread.

Then shalt thou come, O gentle dream,
That swiftly glidst the stars among!
Thy music be my nightly theme,
My joys recalling in thy song.

My soul! yon virgin fair behold
Beneath the oak—the forest king—
Her snowy hand in locks of gold,
Her eyes her lover worshipping.

While by her throbbing heart he sings
The bounding stags halt on the knoll,
From eye to eye love's arrow wings,
And in his music swims her soul.

The sound is still: her snowy breast
Close to his heart and bosom heaves;
Her rosy lip to his is prest,
And in one kiss enraptured cleaves.

Blest ever be the lovely pair
That in my soul waked gleams of joy;
Dear virgin of the waving hair,
Be blessed with charms that never cloy.

O dream delightful! art thou gone?
Yet, yet a little with me stay!
Thou hears't me not: I 'm sad—alone—
Farewell, ye mountain-heights, for aye!

Ye virgins beautiful, adieu!
Ye groups of lovely youths, farewell!
'Tis now the summer time with you,
With me, for ever winter snell.

Oh, lay me where the cascades' tide
Rolls thundering from its rocky bed;
My harp and shell place by my side,
My father's shield above me spread.

Come, gentle breeze, o'er ocean fair,
And on me in thy kindness smile;
My shade on wings of swiftness bear,
And waft me to the Hero's Isle.

The great, the brave of old—these all
Sleep deaf to music's sweetest sound;
When Daol and Ossian ope the hall,
Night comes—the Bard shall not be found.

Ah! ere it come, ere yet my shade
To Ardven hies, where poets dwell;
My harp and shell be near me laid,
And then my shell, my harp, farewell!

SCOTTISH GAELIC DIALECTS

Rev. C. M. Robertson.

st for *sg*

St sometimes takes the place of *sg* in medial and final positions in Arran. Whether the seeming analogy of such pronunciations as loiste for loisgte has had any influence in bringing the change about or not, is not certain. Sothaisgean, the name for the primrose in Kintyre and at the south end of Arran, is sothaistean at the north end of the island, where also brisg, brittle, dùisg, awaken, and loisg, burn, are respectively brist, dùist, and loist. At the south end the change is less frequent, but is conspicuous there in uiste for uisge, water.

St for non-initial *sg* is a feature of Manx Gaelic; for example, our measgadh, mixing, toisgeal, the left, and soisgeul, gospel, are respectively mastey, toshtal, and Sushtal in that language, and Sasunn England, Old Sacsunn, and in Arran

at the present day Sasgunn, though the adjective is there Sasunnach, is Sostyn in Manx.

Contrasted with that are such northern forms as cosg used by Duncan Ban, and cosgus for cosd and cosdus, and perhaps cas-ruisg for cas-ruisgte, barefoot.

gh broad

Broad *gh* when non-initial is unaspirated as a rule in Arran. Amhghair, affliction, bràghad, throat, and truaghan, a miserable creature, are respectively àmhagair, bràgad, and truagan. Agus, and, also is pronounced there as written, not as in North Argyll and West Ross aghus, nor as so often in other districts aoghus (*ao* short). Leómhann, lion, Old Irish leoman, from Latin leo, leonem, sometimes written leòghann, and pronounced with *gh* by MacAlpine is leògann in Arran. At the end of monosyllables especially, as dragh, trouble, lagh, law, seagh, sense, sleagh, spear, *gh* is *g* in Arran. At the north end even brèagh, fine, may be heard as brèag, and at Shiskine laogh, calf, is laog, whence the local name Glenlaeg or Calves' Glen.

In a few instances such as àmhghair, affliction, aoghaire, shepherd, truaghan, miserable person, etc., *gh* has its proper sound in most dialects. It is sounded in aghaidh, face, in Arran, Perth, West Ross, and Sutherland, but is silent in Kintyre, North Argyll, and Skye; MacAlpine gives both pronunciations. Foghar, autumn, harvest, Irish fóghmhar, Early Irish fogamur, has *gh*—faoghar—in Perth, Strathspey, and Sutherland; and *bh*—fe'bhar (close *e*)—in Arran, Kintyre, and Islay; in Skye it is fao'ar, in West Ross faowar, and in North Argyll fowr (*o* close), the vowel of the first syllable being short in all those pronunciations. In West Ross *gh* is heard in rìoghann, a nymph, etc., sometimes written rìbhinn, and by MacAlpine rìghinn with *gh* sounded slender in this case; in Early Irish it is rígan. In the same district *gh* is heard in làghan, sowens, the local form of làgan; possibly it should be làthan, a spelling favoured by the sound of *à*

(not *ao* as is usual before *gh* and *dh*); *cf.* làghaich there for làthaich, mire, and the hill name Liaghach for Liathach from liath, hoary. The root of làthach, mire, is suggested doubtfully by Macbain for làgan.

Final *gh* in monosyllables, as agh, heifer, dragh, trouble, laogh, calf, leagh, melt, is heard more or less distinctly in great part of the west and north—North Argyll, Skye, West Ross, and Sutherland.

The sound of *bh*, i.e. *v*, is given to *gh* in Easter Ross and in Sutherland in a few instances, *e.g.*: truaghan, in Sutherland truaowan, is truaobhan in Easter Ross, although truagh is there truaow, and saoghal, the world, is sûbhal in Sutherland.

gh slender.

Medially slender *gh* is often heard in a few words, as àilgheas, fastidiousness, doilgheas, sorrow, duilghe, more difficult, muinighin, or, as in the Gaelic Scriptures, muinghin, trust. MacAlpine has it silent in duilghe and muinighin. It is heard in West Ross in builghionn, a half-quartern loaf, a form marked obsolete in the dictionaries, usually written builionn.

At the end of words, mostly monosyllables, it is sometimes heard in North Argyll and several of the islands, *e.g.*: in brìgh, substance, rìgh, king, uaigh, grave, luigh, lie, in North Argyll. It is heard in laoigh, calves, in Arran. MacAlpine represents *gh* in his phonetic spellings of such words often by *yh*, by *y*, and by *gh*, by all which, doubtless, he means the slender *gh* sound. He gives *yh* in brìgh, but *gh* in brìgheil, substantial, and *yh* in dòigh in the Dictionary but *y* in his *Grammar* (p. xvi), and at the same page he says, not distinguishing broad from slender, '*Dh* initial sounds often like *y*, and sometimes like *gh*.'

Dentals.

T is formed with the point of the tongue pressed against the gum, and is more explosive than in English. In contact

with slender vowels it is sounded with *sh* after it—*tsh*—, and resembles, except for the difference between Gaelic *t* and English *t*, the pronunciation of *tch* in English 'etch,' 'witch,' or that of *ch* in 'chief,' 'rich.' *D*, often popularly described as being like English *t*, would be better designated a voiceless or surd *d*. Beside slender vowels it also is followed by *sh*—, *dsh*—, and is nearer to English *tch* or *ch* above than to English *dg*, as in 'edge,' 'bridge,' or *g* as in 'gem,' 'giant.'

Corresponding sounds are heard sometimes provincially in English, as when *t* is pronounced *tsh* in such words as tune, tube, ritual, mutual, actual, and when *d* is pronounced *dg* in such as due, duel, gradual, individual.

An absence of the *sh* sound after the slender dentals is a feature of the speech of that part of West Ross-shire that extends from Loch Broom to Loch Carron, or perhaps to Loch Alsh, and indeed has been spoken of sometimes as the shibboleth of that district: *e.g.* in words like teine, fire; teich, flee; tioram, dry; tìr, land; àite, place; ite, feather; lite, porridge; téid, go; tìde, time; dean, do; deas, ready; an dé, yesterday; an diugh, to-day; direach, straight; aidich, confess; idir, at all; maide, stick; cuid, share, etc. In such cases *t* as pronounced in that district resembles English *t* when not pronounced *tsh* in such words as tune, ritual, and *d* approaches English *d* when not made *dg* in such as due, gradual.

The slender dentals have the same pronunciations in Perthshire in a few words in which *n* or more rarely *l* is in juxtaposition. In taitinn, please, taitneach, adj. pleasing, taitneachd and taitneas, pleasure; in aiteann, juniper, and its adjective aitneach, as in dearcan aitneach, juniper berries; in cinntinn, growing, cluinntinn, hearing, inntinn, mind, and less uniformly in some words like coilltean, woods, and uillt, burns, *t* is not followed by the *sh* sound in that county; and so with *d* in foidhidinn, patience; maidinn, morning, with its adjective maidneach; in caidil, v. sleep, etc. Maidinn, Irish maidin, Old Irish matin, from Latin matutina (whence English matin), has *d* sibilant in South Argyll and Arran. The spelling madainn or maduinn, which prevails elsewhere, may really

represent maidinn with *d* non-sibilant as in Perthshire. One instance of non-sibilant slender *t* in a place-name is Allt Chailtnidh, Keltney Burn, near Aberfeldy.

The non-sibilant sound is heard sometimes in Skye, Eigg, North Argyll, and Arran, in taitneach, taitneas, and some forms of taitinn, specially such as have *n* following *t* immediately—taitnidh, will please; thaitneadh, would please, etc. It is heard in Sutherland in tilg, v. throw, cast.

The influence of analogy and the tendency to make exceptions conform to rule often cause the sibilant sounds to be given to the slender dentals in those cases, especially by the more educated speakers.

It is curious that the non-sibilant sound of *t* has been preserved also in the Manx form of our taitneas. According to Professor Rhys, 'Voiceless mute *t* sounded like English *t* should represent Aryan *t* associated with a narrow vowel *e* or *i*, and we have it occasionally as in tatnys, now written taitnys, joy, delight, pleasure.' In Irish apparently the dentals have sibilant sounds only in Connaught.

In Arran slender *c* is heard sometimes in place of *t* in taitinn, taitneach, and taitneas; thaicinn e ris, it pleased him; bheil sin a' taicinn riut, does that please you?

An insertion of *t* in the group *sr* at the beginning of words is characteristic of Northern Gaelic, as srad, a spark; srann, snore; srath, a strath; srathair, a pack-saddle; sreath, a row, series; sreothart, a sneeze; srian, a bridle; sròn, nose; sruth, a stream; sruthail, to rinse, etc. A number of words, mostly borrowed, have *str* in both Southern and Northern Gaelic, as stràc, a stroke, a strickle; stràic, pride; straighlich, rattling noise; streap, climb; strì, strife; strìoch, a streak; strìochd, yield; stròic, tear asunder, etc.

In one or two instances in which *str* is found in the South, *sr* occurs in particular districts in the North. Srac, tear asunder, for example, is strac generally if not universally in the South, but srac in Lochaber.

th changed to *ch*.

The change of *th* into *ch* seems to be universal in dachaidh, home, from do-thigh, and in gu bràth, for ever, written 'gu brach' in the 1408 charter. The latter is pronounced gu brách in Irish and is dy bragh in Manx. Bothan, hut; lothag, filly; triath, a chief, etc., and féith, vein, are respectively bochan, lochag, triach, and féach in Arran. Bochan, lochag, triach, and feich are all met with in Shaw's *Dictionary*. Triach occurs in Kintyre, and MacAlpine pronounces triath and its adjective triathail with *ch*. At the end of monosyllables *th* is often represented by *gh* in MacAlpine's pronunciation, for example, in guth, voice, dlùth, wrap, mùth, change, maoth, soft. Compare the Manx daghy, dye, our dath, and myghin, clemency, our maothainn.

In Arran a Thighearna as an exclamation may be heard as a Chiarn, and Shaw gives 'ogchiern, a young lord'; the Manx is Hiarn, pronounced, according to Professor Rhys, Chiarn. Medially and finally *th* is pronounced *ch* in laitheil, daily, snàithean, thread, maith, good, ràith, quarter of year, ruith, run. Súith, soot, Irish súithche, Middle Irish súithe, Old Irish suidi, is here sùiche. Shaw has laichol, daily.

In Kintyre snàithean, ràith, here 'ràiche,' ruith, and sùith, here 'sùich,' have *ch*. In other instances in this district and also in Islay *ch* for *th* is associated with an intrusive slender vowel after long, broad vowels. Thus càth, husks of corn, is here càich; gaoth, wind, is gaoich, which occurs also at Shiskine in Arran; luath, ashes, is luaich, and sàth, repletion, is sàich.

MacAlpine usually writes such words with the slender vowel and *th* and pronounces *ch*, as in àith 'àich' for àth, kiln; càith 'càich,' husks; luaith 'luaich,' ashes; sàith 'sàich,' repletion. In some instances he gives also the usual form. Of gaoith, 'gaoich,' he says, 'sometimes the nominative, and always the genitive of gaoth, wind.' He gives this *ch* with alternative pronunciations in some instances in snàithean, maith, ràith, ruith, and sùith.

In those third singular feminine and third plural prepositional pronouns in which *p* or *mp* is written, *ch* is usually heard in Arran and in Kintyre. Uaipe, from her, is bhuaiche and uapa, from them, is bhuacha in both districts. So foipe, under her, and fopa, under them, have *ch* in lieu of *p* in both districts. Ròiche for roimpe, before her, occurs in Arran and ròcha for rompa, before them, in both districts. Troimpe, through her, is ròiche for thròiche, and trompa ròcha for thròcha in Arran; in Kintyre they are roiche and ropa. MacAlpine writes foithe for foipe, fodha and fotha for fopa, roithe and roimhpe for roimpe, throimhe for troimpe, and thrompa for trompa. In West Ross foipe is fòithe, pronounced 'fòhi,' and might be written fòthaigh; compare the pronunciation there of cloiche, of a stone, viz., 'clohi.' So in that district also roimpe is ròimhe 'ròhi,' and troimpe tròimhe 'tròhi.' In all cases in which *m* is found in the usual written form *o* is nasalised in the pronunciations given, and therefore ròiche might be, and perhaps ought to be, written 'ròimhche' or 'roimhthe,' ròcha 'ròmhcha' or 'ròmhtha' and so on.

Ch is heard in others of the prepositional pronouns. Dhiubh, of them, written dhiuth by MacAlpine, is pronounced dhiuch in Arran. Leatha, with her, leotha (for leò), with them, rithe, to her, riutha (for riù), to them, all have *ch* for *th* in Arran with lengthening, moreover, of the preceding vowel leà'che (with her), leòcha, rìche, but also rithe (not rìthe), and riùcha. MacAlpine also gives *ch* and lengthens the vowels, leatha and lèche, leócha, rìche, and riùcha. *Ch* where it occurs in those pronunciations of prepositional pronouns is for *th*.

dh broad.

D for *dh* may be noted in two or three instances. The two forms iomadh or ioma and iomad are well known. Àraidh, certain, is with MacAlpine àraid. In Perthshire there are two instances. A thuilleadh (or thuille) air sin, moreover, in addition to that, is a thuillead air sin, and sometimes

a thuilleid air sin. Thigeadh would come, would become, befit or suit, has taken further the special meaning of ought to, with the form of thigead. The form and use were recalled to mind when an old friend, lamenting the indifference to Gaelic, spoke of that tongue as 'A' chainnt a thigead bhi anns an dùthaich,' the language that ought to be in the land. John M'Gregor, a native of the county, uses the form in this sense in his songs (p. 190):—

'Chunnaic mi a bhratach uaine
Ard shuaicheannas Cloinne Ghrigair
Le craobh ghiubhais dhosrach bhuadhar
Aig na h-Uaislean mar a thigead.'

Perhaps the *d* in this instance has shifted back from the prepositional pronouns domh, etc., before which the word is oftenest used in this sense as 'thigead duit, or thigeadh duit a dheanamh,' it would be becoming of you to do it, you ought to do it.

Broad *dh* has the same sound as broad *gh*, always in initial position, and in most dialects medially in a few words, such as diadhaidh, pious, with diadhair, a divine, etc., eadhon, namely, fiadhain, wild, fiodhag, bird-cherry, fiodhan, cheese-vat, and iodhal, idol. So also feadhainn, people in west Ross. Bàbhun, bulwark, enclosure for cattle, bàbhuinn, towers in Ezekiel xxvi. 4; bàbhuin, bulwarks, in metrical Psalm xlviii. 13, is in Sutherland, bàdhan, a burying-ground, with *dh* sounded as *gh*; the Irish bábhún, Middle Irish bódhún, is written badhbhdhún by Dinneen, and pronounced nearly bàwan by Quiggin. Baun, in the parish of Kilberry, opposite Kintyre, is in Gaelic am Bàbhun (with *bh* silent).

Final *dh* receives the sound of *gh* in monosyllables usually in Kintyre, Islay, North Argyll, Skye, West Ross, and, to some extent, in Strathspey, but not in Perth or in Sutherland. In words of more than one syllable, as cogadh, war, deireadh, end, monadh, hill, osnadh, sigh, and the names Donnchadh and Murchadh, the *gh* sound is heard in those western districts, except Ross, and also in Badenoch. In West Ross *gh* is heard sometimes, but is not the usual sound

in such nouns and in the parts ending in *dh* of verbs. In Perthshire the *gh* sound is confined to subjunctives of verbs, and even then alternates with another pronunciation to be noticed.

This sound is heard in Argyll in a few instances in which the written language has *mh*, as in caitheamh, wearing, càramh, mending, etc., creideamh, belief, and dèanamh, doing, in Kintyre and Islay, and càramh, dèanamh, and iomramh, rowing, in North Argyll. All those, except iomramh, have *dh*, but pronounced *g*, as we shall see in Arran. Càramh follows the analogy of the other words as dèanamh, 'dèanu,' in Perth, and is pronounced 'càru,' but in West Ross and Sutherland it is 'càra,' unlike either words in -adh, or words in -amh in its last syllable.

The ordinal numerals are sometimes spelt with *dh* in lieu of *mh*, as ceithreadh, fourth, coigeadh, fifth, by Arran and Argyll writers, but the pronunciation of the syllable in question differs in Arran and in Kintyre, and probably elsewhere, from those with either *dh* or *mh*.

The sound of unaspirated *g* is given to medial and final *dh* in some instances in Arran, especially at the south end of the island, as in cràdhach, painful, diadhaidh, fiadhaich, iodhal, idol, fiadh, deer, fiodh, wood, gèadh, goose, ruadh, red, fionnadh, hair, reothadh, frost, altachadh, grace. In words of one syllable, and in the terminations of verbs, *g* for *dh* is the rule there. As already indicated, this *g* for *dh* takes the place here of *mh* in the words caitheamh, dèanamh, etc. Some of the parts of the verb gràdhaich, love, are pronounced (with *à* sounded *è* throughout) gràgai', will love, ghràgaicheag, would love, gràgachag, loving, ghràgachag, was loved, and so on.

G is heard as frequently as *gh* for *dh* in subjunctives of verbs in Perth. Thus abrag and abragh are said equally often for abradh, would say; so with chuireadh, would set, etc. In infinitives in -adh the whole syllable, when not wanting altogether, is pronounced *ao* short in that county; a' reubadh, rending, is a' reubao, or a' reub. In West Ross in

all words of more than one syllable final *dh*, occasionally pronounced *gh*, is usually *g*, as in achadh, field, 'achag,' Murchadh, Murdoch, 'Murchag,' sileadh, dropping, 'sileag,' shileadh, would drop, 'shileag,' adhlaiceadh, burying, 'adhlaiceag.' Fasadh, a dwelling, a residence, whence Fassiefern, Dochanassie, and in Perthshire Foss, Gaelic Fas, but genitive as in Bràigh Fasaidh, Brae of Foss appears as fasag, genitive fasaidh, in several place-names throughout West Ross, as Fasag at Torridon, Cromasag (crom, crooked) at Kenlochewe, Fasagrianach (grianach, sunny) at Lochbroom, and am Fasag àluinn, the lovely dwelling, the Gaelic name of the modern Duncraig Castle (or, strictly speaking, of its site) near Plockton.

The sound of Gaelic *u*, like *u* in English 'rule,' is given almost invariably in Sutherland to *adh* in words of more than one syllable. Achadh, for example, is 'achu,' altachadh 'altachu,' and so geamhradh, winter, samhradh, summer, Murchadh; parts of verbs, as dheanadh, would do, ag cruinneachadh, gathering, etc. The same pronunciation is met with in Easter Ross, and prevails, excepting in the verbs, in great part of Ireland.

The sound of *bh* or *v*, which, as we have seen, is given to broad *gh* in Sutherland, is given also to broad *dh* at the end of accented syllables both there and in Easter Ross, as in diadhaidh, diadhair, fiadhaich, and gràdh. This pronunciation is most prevalent probably in Easter Ross. Within the county of Sutherland it is most frequent in the part adjoining Easter Ross; it is rare in the east of Sutherland, and has not been noticed in the north.

The same sound is given to *dh* in subjunctives of verbs in Knapdale, and as far north as the border of Lorne; dheanadh e sin, he would do that, for example, is there dheanabh ('dheanav') e sin.

Dh medially and finally is often silent, and sometimes sounds as *w*, *e.g.* bodhar, deaf, often 'bowar.'

dh slender.

Slender *dh*, pronounced slender *gh* initially, is silent in other positions in many districts. When final in monosyllables it sometimes sounds like *y* in North Argyll. In several of the islands, including far St. Kilda, it has the sound, when final, of slender *gh*, rising in cases to slender *ch*. MacAlpine represents it sometimes by *yh*, as in fàidh, prophet, cruaidh, hard, and sometimes by *y*, as in laoidh, a lay, luaidh, lead. In nasgaidh, gratis, slabhraidh, chain, and tuilidh, more, he pronounces, and, in the two latter words, even writes in alternative forms *ch* for *dh*. 'Slabhraich,' chain, has been noted also from Kintyre.

s

Initial *sv* is represented usually in Gaelic by *s*, but sometimes by *t*, *p*, or *f*; as piuthar, sister, Early Irish siur and fiur, Sanskrit svâsar. Thus seal, a while; fiolan, an earwig, and fealan, itch; pill, till, and fill, return, and seillean, a bee, are all apparently from the same root. Various pronunciations of seillean as teillean in Perth and Lewis; tainnleag, etc., in Sutherland, have been given already in the *Review* (vol. ii. p. 35). Other instances of *t* for *s*, or *vice versa*, are sabaid and tabaid, a brawl; and tìde and sìde, time, weather. Séist or séis and téis, melody, air, are both from the root of seinn, whence Latin sonare, sonus, English sound.

Iosal, low, which has broad *s* in Perth, Badenoch and Strathspey, West Ross and Sutherland, has slender *s* 'ìseal' in Arran, Argyll, and Skye. So also treasa, stronger, 'treise'; dìleas, faithful, 'dìlis,' and others in Arran and Argyll.

The insertion of the sound of *s* in the group *rt* in accented syllables prevails both in the northern and in the greater part of the southern area: as mart, a cow, 'marst'; ceart, right, 'cearst'; ort, on you; furtachd, help; cairt, bark, 'cairst'; beairt, loom; goirt, sour, etc. In unaccented

syllables the group *rt* is sounded *rst*, when not changed as it so often is to *rd*, as comhartaich, barking, 'comharstaich' (but also 'comhardaich'); luchairt, palace, 'luchairst'; but anart, linen, 'anard,' and so ascart, tow; cunnart, danger, etc. Both pronunciations occur in the same word in different compounds; cuilbheart, a wile, from cùil-beart, is 'cuilbhearst,' while caisbheart, or caiseart, foot-gear, from casbeart, is 'caiseard.'

It is a feature of Arran Gaelic that *s* is not heard in the group *rt* there, *e.g.* 'mart,' not 'marst.'

In the case of *rd* an insertion of *s* is not general, but is heard in North Argyll mainland and islands. In Sunart ard, high, is 'arsd'; ceard, tinker, 'cearsd'; ord, hammer, 'orsd'; and so also ardan, pride; bard, poet; card, a card, to card; bord, table; cord, agree; ordag, thumb, etc. Where *rd* is slender, *s* is heard in at least the following instances: ceàird, a trade, 'ciao'rsd'; ceaird, tinkers, 'cèrsd'; feaird, the better, 'fèrsd.'

In Colonsay also *s* is heard, *e.g.* in 'borsd,' table. In Tiree *s* appears even to have displaced *r* both before *d* and *t*; bord is commonly said to be pronounced 'bòsd,' mart 'mast,' and cairt 'caist,' in that island.

When *rt* is combined with *l* as in ceirtle, a clew, Old Irish certle, and in fairtlich, baffle, *t* often disappears and leaves this intrusive *s* in its place. The commonest forms of the two words, at all events in Southern Gaelic, are ceirsle and fairslich. Both words have evidently proved troublesome phonetically, and the former also orthographically. The orthographic difficulty has arisen from the change of sound from *e* to *a* (*ea*) before slender consonants. This change of vowel is usual before broad consonants as in ceart, right, Old Irish cert, ceard, craftsman, Early Irish cerd, and is exemplified before slender consonants also, as in beairt, loom, etc.; ceaird, tinkers; Peairt, the place-name 'Perth,' etc. A better spelling than ceirsle accordingly would be ceairsle, which is MacAlpine's, and is found also in the Highland Society's Dictionary; but the logical, and, on the prin-

ciples of Gaelic orthography, strictly phonetic trigraph *eai* has somehow often been avoided, and the phonetically incorrect digraph *ei* has been employed in this and other instances, such as beirt for beairt, feirt for feairt, attention, cèird for ceàird, etc. Besides those forms of ceirtle, others, of which some are attempts to spell, and some show differences of pronunciation, are ceartla, ceirsleadh, cearsla, and, under 'bottom' of yarn, cearsail given by Armstrong, cearsle and cearla by Shaw, and ceirthle, ceathairle, and, as obsolete from MSS., cearla also in the Highland Society's Dictionary. Cearla is nearly the pronunciation—'ceairlle'—in Shaw's native island of Arran. It is cearta in Gairloch according to MacDonald's *Faclair Gàidhlig le Dealbhan.* In Irish ceirtle, ceirsle, ceircle (influenced probably by cearcuil, circle), ceirtlín and ceartlinn are found (Dinneen), and in Donegal ceirtlin has three pronunciations (Quiggin), which we should write ceairllín, ceairtlín, and ceirllín.

Fairtlich is not quite so variable. In Southern Gaelic generally it is pronounced and often written fairslich ('fa'rsllich,' in Glenlyon 'fau'rsllich,' with *au* diphthong, as noticed in vol. iii. p. 225). Artlaich is given in the Highland Society's Dictionary. In Badenoch and Strathspey the word is pronounced faltraich, in Lochcarron fartaich—cf. cearta, Gairloch, *supra*—and in Arran fairlich, 'fairlli,' Shaw farlaicam, for which read farlaicham, while in MacDonald's *Faclair Gàidhlig* failich and falaich are given as Lewis forms.[1]

Airtneal, weariness, also is often written airsneal, and is quoted as airteal from both Alexander and Ronald MacDonald (H. S. D.). The Irish is given by Dinneen as aisnéall. Variations of feursann, a warble, have been dealt with in the second volume of the *Review.* In addition to the forms given there, fèurtan is used in Glenlyon, féurtann and féirsinn (all three singular in number) in North Argyll (Sunart), and feursag, feursdag, and, from Lewis, fiarsnan, occur in MacDonald's *Faclair Gàidhlig.*

[1] The last form exemplifies the broadening remarked above (p. 74), of aspirated slender *l* in Lewis.

sh

In two instances *sh* has become *ch* in Arran. Car mu chlios, upside down (of clothes), is obviously for car mu shlios. 'All Fools' Day' is there La chealg na cuthaige, sometimes La cheal' na cuthaige, and is to be explained as La shealg na cuthaige, lit. Hunting of the cuckoo day, or in broad Scots 'Hunt-the-gowk day.'

SEA-POEMS

(*Continued from p.* 249)

KENNETH MACLEOD

VII

TEACHD LEÒID

In the Macleod country, Skye, there lived for many generations a family locally known as *Clann a' Chomhairlich*, 'the Counsellor's Family,' whose boast it was that 'they had never lost any poetry or tradition, but were ever adding to the cairn'—*cha do chaill iad bàrdachd no beul-aithris riamh, ach a' sior-chur ris a' chàrn.* Early in the nineteenth century this family began to break up; several of its members removed to other parts of the Hebrides, many emigrated to the Colonies, and hardly any of the old stock were left in the Macleod country. In the dispersion and in the struggle for existence amid new surroundings, the old ballads and the folklore were mostly forgotten—a sad falling-away from the wisdom which had earned for the founder of the family the name of 'counsellor'! Fortunately, however, the whole of their interesting literary heritage has not been lost; some ninety years ago, one of the family, Kenneth Macleod, carried a good deal of it to Trotternish, in the north end of Skye, and his children in their turn (especially his daughter Janet) handed down many fragments to a

younger generation in the island of Eigg. And thus it is that what remains of the old *Clann a' Chomhairlich* heritage finds its way into the *Celtic Review*.

The poem given below only partly bears out the family boast. Additions have evidently been made to the cairn in the shape of stray lines and verses from such ballads as *Laoidh an Amadain Mhòir*, but, on the other hand, most of the original poem seems to have been lost in the course of transmission, and it comes to an abrupt end at the most interesting point.

A poem of this kind is not history, but at any rate it agrees with all tradition and with the latest etymology[1] in ascribing a Norse origin to the Macleods. In the matter of genealogy, the clan has received generous treatment at the hands of the seanachies, both old and modern; history, however, has been less kind. In the Kilbride MS. of 1540 and Dr. Skene's MS. 1450, the origin of both the Campbells and the Macleods is traced back to Fergus Lethderg, son of Nemed, who must have lived sometime in the Stone Age; while in more recent times a pious member of the clan (probably a Disruption worthy) has discovered a more orthodox lineage in the Book of Nehemiah (vii. 37)—*Mic Loid, Hadid agus Ono, seachd ciad, fichead agus a h-aon!* After such genealogical feats, it is rather humiliating to have to admit that historically (leaving the Old Testament out of account!) the Macleods make their first appearance in 1343, when both branches of the clan got charters from King David II. for mainland estates—the *Siol-Torcuil* for Assynt, and the *Siol-Tormaid* for Glenelg. Anything previous to that date is mere guess-work, or, at best, tradition. This much, however, may be risked—that Leod was a Norseman of some importance who lived in Lewis and Harris some time in the thirteenth century, and was the father of the Torquil and the Tormod who became the heads respectively of the *Siol-Torcuil* of Lewis and the *Siol-Tormaid* of Harris.

[1] According to the late Dr. Alex. Macbain, *Leod* is from *Ljótr*, 'ugly,' curtailed from *Ljótulf*, 'ugly wolf.' *Torquil* is 'Thor's kettle,' and *Tormod*, 'Thor-minded.'

Which of the two was the senior branch has never been determined, but events at any rate have made Macleod of Dunvegan the chief of *Siol-Leòid.*

Latha do 'n Ridire Leod
Bhi 'n criochan Lochlainn nan ceol caoin,
Bu mhòr a thart 's blas thonn 'na bheul
'S ceathach nan neul 'na shùil.

Chaidh e steach do 'n ghleannan àigh
A b' àille slios feur is fonn,
Gleannan diomhair tiamhaidh ciuin—
Ach gu 'n cluinnteadh fuaim nan tonn.

Gleannan nan geasa 's nan drùidh
Anns an suthain mùirn is ceol—
Ach na caidil ann gu brath
Mus tig àmhghar ort nas mò.

Faicear an sruthan a' dòirteadh,
Na h-eoin bheaga 's an guib 'na bhùrn,
An ceo 'ga fhalach mu bhàrr,
A' bhàirlinn 'ga ghabhail 's a' chuan.

Uisg an easain air mo dhos,[1]
Cha laigh rosad orm a chaoidh,
Cha bhath uisg no sàile mi
'S cha mho phràmhas [2] mi air luim.

Dh' éirich an ainnir 'san t-sruth,
Aluinn a cruth mar a' ghrein,
Sheinneadh i a' chruit 's a' chlàr,
'S gu 'm b' fhearr na sheinneadh i, a beus.

'Chì mi ùr-bhean nan sul gorm,'
Arsa Ridir' garbh nan tonn,
'Cluinneam nis do cheol 's do ghàir',
Ainnir bhàin nan clàr 's nam fonn.'

Cha robh ceol a sheinneadh eoin
Moch no anamoch 's a' choill,
Cha robh ceol an caol no 'n cuan
Nach cual' an Ridire gun mhaill.

[1] See *Review*, vol. iii. p. 359. Is the *ainnir* of the poem a river-goddess?

[2] Rarely used as a verb. Here the meaning seems to be that *Leod* would be heart-broken if divorced from the sea. *Pràmh* usually denotes mental suffering, which may, however, be followed as a result by physical suffering.

'S leòir e ghruagaich ghil nan teud,
Chuir thu trian nan treun ri m' chlì,
B' eolas e do luchd nan creuchd,
Chuireadh sid an t-Eug a dhìth.'

'S tusa Ridire nan tonn,
Gur e t' fhonn-sa gaoth nan céin,
Na 'n cluinninn t' iarrtus 's do mhiann,
Chuirinn trian deth air do ré.'

'Rugadh mi ri taobh a' chuain,
Tha mo dhualchas anns an tràigh,
'S gur iomadh latha gòrach òg
Bha mi leis na ròin air snàmh.

Trì tubaistean an taibh
Leam cha mhaith air lorg an fhaoibh,[1]
Bodha air am bruainteadh faoch,
Ioma-ghaoth is srutha-saoibh.

Buaidh mara, sid mo mhiann,
'S a' bhìrlinn a bhi laidir luath,
Cal' am dheigh is cala romham,
An doineann shios is an ceo shuas.'

'S leatsa sin 's da nì nach d' iarr,
Ars' an ainnir deud-gheal òg,
Latha siar is dà lath' deas
Gus an seas thu an Tir Leoid.'

Chuir an Ridir' a long air sàil,
'S àrd no ìosal cha robh i cearr,
Bha 'n ceo shuas is an doineann shios,
'S mar a b' fhiata 's ann a b' fhearr.

'Chì mi sid an iomall a' chuain,
Fada uam an oir nan tonn,
Beinn àrd 's a' ghrian 'na ciabh
'S innis riabhach sgaoilt' mu bonn.'[2]

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[1] Plunder.

[2] Lewis and Harris?

'RHYS GOCH AP RHICCERT'

H. Idris Bell

I

The poems attributed to Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert were first made known to the world in 1848, when they were published in the *Iolo MSS.*,[1] having been transcribed from a MS. probably of the eighteenth century. Before then there appears to be in the whole of Welsh literature no reference either to Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert or to any of his poems. This is the more surprising inasmuch as the poems were no sooner published than they were universally recognised as a valuable addition to Welsh literature, and Rhys Goch was indeed by many compared favourably with Dafydd ap Gwilym himself. In the *Iolo MSS.* they are assigned to 'Rhys Goch of Tir Iarll, the son of Rhiccert, the son of Einion, the son of Collwyn, about 1140,' and that attribution seems to have been accepted without question by Iolo Morganwg. Stephens, however, in his *Literature of the Kymry,* called the date in question. He pointed out, what indeed ought to be obvious at the first glance, that alike in language, in subject, and in style the poems are totally different from anything written in the twelfth century, and he produced evidence, from pedigrees and elsewhere, which he considered to justify the conclusion that Rhys Goch flourished, not in the twelfth, but in the fourteenth, century. With this date he considered the internal evidence of the poems themselves to agree. Their subjects, which are exclusively love and nature, connect them with the new movement in Welsh poetry associated with the name of Dafydd ap Gwilym; and on the other hand their want of *Cynghanedd*,[2] the metrical characteristic of the

[1] Welsh MSS. Society, Llandovery, 1848; text of Rhys Goch's poems, pp. 228-251, descriptions and translations, pp. 645-651.

[2] Stephens is quite wrong here. *Cynghanedd* occurs fairly often, though it is not used throughout, as in the 'Strict Metres.' One of the poems (No. 19 in the *Iolo MSS.*) is in the *Cywydd* metre.

Welsh 'Strict Metres,' which is fully developed in Dafydd ap Gwilym, indicates that they date from an earlier period than, say, 1360. Stephens therefore placed them in the earlier part of the fourteenth century, and thus made Rhys Goch rather than Dafydd ap Gwilym the real originator of the new style of poetry.

The great authority of Stephens led to the general acceptance of his view, which till recently has passed almost unchallenged; but the latest editor of any portion of the poems[1] has shown reason to place them much later than the early fourteenth century. He publishes from Additional MS. 14,974 of the British Museum a number of love-poems copied at the end of the sixteenth and beginning of the seventeenth centuries, and including, though with very considerable differences of reading, several of the poems attributed to Rhys Goch in the *Iolo MSS.* The sole authority of Iolo's eighteenth-century MS. is thus supplemented, as regards some of the poems, by a much earlier MS., and in no case is any one of the poems there attributed to Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert. Moreover, these poems are written in the same hands as a number of other love-poems in the volume, which therefore it is not unnatural to suppose were taken from the same book; and as they resemble these other poems both in style and language, it is at least possible that they may be by the same author, or at any rate belong to the same period. Now one of the additional poems is not only attributed in a note at the foot to 'Llywelyn ap Hywel ap Ieuan ap Gronwy,' but in the poem itself occur the words:

> 'O daw gofun pwy a ganodd hyn,
> Llywelin ap Hwl . . .'
>
> ('If any one asks who sang this, it is Llywelyn ap Hywel.')

It is suggested by the editor that this person may be Llewelyn ap Hwlcyn, a sixteenth-century Anglesey poet,

[1] *Hen Ganiadau Serch*, No. 3 of the publications of the 'Cymdeithas Llen Cymru' (Society of Welsh Literature).

not a poet of Morganwg, as Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert is supposed to have been. That is conjectural enough; but at least the evidence of the *Iolo MSS.* is proved to be even more precarious than it seemed at first; and moreover the editor of *Hen Ganiadau Serch* shows that the reasoning of Stephens as to the date of Rhys Goch ap Rhiccert is quite inconclusive.

Freed in this way from the necessity of fitting in the poems to a particular period, we have to judge of their date from internal evidence; and here everything points unmistakably to a date much later than Dafydd ap Gwilym, perhaps even to the middle of the sixteenth century. Their authorship must remain at present uncertain: they may be by various writers, and one or two seem as if they might be popular songs. If I retain the name Rhys Goch, it must be understood that this is for convenience only, as one speaks of 'Homer' in connection with the Greek epics. I include in this notice not only the poems of the *Iolo MSS.*, but such also of the poems in Additional MS. 14,974 as are published in *Hen Ganiadau Serch*, which, if not by the same author, at any rate belong to the same school as the former.

II

It is not unnatural that in the first enthusiasm of discovery the poems of Rhys Goch should have been placed beside those of Dafydd ap Gwilym, which in some respects they so much resemble. By this time, however, it is possible to take a more sober view of them, and one must admit that they were at first decidedly over-rated. They have neither the range and variety of Dafydd ap Gwilym nor his mastery of language; their treatment of nature is more conventional, and they show few or none of those illuminating touches of imaginative insight which distinguish his nature poetry; nor is it any longer possible, the traditional date being abandoned, to give to Rhys Goch the credit of being the founder of the new movement in Welsh literature. Within their own range, however, these poems are delightful; and both for

their intrinsic merits and because they are representative of a great deal of Welsh nature-poetry both in its merits and defects, an account and, still more, some specimens of them may be of interest to wider circles than professed students of Welsh literature. Welsh being to me an acquired language, I should feel some diffidence in publishing these translations of a poet in places decidedly difficult but for the fact that two Welsh-speaking friends have kindly compared them with the originals, and in several places suggested more exact renderings.

It has several times been remarked by various writers how un-moral much of Celtic literature is; and the criticism is entirely applicable to the poems of Rhys Goch. It is not that there is in them any touch of immorality; they have rather no connection with morality; and by morality I mean not merely any code of right and wrong, but all that we imply in speaking of man as a moral creature, all the conflicts and problems of the life of human society. The world of the poet is a world where laws and the realities of life are unknown, a world of pure fantasy, and none the less so because it does not transport us to any realm known to fable; it is a world of nature to which, as the poet himself says, 'ni ddaw . . . y cas ddynion'—'hateful men come not'—a world inhabited only, save for the occasional intrusion of 'yr Eiddig'—'the jealous husband'—by the flowers, the birds, and the poet and his lady. The poems do undeniably lose much by this frank avoidance of reality, but they have all that grace and delicacy of touch which is one of the chief charms of Celtic poetry. Epithets tend indeed to be repeated till they become merely conventional, and the same images and similes recur constantly, but always there is a freshness and naturalness of manner, an exquisite fancy, and a genuine delight in nature, which prevent their repetitions from growing monotonous. They have, too, the qualities which we associate specially with the Celtic genius: its love of whiteness and light; its sure tact in the choice and blending of colours, its naïveté of emotional expression, and its whimsical,

exaggerated humour. They are full of beautiful touches like this of the nightingale :—

'Mirain ei sain, iesinfalch Eos,
Meirwon gwydd herwydd ei hir aros.'

('Lovely is her song, the fair, proud nightingale,
The woods are sick to death because of her long delay.')

Or this of the poet's lady :—

'Lliw blodau man efeill perllan,
Grudd eiliw rhos ar ôd unnos.'

('Like the little blossoms of the apple-trees in the orchard,
And her cheek like roses on one night's snow.')

Or this of the birds' songs in her praise :—

'Cydfolant hon adar gwylltion.'

('The wild birds sing in unison to her praise.')

Or, loveliest perhaps of all, the following—

'Cerddai dyn war wyneb daiar
Yn hardd baunes drwy 'r melyndes,
Ag ni phlygai man y cerddai
Dan wyndraed hon un o'r meillion.'

('My gentle lady walked the face of the earth
Like a lovely pea-hen through the yellow heat,
And there bent not, where she walked,
Beneath her white feet, the tiniest flower.')

The following passage is a beautiful example of imaginative truth to nature :—

'I was on a field's border, beneath a low-branched tree, hearing the song of the wild birds, listening to the talk of the thrush-cock. From the trees in the glen he composed a stanza, from the trees on the slope he sang a sweet song. Mottled was his breast amid green leaves, as on the branches a thousand flowers. At the side of the brook all hear him; with the dawn he sings like a silver bell, offering sacrifice till the hour of noon, on a green altar ministering poesy; from the green-leaved hazel-branches he sings an ode to God the Lord, and a carol of love from the green glade to all in the glen's hollow who love him, a heart's balm to lovers.'

From another poem comes a delightful description of the poet's bower in the woods:—

'Lovely to look on is the cosy shelter when it puts on its leaves, the green house with its fresh greensward. Pleasant the porch of tender brushwood, on a floor of trefoils of green closes; and the amorous cuckoo, eloquent, alluring, will sing his love-songs with clear voice, and the sweet thrush-chick of purest utterance will sing gloriously, bright, glad poet of the summertide. From the grove, joyfully, continually, the nightingale, amid green leaves, will pour forth her glad songs, and with the day will the merry-voiced lark sing with ready art his sweet stanzas; yes, every joy through the long, lovely day will be mine if I win thee here, Gwen, for a little.'

Poem No. XVIII. in the *Iolo MSS.* is probably Rhys Goch's masterpiece in the poetry of love. I give the first half of it:—

'I made of my love a tryst with my lady, under a green-leaved hazel-branch. She came, my sweet, to the youth who loves her; and there was I, waiting my lovely maid. To set a kiss on my lady's lips, on my lips to have kisses—this was my compact with her who is fair as Lynette; a bond of enchantment, an enduring desire. About us was the summer sun of July, and on the face of the field long grass, flowers of all hues, leaves of every kind; and there lay Gwen and I joyfully, resting we twain in the midst of flowers, resting on her breast in the midst of clover. Lip to lip with Gwen, the lady of all my song, I had a feast from the lips of my lady, the feast of Saint David in the choir of Hodnant, the feast of Taliesin in the Court of Elphin, the feast of the Round Table in Caerlleon, the feast of fair angels in Paradise. We two together feasted so, caring not for aught that hath been, thinking not of aught that is to come. Oh, happy hour! never shall our sweet communion end. This was all our song, that we would enjoy our bliss together, to live joyfully on a feast of kisses, and together of kissing to die.'

The reckless *abandon* of this is in the true spirit of love-poetry; it has that by no means common quality in the earlier love-poetry of Wales, true passion, and indeed rises to real greatness, recalling Catullus's 'Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus.' Its effect is increased by its 'tragic irony,' for the poet has no sooner come to this point than 'Yr Eiddig' appears to interrupt his love-making and soundly belabours both him and his lady.

The following passage, taken, not from the *Iolo MSS.* but from the *Hen Ganiadau Serch*, is an example of Rhys Goch's lighter style :—

'When I had sung this much, I heard the cuckoo, robed in green leaves, cry out: "Ha! old Llywelyn,[1] how dost thou?" "Welcome to land, little cuckoo; God! how long thou hast delayed. The Jealous One gave me many a chiding since last I saw thee." "Take hold on him and shake him, and slay him surely once for all, and wed thou Gwen." "I had good hold on him, the black and toothless knave, and down I threw him beneath me; his strength was but little. Who would not laugh, though he were sick, to hear the knave entreat: 'Spare me, O spare me, o' Mary's name; I will not say one word against thee.'"'

One poem, entitled 'To the maid who would marry none but a farmer,' describes charmingly a 'summer-farmstead' (*hafod*) of brushwood which the poet has prepared for his lady and his preparations for setting up as a farmer; and a number of poems belong to the class so common in Welsh love-poetry, the despatch of various creatures as *llateion* or love-envoys. In one the messenger is a thrush, in another a sea-gull, 'white queen of the waves of Severn sea, who hast thy kingdom on the ninth wave of ocean'; in one the poet sends the blackbird, the thrush, the lark, the cuckoo, and the nightingale; in one of the poems of Additional MS. 14,974, he complains of the absence of his envoy, the nightingale, and in another he sends the thrush-cock to Shrewsbury, 'to the house of the bailiff,' to inquire for Gwen. A charming poem of the *Iolo MSS.* bids the poet's love go on pilgrimage to Rome, to do penance for her cruelty; and when she arrives,

'the Pope will ask of thee, my lady, "What is the chiefest ill that brings thee hither? If thou desirest heaven, thou must confess." Then will my lady, my bashful one, confess that she is guilty against one who loved her; that she it is who wrought his death, breaking a heart that was faithful, a son of her country dead of the love of her, and that his head is under the turf. Then will horsehair be put about my sweet, to bear penance

[1] Welsh, 'Ow, llelo llwud.' I take *llelo* as the diminutive of Llywelyn (Pughe, Welsh Dictionary). This connects the poem in question (XIV. in *Hen. Gan. Serch*) as well as XIII., in which the same expression occurs, with the 'Llywelin ap Hwl' mentioned above (p. 353). *Llwud* ('grey') I take as implying age.

her life long, for slaying at her whim a youth who loved her. May Mary forgive my chaste maid, even as I forgive her; my bright love, heaven to her soul!'

As regards the versification of the poems, the Welsh extracts given above will show something of its beauty. They are often exquisitely melodious, and they have a delicacy of touch quite in keeping with their matter. They use those typically Celtic devices, alliteration and 'hidden' or internal rhyme, with great effect, the constant repetition of the same vowels, combined with the chime of recurring consonants, producing that romantic impression which Matthew Arnold considered as of the essence of all rhyme: we seem to hear the peal of fairy bells across dreaming meadow grasses; and in some of the poems this effect is heightened by the way in which the last word of each verse is taken for the first of that which follows, as the mountain echo catches up the dying sounds of the valley. The following verses are a good example:—

'Claf wyf o serch annerch Anni,
Ag ni chaf hon lonn liw 'r Lili;
Ni bu Lili gerddi gwyrddion
Mor deg ym myd na phryd Gwenfron.

'Gwenfron galon golwg gwisgi,
Duw Nef a 'i gwyr, llwyr y 'm lleddi;
Na 'm lladd, cangen feinwen fwyniaith,
Gad imi fyw, rho rhyw obaith.

'Oes i 'm obaith, hudiaith hedydd,' etc.

('I am sick for the love-greetings of Annie,
And I cannot win the glad one, fair as the lily;
Never was lily in green gardens
So fair in all the world as she of the white breasts.

'My white-breasted, my sprightly darling,
God of heaven knows, wholly thou slayest me;
Slay me not, delicate branch, sweet-tongued,
Let me live, give me some hope.

'Is there any hope, O lark of the alluring voice. . . .')

Lastly, I give a complete poem as a more perfect specimen of the poet's manner:—

'LOVE'S MARTYR.[1]

'Bright as the many-hued flowers, she of the delicate brow, gentle her demeanour as she plays with her comrades, glittering in light beneath her golden jewels:—alas! her jewels, alas! her jewels.

'Jewels she would have, my bright maid; but wealth comes not to the shepherd; and Gwen ceases not to steal away my soul:—alas! my soul, alas! my soul.

'My soul is the maiden on the plain's edge, and for the fair maid I die of exceeding love; yea, I am filled with love when I greet her:—alas! when I greet her, alas! when I greet her.

'When I greet Gwenddydd,[2] I, her bard, when I greet her daily with songs ever new; but there will be no songs where I shall be to-morrow[3]:—alas! to-morrow, alas! to-morrow.

'To-morrow I shall be gone, I shall not win Gwenddydd; alas! I am sick and must die; no more shall I sing her praise who is fair as the summer:—alas! the singing, alas! the singing.

'I will sing a reproach against my silver maid, a song of evil purpose to heal my woe. Sweet will be my complaint; only to speak to her is pleasure[4]:—alas! the pleasure, alas! the pleasure.

'Pleasure I had before I loved her; now I have but pain and confusion, and my cheeks are pale for loving her:—alas! the loving, alas! the loving.

'Loving a sweet, glad face, and no tryst to be won with my darling. Because I cannot win Gwen, I know that my death is sure:—alas! my death, alas! my death.

'Death awaits me surely, O sweet one, sprightly one, if thou reject me; I know what pain is by reason of my anguish:—alas! my anguish, alas! my anguish.

'Anguish daily in bearing her rebuke. Alas! no joy will come to me; to-morrow will be the end:—alas! the end, alas! the end.

'The end of anguish; a woman it was who beguiled me; Gwen it was who made me what ye see; fair is she who brought me the coldness:—alas! the coldness, alas! the coldness.

'The coldness of death is under my ribs; in three days I am dead,[5] for the maid of my desire, bright as the many-hued flowers:—alas! the flowers, alas! the flowers.'

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[1] A verse translation (but a very poor one) is quoted in Stephens's *Literature of the Kymry*. The editors of the *Iolo MSS.* translate a few verses.

[2] *Gwenddydd* means the morning-star.

[3] Or 'but she will not be there where,' etc. The translation in the *Iolo MSS.* has 'And more kind will she not be when I come again on the morrow,' which is almost certainly wrong. 'To-morrow' is literally 'day after to-morrow.'

[4] To get in the catchword at the beginning of the next verse I have had to paraphrase somewhat here.

[5] Welsh *dan fy ngolau*, which is obscure, and seems corrupt. The whole word *golo*, 'covering' (*i.e.* the shroud or the grave), can hardly be meant, because of the rhyme.

UIST GAMES

Alexander Morrison

In the following account of Uist games it is well to notice that the majority of them are not common to-day. They may all be played, some in one place and some in another, but for the most part they are becoming things of the past. Perhaps the reason is that boys and girls leave school at the age at which they generally have an enthusiasm for games. Most boys and girls nowadays leave school before they are fourteen, and very few remain beyond that age. This, I consider, accounts to a great extent for the extinction of these games to which our fathers owed so much.

In this article I have done my best to give an account of all the games of which I have heard, and to do so in such a manner as to make them clear to the reader. The following list of the games I am going to describe is not taken in any order.

1. Speilean, Iomairt air Speil, Cat and Bat.
2. Cluich an Tighe, Rounders.
3. Goid a Chruin, Stealing the Crown.
4. Spidean, Pitch and Toss.
5. Propataireachd (1), Quoits, or Pitchers.
6. Propataireachd (2) Leagail Shaighdear, Skittles.
7. Falach Fait,[1] Hide and Seek.
8. Sgipiteach, Sgiobairsach, Scibiteagead, } Tig.
9. Milleag, Mireadh or Mireag nan Cruach, }
10. Dheandair (Yenter), King.
11. Bualadh nam Boisean, a kind of Forfeits.
12. Bodachan an Doille Bhodaich, Blindman's Buff.
13. An Lair Mhaide, The Wooden Horse.
14. Falach a' Phaipeir, Hiding the Paper (Hunt the Thimble).
15. An Deile Bhogadain, See-Saw.

[1] *Falach-fead* elsewhere.

16. Seasamh Claidheamh, Standing on the Head.
17. Ciopan Dochart.
18. Iomart Fhaochag, 'Chuckie Stanes.'
19. Mac Cruslaig 's na Mucan, MacCruslaig and the Pigs.
20. Iomain, Shinty.

Speilean corresponds to the game of 'cat and bat.' The necessaries for the game are (1) the 'speil' or the 'cat,' (2) the 'driver' or the bat, and (3) the 'ball' of worsted or hair. Two sides of equal numbers are picked, one side taking the first of the batting, the other of the fielding, as they win or lose the toss.

A hole is made in the ground with the heel, and one end of the 'speil,' a small flat piece of wood, is put into it. The ball rests in the hole on the inner end of the 'speil.' The first batter strikes the end which protrudes with the 'driver,' thus sending the ball into the air. While the ball is in the air he smites it with all his power, the object being to drive it as far as possible from the hole. If any of the opposing side catch it before it touches the ground the striker is out, but if no catch is made the first fielder to reach the ball gives a 'faireag' or bowl to the batsman. The latter again drives the ball as far as possible, and if a catch is made he is out. If, however, no catch is made, the first player of the opposing side to reach the ball throws the ball into, or as near as he can to, the hole. This is called 'pīceadh.' If it goes into the hole the player is out. If not, he measures the length of the ball from the hole by means of the bat. If it is not one bat's length he is out; if it is one or more he plays on until he is out, when another member of his side comes in his place. This continues till one side counts 100, or is all out, when the opposing side comes in. If neither side reaches the set number of points, whichever side scores the greatest number of points is said to be the winner.

This game is fairly popular still, and is one of the healthiest and best of the Uist games.

Cluich an Tighe is practically identical with the game of 'rounders.' Two sides of equal numbers are picked, one fielding, the other batting. The necessaries are a bat or 'driver' and a ball. Three circles are drawn in a triangle, the sides of the triangle being as nearly as possible 50 yards each. One side takes its stand inside the first circle, all the other side fielding round about with the exception of a bowler, or, as he is called, 'fear tha tort nan faireag,' who stands in the centre of the triangle.

The batsman in circle No. 1 receives a faireag or bowl, and after striking the ball as hard as possible, runs immediately for circle No. 2. If the ball is fair caught he is out, or if while running he is struck by the ball or the circle is struck, he is out. Another batter now takes his place, receives a faireag, smites the ball, and runs for No. 2; while the player already in No. 2 runs for circle No. 3. If either of them is struck, or either circle is struck by the ball, the player thus struck or the player running to the circle struck, is out.

Batsman No. 3. now stands forward, receives his faireag, the others running for the next circle: the boy in circle No. 3 runs to circle No. 1 this time, and this goes on till the whole side is out, when the opposing side takes its turn at batting, the erstwhile batsmen fielding. The counting is as follows:—Any number may be fixed on, usually 50 or 100 to a side. For each time a player runs right round and back to circle No. 1 it counts 1. If neither side reaches the given number, the side which has the highest number of points is adjudged the winner. This game is now practically dead in Uist, but used to be very popular.

Goid a Chruin, stealing the crown, is described as like Cluich an tighe, but I am not able at this time to give details of the game.

Spidean resembles closely the common game of 'pitch and toss,' the difference being that buttons are always used instead of coins. A small stick is set up as *spid*, and a line drawn at the distance of about 10 feet. At this line the

players take their stand. The game is open to any number of players—in fact the more players the better the game.

Each player tosses his button at the *spid*, his object being to come as near it as possible. He whose button lies nearest the *spid* gathers the other buttons in his hands, shakes them, and finally tosses them into the air. All those which fall face downwards he gathers and keeps ; the remainder are lifted by the player whose button lay second, and thrown by him, those falling upwards being in turn claimed by him. This continues till the buttons have all been gained, the first man often getting a second throw if the buttons last so long. The players all take their stand again on the line, the last tosser of the former time being first to play this time, and continue throwing till they have lost all their buttons or are otherwise forced to desist.

Should the *spid* be hit fairly by any man except the first, all buttons, no matter how near, must be lifted and re-tossed.

The advantages of being first man consist in the following. The first player may, if he choose, reclaim his toss by saying, 'Cha laidh mi,' 'I shall not lie'; but if his toss be good enough, he says 'Laidh mi,' thus compelling all who follow to 'lie,' no matter how poor their attempt may be.

If, however, the first player says 'Cha laidh mi,' those following can all say the same, till such time as some one remarks 'Laidh mi,' after which they are all forced to lie.

Another advantage of the first man is that though he strike the *spid* fair, he can yet 'lie.'

Still popular, this was one of our fathers' most cherished games. Many and severe were the thrashings meted out to them for its sake. A boy departed to school with perhaps thirty buttons on a string, returned home with none, yea, without one on his clothes, which were held in place by pieces of wood or string.

Propataireachd (1) is a game like quoits or pitchers. Two large stones or props are set up on end at a distance from each other of about 20 yards. The number of players varies

from two to six. If more than two play, they may do so singly or in picked sides. The only articles needed are the *props* and two flat pieces of stone, as nearly balanced as possible, wherewith to toss. The game goes by points, a certain number, usually 21, being agreed on as game. The pointing or scoring, which is not reckoned in the same way anywhere, is as follows in Uist: three points if you knock the *prop* down fairly; one point if that pitcher lies nearer the *prop* than any other; one point if your other pitcher lies nearer than any of your opponent's. Thus if your two quoits be nearer the *prop* than your opponent's two, you have two points; if only one is nearer, then you have only one point.

In the case of two players, both stand at the same prop and toss at the opposite prop, endeavouring to hit it or lie as near to it as possible.

In the case of sides (say two on each side), one member of each side takes the stones, while the other two stand at the opposite prop, and toss each his two quoits to the best of his ability. These are then in turn tossed towards them again by those at the other end; the game counting, as usual, in points.

Propataireachd (2) or 'Leagail Shaighdear,' felling the soldier, is played on the same principle as skittles. There are two equal sides of any number, usually about seven, and each player has a prop, which he sticks in the ground just enough to make it stand. Each player is provided with two stones for throwing at the props. The side which wins the toss then starts to knock as many as possible of the opponents' props down in this way. The first man in the row throws his two quoits, trying to knock as many down as he can; his neighbour follows, and so on till all the row have thrown their quoits. If they knock down all the opposing props, the game is theirs; if not, their opponents start in exactly the same way to knock theirs down. If they succeed, they win the game; if not, the stones are put up again and play recommences.

Falach Fait, or Fead, is much the same as 'hide and seek.'

One player is chosen, who covers his eyes while the rest go and hide. On a signal (usually a whistle) he seeks for them, and when he finds one, that one is out of the game till such time as they are all found, when the first one who was discovered takes his turn as searcher.

Sgipiteach[1] is exactly our childhood game of 'tig,' where one player runs after the others till he touches one, who in turn runs after the others. There is a more advanced form of the game—

Mireag nan Cruach, which is played in harvest-time round the hay and corn stacks, the passages among which give splendid opportunities of hiding. When the signal is given, the chaser comes round the stacks after the other players, and as each one is found he is out of the game till they are all discovered, when the first to be caught is made the hunter for the next round. The signal in this game is the shout of 'Mhalic a mhalic (?) nan cruach.' This is a combination of hide-and-seek and tig, for the players hide round the stacks, but it is not enough for the searcher to see them, as in hide and seek; he must touch them, as in tig. On the other hand, those caught are out of the game till all are caught, when the first caught becomes the chaser.

Dheandair or Yenter, called in the south 'King,' was a very common game, and is still played with great zest. In fact, few games can hold their own with dheandair. Any number of players are allowed, one of whom is made the 'righ' or 'king.' Two lines are drawn facing each other at a distance of about 60 feet. All the players except the 'righ' then take up their position on one line, their object being to reach the other line without being crowned. The 'righ' stands between these two lines and calls out 'A dheandair! a dheandair! co'n duine bhi's agam bidh e air a chrunadh!' upon which all rush for the opposite side. The king then tries to catch some one and crown him, *i.e.* lay his hand on his head. If the boy caught can wriggle away before he is crowned, he is free. The boy who has been crowned then takes his stand with the 'righ,'

[1] Elsewhere *sgiobag, sgiobagaich, sgiobatan.*

and they again call out their challenge, both now attempting to get somebody. This goes on till all are caught, when the first to be crowned is king for the next time.

Buaileadh nam Boisean is an indoor game in which the chosen person puts his face on some one's knee and holds his hands behind his back, palms upward. Some one in the company then approaches and touches the hands (often with greater force than necessary), and the 'blind' one has to say who touched him. Should he guess correctly, good and well, he is let up and the other has to take his place; but the first guesser is often long down before being lucky enough to say who his opponent is. This game also goes by the name of '*Ultaun Altaun.*'

Bodachan an Doille Bhodaich is the name given in our part of the country to 'Blind Man's Buff,' where a handkerchief is tied round some one's eyes, and thus blindfolded he is to catch another of the players. Whoever he catches is blindfolded for the next time. The game is played indoors or outdoors.

An Lar Mhaide, the wooden horse, was generally an indoor game though often played outside also. A trapeize was made by two pieces of rope tied to a rafter and let down from the ceiling. A pole was tied to these at a distance of about three feet from the ground. On this pole the player had to balance himself sitting astride. He held another pole in his hands. The object was to strike the ground on both sides with the pole without falling. Whenever one fell off, in addition to the severe shaking, one was out of the game. This game provided very beneficial exercise.

Falach a' Phaipeir was another indoor game corresponding to hunt the thimble. All the players, with the exception of one, went out of the room, while the exception hid the paper. The rest then came in to search, while the person who had concealed it called out 'Teth teth!' if any one was near it, or 'Fuar fuar!' to one far away from it, just as in English players call out 'Warm!' or 'Cold!' in the same game. If any one found the paper he sat down without saying any-

thing, and the game continued till all had silently taken seats or given up the hunt. Then the first to sit down stayed in the room for the next turn.

An Deile Bhogadain, the wobbling plank, is identical with see-saw and is a favourite game.

Seasamh Claidheamh, sword-standing, *i.e.* 'standing on the head,' at which Uist boys are very proficient, might more properly be called a feat than a game.

Ciopan Dochart is a trial of strength. Two boys or men sit on the floor opposite each other with the soles of their feet touching. They have a stout stick, which they grasp with alternate hands. The one attempts to pull the other up on his feet. The game is to him who succeeds in this. Then they change hands and sides and make another trial, so that neither shall have any advantage.

Iomart Fhaochag, whelk game, chuckie stanes, is a girls' game, played with small whelk shells. I have taken some trouble to understand this intricate game, but have not succeeded. I have done the next best thing, however, for I have got all the different moves, which none but a feminine mind could remember.

I.	II.	III.
(*a*) Sgapadh aon.	Sgapadh a dha.	Sgapadh a tri.
(*b*) Dubhas a h'aon.	Dubhas a dha.	Dubhas a tri.
(*c*) Trithis a h-aon.	Trithis a dha.	Trithis a tri.
(*d*) Cairteal a h-aon.	Cairteal a dha.	Cairteal a tri.

IV.	V.	VI.
(*a*) Sgapadh a Ceithir.	Sgapadh a Coig.	Sgapadh a Gobacan.
(*b*) Dubhas a Ceithir.	Dubhas a Coig.	Gobacan a h-aon dhiu.
(*c*) Trithis a Ceithir.	Trithis a Coig.	Gobacan a dha dhiu.
(*d*) Cairteal a Ceithir.	Cairteal a Coig.	Gobacan a tri dhiu.
		(*e*) Gobacan a ceithir dhiu.
		(*f*) Gobacan a coig dhiu.

VII.	VIII.	IX.
Sgapadh na Goraiche.	Sgapadh a h-aon.	'S a bhireach.
Goraich i fhein.	Dubhas a h-aon.	
	Trithis a h-aon.	
	Cairteal a h-aon.	

x.	xi.	xii.
'S a Sechdadh.	Sgapadh a h'aon dém chriche.	Skapach a Gobacan dém chriche.
	Duthas a h'aon dém chriche.	Gobacan a h'aon dém chriche.
	Trithis a h'aon dém chriche.	Gobacan a dha dém chriche.
	Cairteal a h'aon dém chriche.	Gobacan a tri dém chriche.
	Coig a h'aon dém chriche.	Gobacan a ceithir dém chriche.
		Gobacan a coig dém chriche.

xiii.	Sgapadh an goraich dém chriche	xix.	Reis a h-aon bhocag.
	Gorach i fhein dém chriche.	xx.	Reis a dha liobag.
xiv.	'S a bhireach dém chriche.	xxi.	Reis a dha bhocag.
xv.	'S a seachdadh dém chriche.	xxii.	Sgapadh a h'aon.
xvi.	Sgapadh do m' bhig.		Dubhas a h'aon.
xvii.	Sgapadh na reis (=a span).		Trithis a h'aon.
xviii.	Reis a h-aon liobag.		Cairteal a h'aon.

I shall not attempt to describe these steps, for I cannot. They are all variations of 'Sgapadh a h-aon' or the common 'chuckie stanes' method.

Mac Cruslaig s'na mucan (Gliogoisgeag)—MacCruslaig and the pigs. One player is chosen the parent pig, and has his little piglets behind him in single file composed of all the little children among whom this game is a great favourite.

Each grasps the coat of the player in front. MacCruslaig comes to the parent with a message: '. . . chuir MacLeoid a dh' iarraidh muic mi. Am faigh mi i so?' ('. . . Macleod has sent me for a pig. Shall I get this one?'), touching the piglet nearest the parent. The parent replies 'Cha 'n fhaigh,' ('You shall not get it'). MacCruslaig and the parent pig repeat question and answer about each piglet in turn till all have been asked for and refused. Then MacCruslaig, fearing to face Macleod without a pig (or perhaps he only used the great name as an excuse!) tries to steal the last piggie while the parent tries to baffle him. This he does by jumping in front of him just as he makes the attempt. The little pigs have to jump at the same time with him, but, often misjudging the side to which the parent is going, fall a prey to the robber. The game continues till all are stolen, when a new parent and a new robber are chosen.

Iomain or Camanachd, shinty, is a favourite game. Equal sides are picked, the object of the game being to score as

many goals as possible. Stones are used for goals—the ball may be of wood, hard wound worsted, or of hair, peat, or other available material, while the 'caman' is a bent stick of wood or a large tangle. In these islands people have to be ingenious and to make the best of the materials they may have. As Uist is barren of trees a tangle caman is nearly as common as a wooden one. Another ingenious caman is made of a large piece of canvas bent with both ends caught in the hand. It is very effective. The Uist boys used to be, and in some places still are, very proficient at the game, the main qualities necessary for an ideal 'iomain' player being speed and dexterity.

[The following is an invitation to shinty :—

'Thugainn a dh' iomain. De 'n iomain? Iomain chaman. De 'n caman? Caman iubhar. De'n iubhar? Iubhar adhar. De'n adhar? Adhar ian. De'n t-ian? Ian air iteig. De'n iteag? Iteag fithich. De fitheach? Fitheach feola. De'n fheoil. Feol dhaoine. De na daoine? Daoine naomh. De naomh? Naomh eich.'—Ed.]

Carachd, wrestling, has always been a favourite pastime with Uist boys and young men, as indeed have all feats and games of strength, agility, and dexterity.

Horse-racing used to be very common till about seventy years ago, and is now being to some extent revived. The 'Uisteach' is a good horseman, and the 'ban-Uisteach' a good horsewoman, saddles being seldom used by men and never by women.

I have not here given any account of games or customs of special occasions, such as Hallowe'en, Christmas Eve. These do not differ greatly from what is done in Scotland generally.

[There are many little rites in use among Uist children, as, for instance, if one child has sweeties, the other little ones come to him in turn, or come a second or third time asking for more, each holding out his or her palm and saying, pleadingly, 'Boise, boise, bigein (or bitheagan) (bitein?) thug am fitheach bhuam e,' Palm, palm, a bittie (?), the raven took it from me.' Uist children are not greedy with the few tit-

bits they get, and the sweets are distributed to the whole circle, the original owner perhaps having the smallest share. In fact, so little greedy are they that I have seen one 'bull's eye' do duty happily for several children—suck about!—Ed.]

NAOIMH CHINNTAILE

Alexander Carmichael

Beulaiche Mairi Nicrath, coitear, Camus-luinnidh Cinntaile.

Bha triuir naomh ann an duthaich Chinntaile—triuir naomh urramach ainmeil. B'e Comhghan naomh Loch-Ailse agus b'e Faolan naomh Chill-Fhaoilein agus b'e Dubhthach naomh Chinn-taile—da thaobh Loch Dubhthaich.

Bha an triuir naomh nan cairdean gradhach caoimhneil mar bu dual do naoimh a bhith. Bhitheadh iad a coinneachadh agus a comhradh, ag urnuigh agus a crabhadh an trasd agus a rithist. Bhitheadh an triuir a seanchas air diomhaineachd na diadhachd agus air giomhachas a pheacaidh, air staid nan saoi ann an neamh agus air cor nan daoi ann an iorron.

Bha nan daoine nan cairdean caomh anns gach doigh mar bu choir do chrabhaich agus do choimhearsnaich.

Ach latha dhe na laithean gu de mi-shealbhadh ach a choinnich a bho aig Naomh Comhghan agus a bho aig Naomh Faolan ann an ceum cumhann a' chadha am braigh a bhearraidh. Cha do sheachain te seach te an ceuma anns a chadha chumhann agus gun smid a bus, gun ghuth a beul mor, gun droch fhacal, am badaibh a cheile ghabh iad! Shabaidich agus charraidich iad ann an sin fad finn foineach an trath la ghil shamhraidh, gu greamail, geanail mar bu dual do Ghaidheil a dheanamh—bo no duine. Mu dheireadh thall anns a charrachd a bh'ann chuir a bho aig Naomh Comhghan a bho aig Naomh Faolan an coir a cuil leis a chreig chorraich os cionn amar na h-aibhne. Bha a bho na glog marbh—na spaidean

agus a ceithir casan os a cionn ann an amar carrach na h-aibhne. Bha an ceol feadh na fidhle, a ruin, agus cha b'ioghnadh e, ach cha robh atharrach air.

Choinnich an da Naomh mu dheighinn na da bho, choinnich, a ruin, agus throid iad—throid gu dubh dona, geur, guineach, searbh, salach, a ghraidh, an da Naomh gheal mar dha pheacach dhubh.

Bha Dubhthach a stri ri sith a dheanamh eadar na daoine ach cha'n eisdeadh iad ris agus cha bu diu leo a chainnt. Mar is minig a thachair do luchd eadraiginn is ann bu bheag a thaing a dhol anns an ladar-miot a bh'ann.

Ghuidh Naomh Faolan mar fhagail air Loch Ailse nach d'rea'adh boinne mara, no breac buinne a suas air Nostaidh gu suthain sior. Agus cha deachaidh bho'n latha sin a chun an lath-s' an diugh—braon mara no breac buinne a suas air abhuinn Nostaidh.

Agus ghuidh Naomh Comhghan mar fhagail air Cill Fhaolain nach tigeadh por no piseach nan tonn toraidh gu bratha air caraid a reachadh chum stol posaidh ann an Cill Fhaolain. Agus cha tainig riamh bho'n latha sin a chun an latha an diugh—por no piseach nan tonn toraidh air caraid riamh a phos ann an sgir Chill Fhaolain.

Bho'n latha a throid an da naomh a dh' ionnsuidh an latha a th'againn d'uair tha dithis ann an Cill Fhaolain a dol a phosadh is ann thig iad a sios bog balbh gu stol posaidh aig ministeir Loch Ailse, no aig ministeir Chinntaile no aig sagart na Dornaidh. Cha phos iad an Cill Fhaolain idir. Is cuimhne liom fhin caraid a phos ann an Cill-Fhaolain agus cha tainig tonn torraidh por no piseach orra latha riamh. Is ann a chaochail iad le cheile an taobh a staigh do cheann na bliadhna an deigh dhaibh posadh.

Is don an troid ! Is don an troid a ruin, aig naomh no aig nabuidh, aig crabhach no aig peacach. Och a Mhoire nan gras, is don an troid !

BOOK REVIEWS

The Place-Names of Decies. By Rev. P. Power. London: David Nutt. 12*s.* 6*d. net.*

In view of the excellent work done by Dr. Joyce in his two standard volumes on Irish Place-Names, it is somewhat startling to be told by Mr. Power in the first sentence of his Introduction that 'the study of Irish Place-Names has hitherto received but scant attention at the hands of scholars.' But while the statement certainly needs qualification, there is this difference between Dr. Joyce's method and that of Mr. Power, that the former has dealt generally with the names of Ireland as a whole; Mr. Power's work consists of an intensive study of the names of a definite district, and in this respect he has beaten out a path for himself, and done it well. The extent and minuteness of the investigation may be inferred from the fact that he deals with 106 parishes, about 1500 townlands, about 3700 Irish names, and about 700 English sub-denominations. These are all indexed separately, and in addition there is an index containing about 300 entries relating to historic persons and events. The method followed is that which alone can yield results of scientific value. Mr. Power has scrupulously verified the native Irish pronunciation of all the names given, except indeed in the few instances where native forms have died out. The result is that, whether we agree with Mr. Power's interpretation or not, we have got before us, in clear and compact form, the principal data necessary for forming a conclusion; and for the painstaking industry displayed in this valuable collection of material the author deserves our most grateful thanks. Another praiseworthy feature is the caution and common-sense displayed both in the interpretations given, and in those not given. Mr. Power does not profess to be a philologist, and he has refrained from attempting to explain certain river-names and others, some of which, at least, he thinks, may be pre-Celtic, an exercise of self-denial which is as uncommon as it is commendable.

The district of Decies, co-extensive with the diocese of Waterford and Lismore, derives its name from the Deisi, a tribe who, according to Irish accounts, originally inhabited Meath, and were expelled therefrom in the latter half of the third century by Cormac, High King of Ireland, in consequence of the slaying of his son Cellach, and his own blinding by Ængus (Mr. Power calls him Fergus) mac Fiacha, a Decian chief. After some sufficiently stirring experiences the dispossessed Deisi, or a section of them, settled in what is now the county of Waterford, where they extended their boundaries, became in due time good Christians under SS. Declan and Patrick, and their descendants are there still.

The place-names of Decies, like those of all other districts, reflect the

history and the physical features of the district. The historical element is connected mainly with the Celtic Church. About one hundred saints, more or less, have their names thus recorded, several of whom, or saints bearing the same name, appear also in Scotland. Thus, *Cill Fhearghusa*, or Kilfarassy, is paralleled by Dalarossie in Badenoch, in Gaelic *Dail Fhearghusai*, retaining in both instances the old genitive ending. St. Berchan's Fair (Féill Bearchain) used to be an institution in Tain. *Tobar Beretheirt*, St. Berehert's Well, reminds us of Clachan Mhercheird in Glenurquhart. There are 155 names in *cill*, 20 in *cillín*, 12 in *teampull*, 1 *domhnach*, and 1 *seipeil*. An interesting trace of Welsh occupation is found in *Dun nam Bretan*, a fortified headland, and Mr. Power thinks that he recognises the Welsh *côed*, wood, in *Clochan na cóide*, Stepping-stones of the Brushwood. The Norse element is surprisingly slight, Waterford itself being the chief example. Mr. Power hesitates to derive, but it can hardly be other than *vatna-fjördr*. Other Norse traces are Ballymaclode, MacLeod's stead, Ballygunner, Gunner's stead, and Creag Caitill, Kettill's rock.

An analysis of the index throws an interesting light on physical features, sites, cultivation, and other things. Thus we find *baile*, stead, 414 times, and *seanbhaile*, old-stead, 83 times. Of *bóthar*, a road, there are 88 cases, and of *bothairín* 96. Cultivation appears in *páirc*, 184; *paircín*, 15; *ban*, field, 69. *Beann* occurs only 4 times, and then in its proper sense of 'peak'; *cnoc* occurs 192 times; *cnocán*, 60; *cnoícín*, 18. There are 143 *glens* and 11 *gleanntán's*. Inhabited or fortified sites are represented by *dún*, 8; *lios*, 48; *lisín*, 8; *cathair*, 12; *caislean*, 19; while there are some examples of *both* (curiously feminine) and its diminutive *bothán*, hut.

Many of the names are strongly reminiscent of our own Gaelic names, especially the Gaelic names of the west coast of Scotland. *Suidhe Fhinn*, Fionn's Seat, is paralleled by *Suidheachan Fhinn* in Gairloch; *Builie claidhimh Osgair*, Oscar's Sword Stroke, answers to *Builean Osgair*, applied to three gaps in Lochbroom. Certain stones of great weight near Fodderty Parish Church were flung from Knockfarrel by Fionn at another hero, and bear his finger-marks; so in Decies, Fionn stood on Carnglass and flung a mighty stone, which now lies in *Currach a Liagáin*, the Marsh of the Pillar Stone. There is an Ardgay, Windy Point, in Ross-shire, and another in Decies. *Cnoc na Sguaibe* is rendered by Mr. Power, Hill of the Broom, but on the analogy of our *Sguabach* in Badenoch and Ross-shire, it should be rather Hill of the Sweep (of Wind). *Carraig a thimchioll*, 'Enclosing Rock,' reminds us of an old practice, well known in parts of Scotland, of slaying deer by means of a 'tinchell,' which is merely the Gaelic *timchioll*, a surrounding. The deer were driven into a convenient place, surrounded, and shot down. In Ireland, as with us, *Fear Bréige*, False Man, is applied to a stone on the sky-line, which might be mistaken for a man.

Tobar Chaillighe Bhéara, the Hag Bera's Well, commemorates a lady of the olden time, well known on Scottish ground. Much might be added to illustrate, not only individual coincidences, but also the likeness in cast

between the Gaelic nomenclature of Ireland and Scotland. In passing we may note that *aidhle*, rendered by O'Donovan *adze*, which occurs *passim* with Mr. Power, and of the meaning of which he is not satisfied, appears with us in *Inbhir na h-aoidhle*, Invernahyle.

Many of the terms involved, however, are with us uncommon or non-existent, such as *liagán*, *dallán*, a pillar stone; *briotas*, speckled; *gaise*, a rapid or 'scour'; *macha*, a milking place; *sgál*, a champion; *sladach*, a glen.

There are few names involving the use of suffixes, but we may note *Maothail*, soft spot, and *Deargail*, red spot. Mr. Power wrongly thinks the latter connected somehow with root of *airgiod*, silver. Both names are really interesting examples of the ending found in Gaulish names as *-iālo-n*, Welsh *iâl*, an open space, and appearing with us in such names as *Móir'l* (Morel), great clearing; *Leochel* (Lòchail), black clearing, and Muthil. *Moine Fhinn*, and some other such, are better explained as locative of *fionn*, white, than by reference to the hero Fionn. *Tobar na Glóire* means 'the babbling well,' not Well of the Glory. There need be no doubt of Finisk (*Fionnuisge*) meaning 'white water.' *Móin na gcuigeal* does not, we think, mean Moss of the Distaffs; *cuigeal* with us is the name of a plant that grows in marshy ground.

I venture some remarks on certain of the names which Mr. Power has left unexplained. The river Suir is paralleled by the Gaulish Sura, root *su* as in *ὗειν*, rain, Ir. *suth*, soft. The river Countaish is in Gael. *Contaois* suggesting *kuno-s*, high, plus a derivative from the root *tû*, swell, whence Tuesis, Ptolemy's name for the Spey. The old name for the Blackwater, according to Mr. Power, is Nem, which recalls Lhuyd's *neimh*, glitter, and may be compared with Loch Neimhe in Ross-shire. Nire seems to be simply *Abhainn na h-Uidhre*, river of the Dun (cow), with mythological reference as in Boyne, *Bovinda*, white cow; cf. also the *Gamhnach* in Benbecula, to which offerings of grass were made within the last twenty years, if they are not made still. The Gaelic of Dwag is *Dubhag*, the black streamlet, a name quite common in Scotland. The old form of Anner is *An-dobur*, from *dobur*, water, and *án*, noble, or *an*, swift. Lingan is derived by Dr. Joyce from *lingim*, I spring, but if Mr. Power is correct in equating it with *Lainnen* in the old tract on the expulsion of the Deisi, its affinity is rather with *lainnir*, brightness, ultimately from root of *las-air*, flame; cf. the Sutherland *Eibhleag*, little ember, and the old name of the Ribble, *Belisama*, most bright one. The river Bride Mr. Power himself connects correctly with the goddess Brigit. The Araglinn, if Mr. Power's Gaelic is correct, cannot well be referred to *arg-*, white, which would give *Airglinn*. The name Decies itself comes, as has been already noted, from the tribal name Deisi, which may be compared with the Gaulish tribe *Dexivates* from *dexo-*, right, lucky, whence Gaelic *deas*. It seems questionable whether after all there is any pre-Celtic element in Decies.

Mr. Power's valuable book is a mine of information, and may well claim to be, in many respects, a model work on the subject.

W. J. Watson.

The Clans, Septs, and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands. By FRANK ADAM, F.R.G.S., F.R.S.A. Scot. W. and A. K. Johnston. 505 pp. dy. 8vo. 15*s. net.*

The aim of this book 'is the presenting in condensed form an epitome of information relating to Tartans, Highland Clan Matters, Scottish Regiments, and, as far as possible, Clan Septs.' Of the fifteen chapters into which it is divided, four deal with history from 400 B.C. down to 1902 A.D., while chapters are also devoted to Highland music, the Celtic languages in the British Isles, and Armorial bearings. There are thirty-five appendices, and plates of one hundred and fourteen tartans. Mr. Adam's difficult task was rendered still more difficult by residence in Selangor, and though the work contains much matter that will be read with interest, and which will be a useful starting-point for critical inquiry, it would be unsafe to found on it. The historical side, for instance, repeats many of the errors in Skene's *Scottish Highlanders*, which Skene himself subsequently corrected. The origin of the clans is often unsatisfactorily dealt with, *e.g.*, the Mathesons are made Norse, and the Grants Celtic. Mr. Adam has also been following unsafe guides in philology. Altogether we are rather disappointed that the author has not been able to avail himself more of reliable modern research. In Appendix twenty-six giving the Celtic census of 1901, Glasgow, which Mr. Adam regards as *the* Highland capital, is returned at seventy-nine persons speaking Gaelic only, and 16,930 speaking Gaelic and English, or not quite two and a half per cent. of the total population of 690,044. Yet Mr. Adam assures us on p. 338 that Glasgow contains over 250,000 Highlanders, or over thirty-six per cent. of the total population. But perhaps Mr. Adam's notion of what constitutes a Highlander differs from Helen Macgregor's.

Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys. Translated for the first time from Wanchier de Denain's section of the *Conte del Graal.* By JESSIE L. WESTON. David Nutt. 2*s. net.*

This is the seventh volume of the series of Arthurian Romances unrepresented in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur.* It describes an expedition undertaken by King Arthur and several of his knights against Castle Orguellous to rescue a brother of the Round Table; also certain adventures (one of them the outcome of the love-story of Sir Gawain and the Lady of Lys) which befell them on the way thither. One may apply to the whole Miss Weston's own words regarding the second adventure: 'an admirable story, picturesque, vivid, and full of human interest.' Doubtless a good deal of the credit for this is due to the translator, whose diction has a delightful old-world atmosphere about it, without, however, the least trace of affectation. Perhaps, too, the book gains something from the fact that it has been written for the general public rather than for a few Arthurian specialists, and that in the most interesting part an obviously later version of the tale has been preferred to an older but less pleasant one. The result is a piece of writing which makes one wish that the different versions of our own Gaelic tales,

now that they have served the scientist's purpose, were pieced together by some one with the requisite literary touch, so as to form romances worthy of the wealth of material available. If this should ever be done and an English translation called for, Miss Weston's work might well be studied as a model.

Perhaps the most striking feature in this series of Arthurian texts is the fact that neither Arthur nor Lancelot is the outstanding hero; their place is taken by the Sir Gawain who cuts such a sorry figure in Malory's *Morte d'Arthur*. Arthur is still the king, but he is not always kingly; Lancelot, when he appears at all, is more or less in the background. Miss Weston holds that such, and not 'Malory's libel,' is the true Arthurian legend, and she quotes with approval Professor Maynadier's remark that, 'it is in truth Gawain and not Arthur who was the typical English hero.' All of which may be true, but surely the attempt to 'dethrone' Arthur comes too late. It may be quite possible to beat his great partisan, Malory, off the field (Miss Weston herself seems quite equal to that feat); but there still remains Tennyson. In popular estimation at any rate, 'not Lancelot nor another,' not even Gawain, is ever likely to take Arthur's place as the typical English (should we not say Celtic?) hero. And apart altogether from the popular point of view, it is very doubtful if Miss Weston's 'true Arthurian legend,' even supposing we could distinguish it with certainty, would really decide the matter. We take it for granted that Arthur and at any rate some of his knights existed in folk-tales long before the time of Bleheris and other romancers; and folk-tales, from their very nature, are more or less inconsistent in the characters of their heroes. The romancers in arranging and harmonising the various floating traditions of their day, must have had great difficulty in deciding whether certain characters should be written down heroes or poltroons, and probably the ultimate decision was the outcome of personal bias rather than of a nice discrimination. And once the choice was made, it was easy to give an unfavourable tale the desired twist, or manufacture another in its place—or, as Miss Weston herself has done in the romance under review, sacrifice the older for the more pleasant version! And as the early romancers dealt with the folk-tales, so Malory probably dealt with the early romancers; in neither case can we be certain that we have 'true Arthurian legend.' In our own tales of the *Feinn*, for instance, Fionn, Goll, and Diarmaid are not consistently heroic; each of them could easily be *twisted* into something more or something less than a hero; and even at their best, all three are sometimes outstripped in heroship by some non-Fingalian. Such is the way of mythology; and to take sides with Goll against Fionn, or with Diarmaid against them both, would surely argue a superhuman earnestness —and a curious lack of humour! And yet who knows but some future folk-lorist may discover (by the exercise of a little ingenuity) that even *Conan Maol* was a much-abused person, and that he, rather than Fionn, should be regarded as the typical Gaelic hero!

Though we cannot, like Miss Weston, wax indignant over 'Malory's

libel,' yet we share her hope that 'it may be possible once more to rejoice the hearts of our English folk with a restored and modern rendering of the *Geste of Syr Gawayne*, even as Bleheris told it wellnigh a thousand years ago.' It would do 'our English folk' a great deal of good—provided they were able to appreciate it! KENNETH MACLEOD.

Caniadau Cymru. Selected and Edited by Professor W. LEWIS JONES, M.A. Bangor: Jarvis and Foster.

All lovers of poetry must welcome with pleasure Professor Lewis Jones's new edition of *Caniadau Cymru*—the songs of Wales. That the book supplied a long-felt want in Wales is amply proved by the fact that a second edition was required so soon, and it says much for the love of the Cymric people for beautiful poetry, a commodity supposed to be a drug in the market over Offa's Dyke. In compiling this collection Mr. Lewis Jones has done a real service to Welsh literature. The anthology gives us the very best examples of the lyric poetry of Wales in chronological order from 1450 to 1887, and the editor with unerring good taste, and sound judgment, has not admitted a line throughout the book which could be in any sense termed offensive. In this Mr. Lewis Jones has set up a standard which many of us would do well to follow, and perhaps that may be one among many reasons why his anthology is so much appreciated. What Professor Palgrave did long ago for the English poets when he compiled his *Golden Treasury*, Professor Lewis Jones has done for the poets of his own land, with the result that we have in this book the freshness of the mountain air, the beauty of the heather bloom in all its dainty colouring, and the glad carolling of the lark intermingled with the songs of the thrush and the blackbird. For right well did the old Cymric poets love mother earth in all her changeable moods. In reading the book it is impossible not to be sorry that the charm of such poetry seems to fight so shy of the translator. Here we have a collection of Welsh poetry that will compare favourably with the lyric poetry of all other nations, yet so dependent upon the native tongue to set forth its beauty; having a sort of native aroma which is lost in a foreign setting. May be the outpouring of the soul in song because the singer could not help singing whether it was in praise of the loved land with its old time glory, for love of a maid, or perchance the beauty of the modest wildflower, is not easy of translation, for they lack the charm of association when not in their native air. But to the Welsh student, and to those who have realised that we are not without a literature, because it is not written in the English language, the book *Caniadau Cymru* will be a never-failing delight. Nor should any reader omit reading the preface, which in itself is a valuable literary contribution to the discussion of the characteristics of lyric poetry.

The publishers have also done their share; the artistic and tasteful form in which the book has been issued will commend itself to those of us who for years have been so ashamed of our paper bound, badly printed, and altogether hideous volumes, the very sight of which begged the question

of our neighbours 'Can any good come out of Wales.' But Messrs. Jarvis and Foster have produced a book equal to the best of metropolitan firms, and the songs of Wales can be taken with us as a delightful companion at home and abroad, without fear of having to apologise for our national publishers. The editor and his publishers deserve our gratitude for such a book. GWYNETH VAUGHAN.

Songs of the Hebrides. Edinburgh: Pentland. 2*s. net* per part.

Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser's *Songs of the Hebrides*, of which several numbers have now appeared with music, Gaelic words and English versions, are notable from the musical standpoint as reproducing with great accuracy the genuine traditional manner of singing. Mrs. Kennedy-Fraser has herself visited the Outer Isles, and there secured phonographic records direct from the native singers. She is now engaged in going over these, and publishing them from time to time. The result is that her songs of the Hebrides are exactly what they profess to be, showing a freshness and originality not to be found in versions edited into consonance with the artificial rules of alien musicians.

The work is to be issued in volume form by Boosey.

Táin Bó Cúalnge. Enlèvement [*du Taureau Divin et*] *des Vaches de Cooley.* Traduction par H. D'ARBOIS DE JUBAINVILLE. Paris: Honoré Champion. 3 *fr.* 10.

This is the first volume of a work on the *Táin Bó Cúalnge*, which M. d'Arbois de Jubainville calls the oldest epic of Western Europe. In the main it is a collation and translation, but there is also a very valuable introduction. He points out some differences between the version of the *Táin* given in Leabhar na h-Uidhre and that in the Book of Leinster, especially those bearing on the position of the Druids. He says the Druids were an institution peculiar to the Celts of the British Isles and of the part of the Continent situated west of the Rhine. But in their other religious ideas the doctrines of the Irish epics resemble in general those of the Greeks of the Homeric period. Their religion is not a copy of the Greek religion, but supposes at its base the same conceptions. Cuchulain is an instance.

As a demigod his exploits are justified. M. d'Arbois points out that the transcriber, probably a monk, of the text preserved in the Book of Leinster cannot admit that Cuchulain, the greatest hero of whom Ireland can boast herself, was the son of a pagan god, and consequently a demon like these false gods. Taking the *Iliad* first, Cuchulain corresponds, says de Jubainville, to Heracles. Like the Greek demigod he visited the land of the dead, but to the Celts that is also the land of the gods. Like Heracles he fought, and like him he triumphed; but his journey was much more pleasant than that of the Greek hero. The Celts do not place the second life of the dead in an obscure, underground region, but in a western land brightened by the sun. There was no terrible Cerberus, but instead a pretty and charming goddess who was already in love with Cuchulain. There are thus important resem-

blances, but also important differences between the Greek and the Celtic hero. Another resemblance is the illness of the Greeks caused by the anger of a god corresponding to the sickness of the Ultonians—the curse of the goddess Macha. The goddesses of war are other points of contact between Greek and Celtic epics.

Passing to the *Odyssey*, M. d'Arbois draws a comparison between the coming of Ulysses to the land of the Cymmerians and the coming of Senchan to the King of Connaught. Greeks and Celts believed it possible to conjure up the dead.

Homeric literature gives us nothing analogous to the Bull of Cualgne. But the Greeks had the Minotaur, also of divine origin. We have not space to follow all the interesting points on this and other heads raised by the learned professor. His work is an interesting addition to the literature of the *Táin*, and, coming from him, is worthy all attention. It is published in collaboration with M. Alexandre Smirnof.

A Text-Book of Irish Literature. Part I. By ELEANOR HULL. Dublin: Gill & Son, Ltd. London: David Nutt. 3*s. net.*

This book of 260 pages has been prepared to meet the requirements of students under the Intermediate Board of Ireland. It deals with Irish literature down to the early years of the sixteenth century. A chronology of literature from the seven mythical poets of the Milesians to 1459, which opens the volume, is not the least useful part of the book. In an informative introductory chapter Miss Hull tells of the debt we owe to those who have made much of the ancient literature of Ireland accessible, and, though much remains to be done, the task of deciphering can never again be as great as it was. She tells us also in condensed form the kind of literature which was produced, the manner of production and preservation, and somewhat of the men who helped to preserve it either as scribes or as patrons of bards, seanchies, and scribes. Beginning her narrative with the early mythology, Miss Hull goes on to the Red Branch Tales, to the great *Táin Bó Cuailnge*, its mythology and literary form, to the tales which led up to it, and of those which succeeded it, to the Love Tales and to the Three Sorrows of Story-telling. She then gives us a literary summary of the prose romances, and proceeds to the legends of the kings and the literature of vision, which was so characteristic a feature of Celtic imagination. 'Early Ecclesiastical Writings,' 'The Official Poets,' 'The Bards,' 'The Poetry of Nature,' and 'The Old Books' are the remaining headings, and it will be seen that Miss Hull has embraced within her limits all that is most noteworthy within the period dealt with. Not only does the authoress tell us of this literature, but she gives us sufficient quotation and condensation of it to supply a very fair idea of its style and manner as well as of its matter. There could be no better book of the size dealing with this fascinating subject, and we can confidently say that those who wish to gain a good general knowledge of what Irish literature consists of will find their wishes well met.

Miss Hull has a knack of writing for students, and of putting her facts aptly and happily in such a way that one carries away a very clear impression. Even those who have Dr. Hyde's larger book on the same subject will wish to have this book. A second volume is intended to bring Irish literature down to our day.

NOTES

The *Zeitschrift für celtische Philologie*, vol. vi. pt. 1, is distinguished by a portrait of Johann Kaspar Zeuss, with an account of the celebration of his centenary at Bamberg (195-227). Articles bearing upon History and Customs are: R. Thurneysen, on the Irish collection of Canons (1-5): on the time of composition of the Martyrology of Oengus (6-8). The 'Binding of the Three Smalls' is the subject of articles by H. Gaidoz and L. C. Stern (181-187, 188-190). H. Gaidoz writes also upon the occurrence in the *Mabinogion* of an expression which he explains as 'Irish leather' (191-194).

Whitley Stokes, in an article on his second edition of the *Martyrology of Oengus*, supplies notes, corrections, and additions to the Glossary and Indices (235-242).

Notes on Language are contributed by R. Thurneysen (234-235), L. C. Stern (243), H. Krebs (243).

Text and translation of the Irish life of Guy of Warwick are published, with introduction, by F. N. Robinson (9-180). L. C. Stern reprints and translates a Lover's Prayer to Dwynwen, by Davydd ab Gwilym (228-233).

Pt. 2 (pp. 307) completes the volume. It contains contributions from Irish MSS. by Kuno Meyer (continued), consisting of a number of short, pithy pieces, mostly poetical. The following quatrain sounds familiar:—

> Is dobrān re minīascach,
> seobacc re hénaibh sléibhe,
> catt re lochaid, cu re muic
> ben mic is māthair chéile.

F. N. Robinson gives the Irish life of Bevis of Hampton, text, translation, glossary, and index of proper names.

H. Anscombe, in continuation of his paper on 'The Date of the First Settlement of the Saxons in Britain,' writes on 'Computation secundum evangelicam veritatem,' and E. W. B. Nicholson animadverts on the first part of Mr. Anscombe's paper.

H. Osthoff gives etymological notes on Cymr. clir, rhech, esgid, uffarn, ffer, ffern, taith, mordaith, mordwy, Gaul. moritex.

W. Lehmann has notes on Ir. *clag.*, Ger. *laichen*; Ir. *fiochal*, O. H. G. *widillo*; Ger. *Zwerg*, Gr. σέρφος, Ir. *dergnat*; Ir. *scairt*, O. G. *hreper*; Ir. *ceo*, Ger. *heiser*; Ir. *bil*, M. H. G. *biler*.

H. Zimmer treats of the Wurzburg glosses, defending his own editions against criticisms by W. Stokes.

L. C. Stern gives remarks on the codex of the Wurzburg glosses, and on the Irish MS., 'Codex Sanblasianus 86,' which was brought in 1809 to St. Paul from Reichenau.

Among the Reviews which conclude the volume, the new edition of T. Rice Holmes's *Ancient Britain and the Invasions of Julius Caesar* is very favourably noticed.

In the *Archiv für Celtische Lexicographie*, vol. iii. pt. 4, Whitley Stokes prints the 'Stowe Glossaries' (pp. 268-290); Kuno Meyer gives Fingus MacFlainn's poem on *Fir Arddae* with glossary (291-301); also 'A Medley of Irish Texts' (302-326). Follow additions and corrections by W. Stokes to the three volumes (326-334), also index to the three volumes.

K. Meyer brings his contributions to Irish Lexicography up to *dno*.

J. Loth writes on the Glosses to Smaragdus and on various etymologies.

A. Holder gives Irish Names in Reichenau Codex ccxxxiii.

The editor regrets to announce that with the present number the *Archiv für Celtische Lexicographie* ceases to appear. Dr. Kuno Meyer's 'Contributions' will be embodied in the *Irish Dictionary* planned by the Royal Irish Academy, of which he is to be editor, with the assistance of Dr. Osborn J. Bergin. The publication of the *Dictionary* is expected to begin two years hence. The three volumes of the *Archiv*, or single volumes or parts, can be had from the Royal Irish Academy.

Alt-Celtischer Sprachschatz. After a long interval the 17th part of this great work brings the articles up to Vesontio, thus nearing completion.

Anecdota from Irish Manuscripts, vol. i., edited by O. J. Bergin, R. I. Best, Kuno Meyer, and J. G. O'Keeffe (3s. 6d.), contains the 'Tale of Cano MacGartnain,' 'The Cause of the Expulsion of the Deisi,' the 'Colloquy between Fintan and the Hawk of Achill,' Cáin Eimine Báin,' 'The Voyage of Malduin,' 'Bithbin Menadaige,' the 'Story of the Abbot of Druimenaig.' These, printed now for the first time, will be welcomed by all students of Irish, both for their linguistic and their historical value.

Dr. Whitley Stokes begins a projected series of specimens of Middle Irish Literature with *The Birth and Life of St. Moling* (London: Harrison & Sons). This serviceable volume presents text and translation on opposite pages, and has also an introduction and glossary, with philological notes. Dr. Stokes explains *airghe*, 'a herd or *drove* of cattle' (whence our *àirigh*) as from * *ar-agia*, root, *ag*, to drive.

Periodicals.

An Deo Gréine, the organ of An Comunn Gaidhealach, is now reduced in price to 1d., and at the same time increased in size. It contains much interesting matter in Gaelic and English; but to our thinking it might with advantage devote more space to positive propaganda work, which after all is its primary object. For one thing we should like to see much fuller accounts of the doings of branches of An Comunn. It would be useful also to have *the* question of Gaelic teaching in schools kept constantly to the front. A series of short papers on this subject from teachers and others in touch with the actual conditions would be valuable by way of example and encouragement. The account of Welsh in Welsh schools contained in the current number is in the direction indicated. *An Deo Gréine* should be read by all Highlanders.

The new Gaelic weekly, *Alba*, has made a good start. Print and matter are excellent.

Celtia has of late renewed its youth, and contains many bright and valuable articles, among which may be specially mentioned one by Professor J. E. Lloyd on Irish influences in Early Welsh History.

The Caledonian Medical Journal contains an excellent portrait of the late Dr. M. D. Macleod of Beverley, together with a sympathetic obituary notice of a peculiarly attractive personality. The well-told short tale of *Dubhghlaic*, 'the Black Schooner,' deals with the second sight.

The Scottish Historical Review contains an interesting account by a Macclesfield gentleman of the appearance and conduct of the Highland troops in that town on their memorable march south in 1745, and on their return.

The Martinmas number completes the first volume of *Scotia*, the journal of the St. Andrew Society. This well got up and marvellously cheap quarterly contains several articles of special interest, including one on the Scottish navy from the *Scottish Review*, and one on 'Scotland from Without,' by David MacRitchie. Our first number of vol. ii. keeps up this standard both in articles and illustrations.

QUERIES

Chapels at Bridges

In mediæval times the bridge over the Dee at Aberdeen and the bridge over the Tay at Perth had each a chapel dedicated to the Virgin. When speaking of Berwick, Chalmers in his *Caledonia*, ed. 1810, vol. ii. p. 342, remarks, 'There was a house dedicated to the Holy Trinity at Berwick-bridge, whose duty it was to pray for passengers and profit from their safety.' Were there any chapels on or beside bridges across Highland rivers? The Hospital of St. Nicholas beside the bridge of Spey must have been well known in the north; regarding it, Shaw, in his *Province of Moray*, p. 263, says, 'St. Nicholas Hospital stood on the east bank of Spey, *juxta pontem de Spe*, at the boat of Bridge, where some remains of the buildings may be seen.'

J. M. Mackinlay, F.S.A.

Kil Iosa

When alluding to the Scottish dedications to our Lord, the Rev. J. B. Johnston in his *Place-Names of Scotland*, 2nd ed. p. cv, says, 'There was at least one Kil Iosa—Church of Jesus.' Perhaps some reader of *The Celtic Review* will be able to locate the example or examples of Kil Iosa to which Mr. Johnston refers?

J. M. Mackinlay, F.S.A.

Ancient Celtic Cavalry Terms

An article by Dr. George Macdonald in the *Scotsman* of, I think, 27th February, deals with the purpose of certain bronze masks found in course of excavating the Roman camp at Newstead. The masks resemble helmets,

but Dr. Macdonald shows clearly (1) that they were for show, not for protection in actual fighting; (2) that they were used in exercises or sports of the Roman cavalry, which resembled the mediæval tournament. The Roman cavalry was principally composed of Celts, and Dr. Macdonald refers to a little read treatise of Arrian *On Tactics*, which gives an account of such evolutions with their Celtic names. These names are *petrinos*, *stŏlutĕgon*, and *xynēma*.

The *petrinos* feat, says Arrian, was the most difficult of all. The horseman wheeled, threw a javelin straight back over the crupper, wheeled sharply again, and repeated the backward throw. The exact purpose of the manœuvre is difficult, but the term *petrinos* obviously connects with Welsh *pedrain*, buttock, crupper. Ducange (ed. 1885) has 'petrina, pars corporis, pectus,' but 'hindquarter' suits his examples better. Holder translates vaguely 'iaculatio.' Petrinos clearly means 'crupper feat.'

The second feat was practised with long pikes. In the act of wheeling, the horseman raised his shield over his head and shifted it to his rear; he also reversed his pike and levelled it behind him as if against an enemy. 'This performance is in Celtic *stŏlutĕgon*' (other readings are *tŏlutĕgon*, *tŏtulĕgon*). Here *-tegon* may be from root *teg*, cover; with *stolu* compare Welsh *ystle*, flight, retreat, giving meaning of 'retreat-protecting feat'? Holder says 'tŏlutĕgon, eine Waffe'!

The third feat (like the first) was 'the most difficult of all.' The horseman threw three javelins, the last when in the act of turning, and the difficulty consisted in throwing the javelin with good aim at the exact instant of wheeling. There follows a rather obscure sentence, apparently to the effect that this method of delivery is 'called in the Celtic tongue *xynēma*.'

The passages in Arrian are of great interest. They show that fine horsemanship was under the Empire a peculiarly and distinctively Celtic art, cultivated after the Gauls had left the chariot stage behind them. For this they must of course have possessed very superior horses. The Romans were no great horsemen. We may be allowed to suppose that Vergil, himself a Celt, had the evolutions of Celtic cavalry before his mind when he describes the 'Trojan game' in the Fifth Æneid. Noticeable also is the Celtic partiality for feats (*cleasa*). These performances at once remind us of Cuchullin's feats, only that his were performed in his chariot or on foot. The Irish and the Scottish Gael, after passing through the chariot stage, did not develop horsemanship. The reason is not far to seek: their chariot horses were but ponies, and could not bear the weight of a rider in battle.

W. J. Watson.

CORRECTIONS

Page 274, line 15, *read* heard
„ 274, „ 16, „ bury
„ 275, „ 2, „ tense
„ 275, „ 13, „ Thunnai or Thunna
„ 277, „ 9, „ an *for* am
Page 277, line 24, *read* fliuch
„ 278, „ 17, „ iri *for* ire
„ 278, „ 29, „ night
„ 279, „ 8, „ Donn
„ 279, „ 24, „ creithire in Kintyre

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